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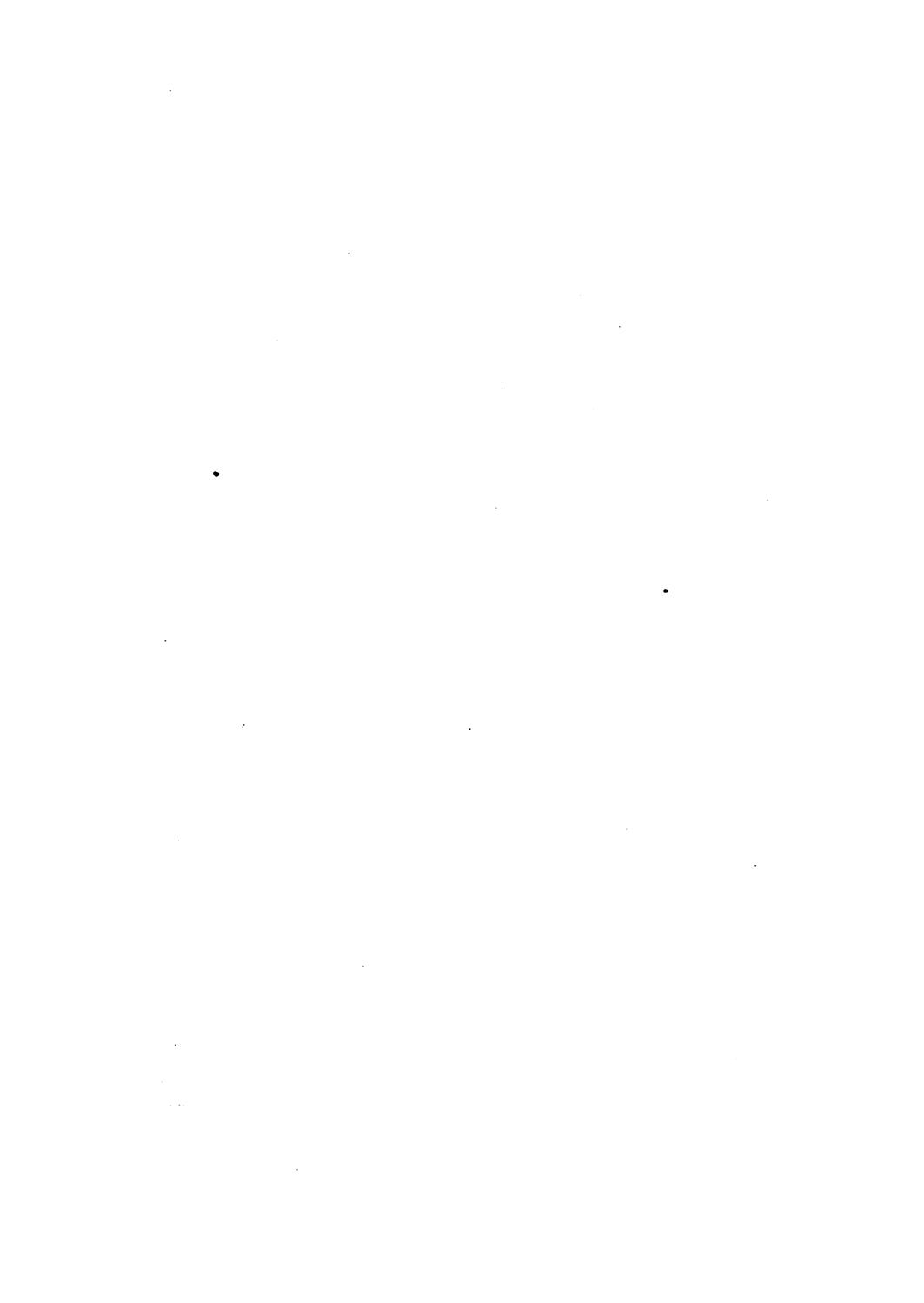
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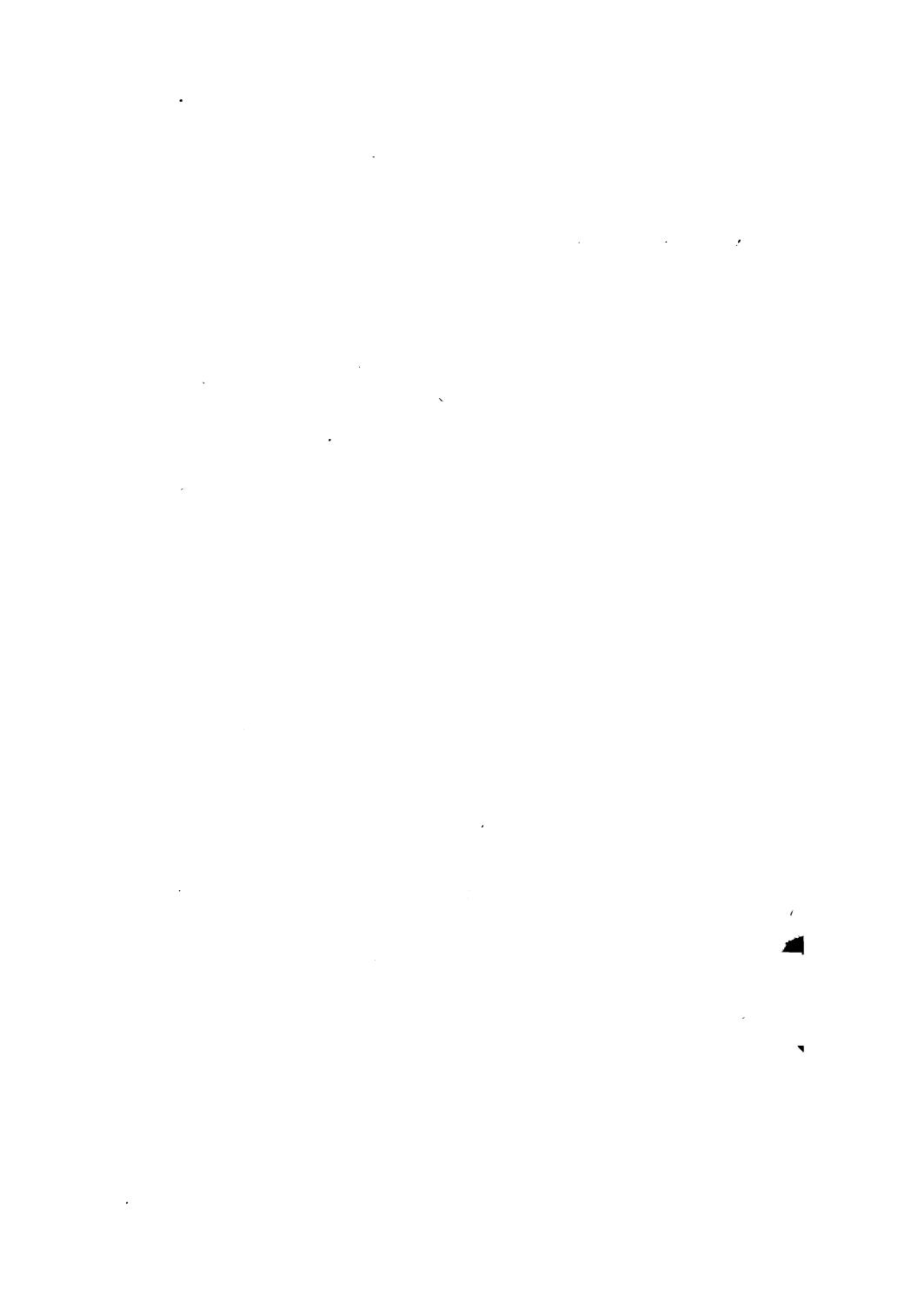
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THE PERSONAL SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME XI





A House of Shakespeare's day, Stratford-on-Avon—the Harvard House on High Street, built in 1506. The home of Katharine Rogers, afterward Harvard. Her son, John, emigrated to America in 1634, and founded Harvard College

THE
or
PERSONAL SHAKESPEARE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
ESTHER WOOD

COMPLETE IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES

VOLUME XI.

PLAYS

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

CORIOLANUS

ILLUSTRATED

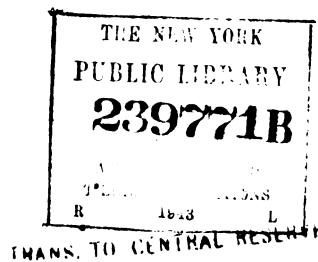
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1904

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INTRODUCTION

XI { PERICLES
 { ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA
 { CORIOLANUS

THE Thames of London in the twentieth century has somehow lost contact with the life of the open sea. In Shakespeare's time, it brought the world of travel, adventure, and discovery to the citizens' doors. Voyagers from the ends of the earth met daily in a realm without newspapers and almost without a post. The Thames watermen, then so characteristic a feature of the city, were recruited from the ocean service of many lands, and controlled the entire traffic of the river, from the royal barge, which might be seen anywhere between Richmond and Greenwich, to the humble ferryboat that carried spectators from the northern half of London to the gardens and theatres of the Bankside. It required, indeed, some "able seamanship" to navigate the Thames at London Bridge, where, as contemporary records tell us, "nothing but use could preserve the rest of the inmates" (of the houses built on it), "who soon grew deaf to the noise of falling waters, the clamors of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches." Wise passengers were wont to disembark, rather than take these rapids, and embark

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afresh on the other side of the bridge. At one time in Queen Elizabeth's reign, "there went such great concourse of people by water that the small number of watermen remaining at home (the majority being employed in the Spanish war) were not able to carry them."

It would have been strange if Shakespeare had not reflected at some time or other, in his dramas, the romantic and mysterious sea-life which must have become so familiar to him in sailors' yarns and in the tavern-talk of the Bankside. He now did so in three of his latest plays—*Pericles*, *The Tempest*, and *A Winter's Tale*. All these were frequently acted at the "Globe," and the last two at Court also. Obviously, the Thames watermen had an interest in the success of the theatres, on which depended a good part of their trade;—so much so that one "Meade, the waterman," became, on the death of Philip Henslowe, part-proprietor of those owned by Henslowe and Alleyn. Next to the king and the Bishop of Winchester, Henslowe had been, for many years, the chief potentate of the Bankside—freeholder, lease-holder, dyer, malt-man, banker, pawnbroker, owner of taverns, bear-gardens, and playhouses, and, at the same time, church-warden and leading vestryman at St. Mary Overy's Parish Church. His partner, Edward Alleyn, one of the leading actors of the day, was also the founder of Dulwich College, where may still be seen the manuscript of Henslowe's theatrical diary, dating back to his employment of Peele, Nash, Greene, and Marlowe, together with Shakespeare himself, during an amalgamation of companies in 1592. Alleyn it

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was who had created the parts of Marlowe's *Faustus* and *Tamburlaine*; sharing the management of Henslowe's company at the "Rose," the "Fortune," and "Newington Butts," while the Burbage-and-Shakespeare company reigned at the "Globe," and afterwards at the "Blackfriars" also. Alleyn, moreover, was a leading vestryman at St. Mary's (now called St. Saviour's, Southwark), and his name appears with those of Henslowe, Fletcher, Joseph Taylor (the first Hamlet), and many other Shakespearean actors and writers, in the old parish "token-books" that registered the "tokens" supplied to parishioners, involving their payment of alms and attendance at communion at stated periods. The name of Shakespeare himself, in these records, has never yet been found, but his younger brother, Edmund Shakespeare, twenty-eight years old, and described as a "player," was buried in the church in 1607. Altogether, the register serves to show how many of the players were dutiful parishioners and communicants, in spite of their revels at their favourite inn, the "Falcon," or the "Dancing Bears" (one of the two that Henslowe built), or the "Queen's Head," owned for a time by John Harvard, the son of a High Street butcher, and the founder of Harvard College, New England, or the "George," the only one of the old galleried inns of Southwark which still shows part of the characteristic structure which so often served as playhouse, with its yard for the stage. "Mint marriages"—"without benefit of clergy"—were made at these taverns, and were so named from the Mint, one of the lowest parts of the neighbourhood. For the atmosphere of the

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more repulsive scenes in *Pericles*, as for the hints of sea-faring life, Shakespeare needed not to go far afield.

But, in *Pericles*, we have again a collaboration of Shakespeare with dramatists of an inferior type. The editors of the *First Folio* rejected it entirely; and, by contemporaries, it was alternately praised and condemned. Ben Jonson called it "a mouldy tale"; later critics say that it "must not pass," or that it "deeply displeased" or "pleased by chance," and Mr. Gollancz believes that it became "almost proverbial for a bad play successful in hitting the taste of the masses." Steevens, a still later editor, writes: "I must acquit even the irregular and lawless Shakespeare of having constructed the fabric of the drama, though he has certainly bestowed some decoration on its parts. Yet even this decoration, like embroidery on a blanket, only serves by contrast to expose the meanness of the original materials." The most modern criticism has condemned the first two acts and parts of Act IV. as altogether un-Shakespearean, and attributed much of that portion to George Wilkins, the probable collaborator in *Timon of Athens*, which was written during the same year. Evidences of a third hand have also been traced in *Pericles*, possibly that of William Rowley, a professional reviser of plays. He has been credited with those scenes which seem to us needlessly coarse and purposeless, though they have been defended by Mr. Boas and others on similar grounds to those on which one may defend them in *Measure for Measure*—"they throw the figure of the heroine into brilliant relief, by exhibiting her untainted

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purity amidst the most contaminating surroundings." And, sometimes even here, the dialogue rises to a level which suggests the redeeming touch of Shakespeare; as, for instance, in Marina's appeal to Lysimachus:

"If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it. O that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallowed place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies in the purer air!"

Mr. Boas also points out a distinctively Shakespearean idea in the description of Marina's needle-work,

"Deep clerks she dumbes, and with her needl
composes
Nature's own shape of bud, bird, branch, or
berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry"—

and remarks that Shakespeare always adopts this realistic criterion of art as something counterfeiting nature.

The Shakespearean portion of *Pericles* forms, in fact, a sort of prologue to the last group of romances—*Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, and *A Winter's Tale*. Professor Dowden, who finds Rowley's work here "detached with a clean cleavage, as we can split it off from the work of Webster and Fletcher in other places," says the play may be taken to bear

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to them “somewhat of the same relation which the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* bears to the comedies of love which succeeded it in Shakespeare’s second dramatic period. Marina, like Perdita, is a child lost by her parents, and, like Perdita, we see her flower-like with her flowers; only these flowers of Marina are not for a merrymaking, but a grave. The melancholy of Pericles is a chiaroscuro of sadness, not a gloom of cloudy remorse like that of Leontes. His meeting with his lost Marina is like an anticipation of the scene in which *Cymbeline* recovers his sons and daughters; but the scene in Pericles is filled with a rarer, keener passion of joy. And, again, the marvellous meeting between Leontes and Hermione is anticipated by the union of Pericles and his Thaisa.”

The popularity of the play in Shakespeare’s lifetime, and for a quarter of a century after his death, is proved by the appearance of six quarto editions between 1609 and 1635. The direct sources of the plot were Laurence Twine’s *Patterne of Painful Adventures*, published in 1576 and re-issued in 1607, and Gower’s story of *Apollonius of Tyre* in his *Confessio Amantis*; but the original was one of the most widespread of mediæval tales. Gower took it from the *Pantheon* of Godfrey of Viterbo, a Latin work of the twelfth century; but another Latin version is mentioned in the eighth century; a West-Saxon translation was made in the eleventh, and the ultimate source was probably Greek. The name of Pericles as a substitute for Apollonius may have been suggested by Sir Philip Sidney’s *Arcadia*. The prologues, which were not

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by Shakespeare, were to be spoken by an actor representing Gower.

Anthony and Cleopatra and *Coriolanus* fall together into the group of dramas, based on Plutarch's *Lives*, which Shakespeare had begun in *Julius Cæsar* seven years before. That noble translation, by Sir Thomas North, which had come fresh to Shakespeare's own generation, and formed so rich a storehouse of dramatic material, is now as much a literary classic as any translation could be said so be. It has been described as "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men"; and "one of the masterpieces of English prose." Even more closely than he followed Holinshed's *Chronicle* for the materials of his English historical plays, did Shakespeare follow the text of North's *Plutarch* for the Roman plays; often taking page after page, and—as in *Julius Cæsar*—recasting it in poetic form, so that it has, at some points, been possible to correct the errors of the copyist in the Shakespearean *First Folio* by referring to the original prose.

Coleridge considered *Anthony and Cleopatra* by far the most wonderful of the plays based on historical chronicles, and approaching very near the greatest tragedies "in exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity," and in "happy valiancy of style." Though chronologically it is a sequel to *Julius Cæsar*, the transition to *Anthony and Cleopatra* produces in us, as Professor Dowden says, "the change of pulse and temper experienced in passing from a gallery of antique sculpture to a room splendid with the colours of Titian and Paul Veronese." More critically con-

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sidered, Mr. Boas finds in it the defect of being overloaded with details, to the detriment of dramatic unity and perspective, so that no single event stands out boldly as the pivot on which the catastrophe turns. This he attributes to the constant effort of Shakespeare to portray for us the passion of love in a certain light thrown upon it by the civil and social panorama of life. "In *Anthony and Cleopatra*, as in *Romeo and Juliet* and *Troilus and Cressida*, the emotional interest is interwoven with elements of a political nature—the civil strife of Montagues and Capulets, the war between the Greeks and Trojans, the struggle for the lordship of the Roman world. Thus Shakespeare, even when making an elaborate study of amorous passion, does not isolate it from the wider and more material issues of surrounding civic or national life. From the kaleidoscopic changes of Cleopatra's moods, he turns our gaze to the legions tramping in solid array through the uttermost parts of the earth, or to the council-chambers, where the destinies of kingdoms are being decided by the stroke of a pen. We are shown, in turn, every aspect of the most materialistic age in the world's history . . . the court whose high priestess is the Egyptian queen, 'the incarnate poetry of a world deserted by the loftier forces of life.'"

"The pathos of *Anthony and Cleopatra*"—to quote once more from Professor Dowden—"resembles the pathos of *Macbeth*. At every moment in this play, we assist at a catastrophe—the decline of a lordly nature. At every moment, we are necessarily aware of the gross, the mean, the disorderly womanhood in Cleopatra, no less

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than of the witchery and wonder which excite and charm and subdue. The fascination exercised by Cleopatra over Anthony, and hardly less by Anthony over Cleopatra, is not so much that of the senses as of the sensuous imagination. There is the deeper intoxication of middle age, when death has become a reality, when the world is limited and positive, when life is urged to yield up quickly its utmost treasures of delight."

Neither this play nor *Coriolanus* appeared in print until their insertion in the *First Folio* of 1623. But the authenticity of *Coriolanus* is undisputed; it is a dramatic unity as perfect as *Othello*; a character-study as finished and as cumulative as *Lear*. Its only disputable points lie with the interpretation of its political setting; and here, perhaps, misunderstanding has arisen through the difficulty of "thinking oneself back" into the political—or in the democratic sense entirely non-political—environment of Shakespeare. His profoundly contemptuous treatment of the citizens—"the mob"—in *Coriolanus*—must be judged by the fact that no conception of responsible self-government in a people had yet dawned on the Elizabethan mind. Mazzini, in his study of Shakespeare, contends that his is always the drama of *individuality*; "he shows neither the consciousness of a law nor of humanity; the future is mute in his dramas, and enthusiasm for great principles unknown. His genius comprehends and sums up the past and the present; it does not initiate the future. He interpreted an epoch; he announced none." Walt Whitman called him "incarnated, uncompromising feudalism in litera-

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ture.” Mr. Walter Bagehot expresses this more bluntly when he claims as Shakespeare’s two political characteristics, first, that he was loyal to the ancient polity of his country, not because it was good, but because it existed; and, secondly, that he had “no opinion of traders”—“you will generally find that, when a ‘citizen’ is mentioned, he does or says something absurd.” If this attitude be at all the true one, it sits strangely on a poet who, by birth, training, and commercial activities, was essentially a middle-class man, and who, at the very time that *Coriolanus* was written, was labouring to restore the fallen fortunes of his family in his native town, acquiring small properties in all directions, marrying his daughters into a similar station, and taking every means to secure his position as a “citizen” of Stratford-on-Avon. More serious from the literary point of view is the criticism of Mr. Boas, that “in order to preserve for *Coriolanus* at least a measure of the sympathy a tragic hero should retain, Shakespeare is led into the most serious falsification of fact that occurs in any of the plays purporting to rest on a historical basis. He represents the plebeians of the early republic as if they were the rabble of the Rome of the Cæsars. The London mob of his own day served him as model for both, and, in this case, with grievously misleading results. He would, in many respects, have reached a truer conception of the class-struggle which forms the setting to the play if he had sought for an analogy in the history of his native town, where the citizens had gradually risen from a state of villeinage to the position of a self-governing corporation. It is such a process

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that Plutarch describes in his account of the secession of the Plebs to the Mons Sacer, where they abode for four months, 'offering no creature any hurt or violence, or making any show of actual rebellion,' till they were granted a number of privileges, including the right to elect tribunes. This orderly and impressive demonstration, to secure certain well-defined ends, is degraded by Shakespeare into a street - riot, and is made a subordinate episode in a rising (which Plutarch assigned to a later date) caused by a dearth of corn."

We shall probably, therefore, be nearer to Shakespeare's own conception of the tragedy of *Coriolanus* if we read it as a study of the gradual overthrow of a fine nature through ungovernable pride, inordinate egotism, and self-will. Noble in many respects as is the Roman matron, Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus, we feel that she herself has instilled into him a spurious patriotism, based upon class-prejudice; and, in this case, there is no noble and clear-sighted wife to counsel or calm him in critical hours. Throughout the action, he treats the populace as a hydra-headed monster; and Shakespeare does not shrink from the poetical justice of making the monster turn and rend him at the last.

Such allusions to animals, both fabulous and familiar, are among many points of likeness, in ornamentation rather than structure, between the plays of *Coriolanus* and *Lear*, which have induced critics to bracket them in date of composition, within, at most, a couple of years. If we accept the view that Shakespeare's latest plays were written

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partly, if not entirely, at Stratford-on-Avon, we may reasonably take *Coriolanus* to be the last drama finished when he left London, "to spend the latter part of his life," says one of his early biographers, Nicholas Rowe, "as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends."

ESTHER WOOD.

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EXPLANATORY

Text.

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering.

At top of page, *Globe Edition*, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, *First Folio*, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are not numbered, because they are not in *First Folio*.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in *Globe*, or parts of text in *Globe* but not in *First Folio*, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete *Quarto*.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, *1 blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in *italics* *First Folio* words emended; in *bold-face*, emendations adopted in *Globe*; in *small capitals*, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations.

1Q. equals *First Quarto*, 2Q. *Second Quarto*, and so on; 1, 3-5Q. equals *First*, *Third*, *Fourth*, and *Fifth Quartos*, all substantially agreeing; Qq. equals all early *Quartos*.

2F. equals *Second Folio*, 3F. *Third Folio*, and so on; 2-4F. equals *Second*, *Third*, and *Fourth Folios*, all substantially agreeing.

l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

† † |

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

19 VIII

THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
Called,
Pericles, Prince
of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole Historie,
adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince:

As also,
The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents,
in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter

MARIANA.

As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by
His Majesties Servants, at the Globe on
the Banck-side.

By William Shakespeare.

Imprinted at London for *Henry Gossen*, and are
to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in
Pater-noster row, &c.

1609.

The Late, etc., not printed in 1F., is here reprinted from original
Quarto, 1609, once owned by the Shakespearian editor George
Stevens, and now in the Barton Collection of the Boston Public
Library.

PER. I.

††††

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTIOCHUS, *king of Antioch.*
PERICLES, *prince of Tyre.*
HELICANUS, } *two lords of Tyre.*
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *king of Pentapolis.*
CLEON, *governor of Tarsus.*
LYSIMACHUS, *governor of Mytilene.*
CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus.*
THALIARD, *a lord of Antioch.*
PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon.*
LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza.*
Marshal.
A Pandar.
BOULT, *his servant.*

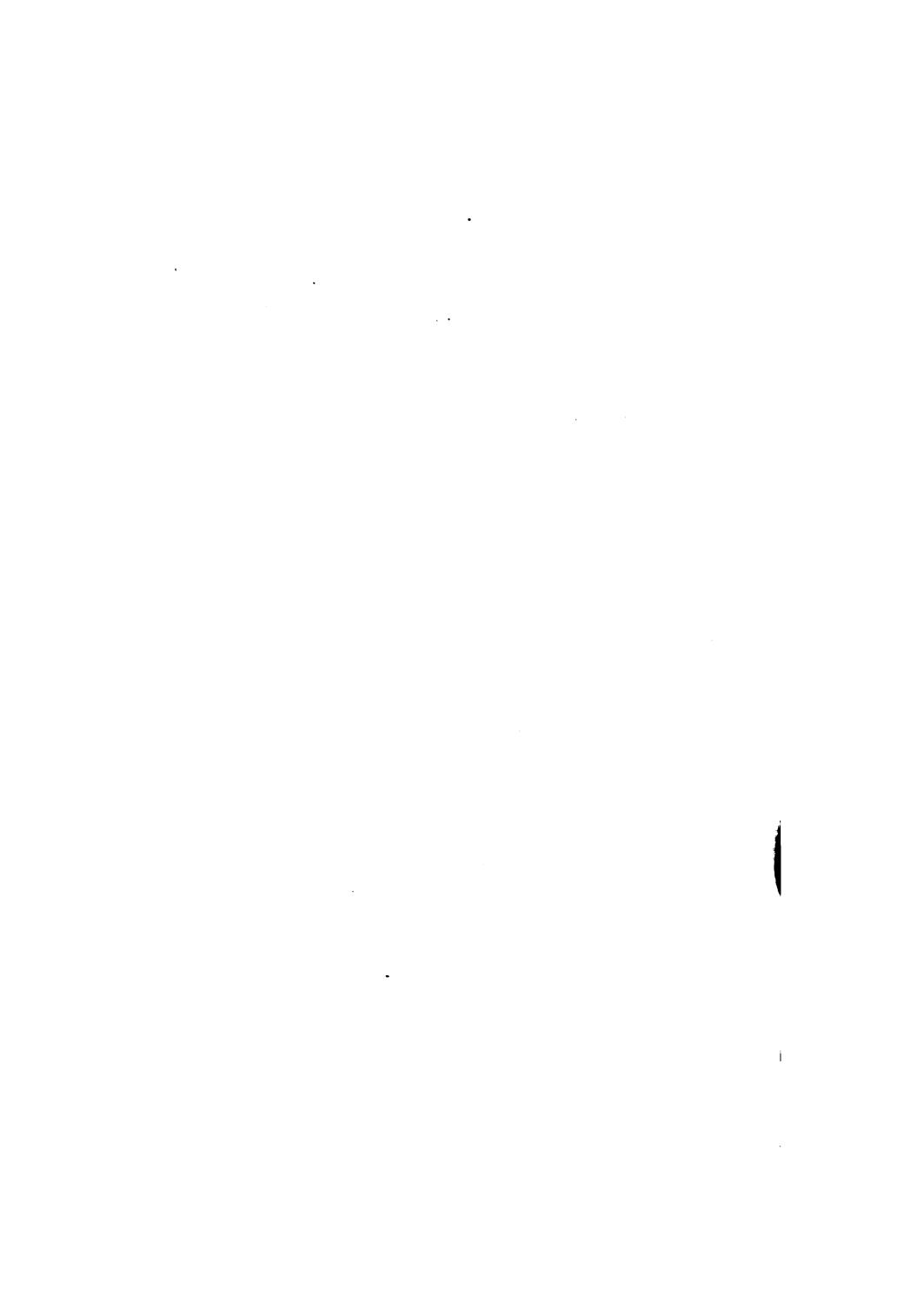
The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon.*
THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*
MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina.*
A Bawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Dispersedly in various countries.]*





Library, Shakespeare's house, Stratford-upon-Avon. Many interesting documents and other relics of the poet and his time are here preserved

PROPERTY OF
THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THE PLAY OF PERICLES
PRINCE OF TYRE. &c.

[Act I.]

Enter Gower.

[*Before the palace of Antioch.*]

TO sing a Song that old was sung,
From ashes, auntient *Gower* is come,
Assuming mans infirmities,
To glad your eare, and please your eyes:
It hath been sung at Festivals,
On Ember eves, and Holydayes:
And Lords and Ladyes in their lives,
Have red it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious,
Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius: 10
If you, borne in those latter times,
When Witts more ripe, accept my rimes:
And that to heare an old man sing,
May to your Wishes pleasure bring:
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like Taper light.
This *Antioch*, then *Antiochus* the great,
Buylt up this Citie, for his chiefest Seat;

7. *Holydayes: holy-ales-MALONE.*

13. *Witts: wit's-Rowe.*

The fayrest in all *Syria*. 20
 I tell you what mine Authors saye:
 This King unto him tooke a Peere,
 Who dyed, and left a female heyre,
 So bucksome, blith, and full of face,
 As heaven had lent her all his grace:
 With whom the Father liking tooke,
 And her to *Incess* did abyoke:
 Bad child, worse father, to intice his owne
 To evill, should be done by none:
 But custome what they did begin, 30
 Was with long use, account'd no sinne;
 The beautie of this sinfull Dame,
 Made many Princes thither frame,
 To seeke her as a bedfellow.
 In maryage pleasures, playfellow.
 Which to prevent, he made a Law,
 To keepe her still, and men in awe:
 That who so askt her for his wife,
 His Riddle tould, not lost his life:
 So for her many of wight did die, 40
 As yon grimme lookes do testifie.
 What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye,
 I give my cause, who best can justifie. Exit.

[Scene i. *Antioch. A room in the palace.*]

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Anti. Young Prince of *Tyre*, you have at large received
 The danger of the task you undertake.

22. *Peere: fere (pheere)*—MALONE.

31. *account'd: account*—MALONE.

39. *tould, not lost: told not, lost*—3-4F. 40. *many of: many*
 a—3-4F. 42-3. *eye, I give my: eye I give, my*—MALONE.

PRINCE OF TYRE

[I. i. 3-29]

Peri. I have (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned
With the glory of her prayse, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprise.

Ant. Musicke bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For embracements even of *Jove* himselfe;
At whose conception, till *Lucina* rained,
Nature this dowry gave; to glad her presence, 10
The Seanate house of Planets all did sit,
To knit in her, their best perfections.

[*Music.*] Enter *Antiochus daughter.*

Per. See where she comes, appareled like the Spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the King,
Of every Vertue gives renoune to men:
Her face the booke of prayses, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleasures as from thence,
Sorrow were ever racte, and teastie wrath
Could never be her milde companion. 20
You Gods that made me man, and sway in love;
That have enflamde desire in my breast,
To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,
(Or die in th'adventure) be my helpes,
As I am sonne and servant to your will,
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

Anti. Prince *Pericles.*

Peri. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*.

Ant. Before thee standes this faire *Hesperides*,
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht: 30
For Death like Dragons heere affright thee hard:

4-6. 3 five-accent ll. ending soul, praise, enterprise—MALONE.

7. *Musicke:* out and made stage direction—MALONE.

8. *For embracements:* For the embracements—MALONE.

19. *racte:* rased (ras'd) —MALONE. 26. *bondlesse:* boundless—

Rowe.

31. *Death like:* death-like—MALONE.

Her face like Heaven, inticeth thee to view
 Her countlesse glory; which desert must gaine:
 And which without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must die:
 Yon sometimes famous Princes, like thy selfe,
 Drawne by report, adventrous by desire,
 Tell thee with speachlesse tongues, and semblance pale,
 That without covering, save yon field of Starres,
 Heere they stand Martyrs slaine in *Cupids Warres*: 40
 And with dead cheeke, advise thee to desist,
 For going on deaths net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thanke thee, who hath taught,
 My frayle mortalitie to know it selfe;
 And by those fearefull objectes, to prepare
 This body, like to them, to what I must:
 For Death remembered should be like a myrrour,
 Who tels us, life's but breath, to trust it errorre:
 Ile make my Will then, and as sickle men doe,
 Who know the World, see Heaven, but feeling woe,
 Gripe not at earthly joyes as earst they did; 51
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
 And all good men, as every Prince should doe;
 My ritches to the earth, from whence they came;
 But my unspotted fire of Love, to you:

[*To the daughter of Antiochus.*]
 Thus ready for the way of life or death,
 I wayte the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)

[*Ant.*] Scorning advice; read the conclusion then:
 Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
 As these before thee, thou thy selfe shalt bleed. 60
Daugh. Of all sayd yet, mayst thou proove prosperous,
 Of all sayd yet, I wish thee happinesse.

PRINCE OF TYRE

[I. i. 61-88]

Peri. Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,
 Nor aske advise of any other thought,
 But faythfulnesse and courage.

[He reads.] *The Riddle.*
I am no Viper, yet I feed
On moibers flesh whicb did me breed:
I sought a Husband, in whicb labour,
I found that kindnesse in a Father; 70
Hee's Father, Sonne, and Husbande milde;
I, Mother, Wife; and yet bis Child:
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live resolve it you.

Sharpe Phisicke is the last: But ô you Powers!
 That gives heaven countlesse eyes to view mens actes,
 Why cloude they not their sights perpetually,
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
 Faire Glasse of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[Takes bold of the band of the Princess.]
 Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill: 80
 But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt,
 For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
 That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate.
 You are a faire Violl, and your sense, the stringes;
 Who finger'd to make man his lawfull musicke,
 Would draw Heaven downe, and all the Gods to harken:
 But being playd upon before your time,
 Hell onely daunceth at so harsh a chime:
 Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life; 90
 For that's an Article within our Law,

76. *gives: give*—MALONE.

As dangerous as the rest: your time's expir'd,
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Peri. Great King,
Few love to heare the sinnes they love to act,
T'would brayde your selfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who has a booke of all that Monarchs doe,
Hee's more secure to keepe it shut, then showne.
For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,
Blowes dust in others eyes to spread it selfe; 100
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see cleare:
To stop the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole castes
Copt hilles towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppression, and the poore Worme doth die for't:
Kinges are earths Gods; in vice, their law's their will:
And if *Jove* stray, who dares say, *Jove* doth ill:
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worse, to smother it.
All love the Wombe that their first beeing bred, 110
Then give my tongue like leave, to love my head.

Ant. [Aside] Heaven, that I had thy head; he ha's found
the meaning
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to counsell of your dayes;
Yet hope, succeeding from so faire a tree
As your faire selfe, doth tune us otherwise;
Fourtie days longer we doe respite you,
If by which time, our secret be undone, 120
This mercy shewes, wee'le joy in such a Sonne:
And untill then, your entertaine shall bee

96. *brayde:* braid-4-6Q. 3-4F. 114. *your:* our-3-4F.
116. *counsell:* cancel (cancel off)-3-4F.

As doth befit our honour and your worth.

Manet Pericles solus.

Peri. How courtesie would seeme to cover sinne,
When what is done, is like an hipocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,
As with foule Incest to abuse your soule: 130
Where now you both a Father and a Sonne,
By your untimely claspings with your Child,
(Which pleasures fittes a husband, not a father)
And shee an eater of her Mothers flesh,
By the defiling of her Parents bed,
And both like Serpents are; who though they feed
On sweetest Flowers, yet they Poyson breed.

Antioch farewell, for Wisdome sees those men,
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shew no course to keepe them from the light: 140
One sinne (I know) another doth provoke;
Murther's as neere to Lust, as Flame to Smoake:
Poyson and Treason are the hands of Sinne,
I, and the targets to put off the shame,
Then least my life be cropt, to keepe you cleare,
By flight, Ile shun the danger which I feare. *Exit*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to have his head:
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamie, 150

131. *you: you're* 3-4F.

133. *pleasures fittes:* pleasure fits—2Rowe. *a husband:* an husband—2-6Q. 3-4F.

135. *Parents:* parent's—2Rowe.

140. *shew:* shun—MALONE.

148-9. 2 ll. ending *mean, head*—MALONE.

Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth sinne
 In such a loathed manner:
 And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
 For by his fall, my honour must keepe hie.
 Who attends us there?

Enter Tbaliard.

Tbali. Doth your highnes call?
Antio. *Tbaliard*, you are of our Chamber, *Tbaliard*,
 And our minde pertakes her privat actions,
 To your secrecie; and for your faythfulnes, 160
 We will advaunce you, *Tbaliard*:
 Behold, heere's Poyson, and heere's Gold:
 Wee hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou must kill him;
 It fittes thee not to aske the reason why?
 Because we bid it: say, is it done?

Tbali. My Lord, tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Anti. Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, telling
 your haste.

Mess. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled. [*Exit.*] 170
Antin. As thou wilt live flie after, and like an arrow shot
 from a well experienst Archer hits the marke his eye doth
 levell at: so thou never returne unlesse thou say Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Tbal. My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistols
 length, Ile make him sure enough, so farewell to your
 highnesse. [*Exit Tbaliard.*]

158. second *Tbaliard*: out-4-6Q.3-4F. 158-62. 5 ll. ending
Thaliard, partakes, secrecy, you, gold-COLLIER.
 166. new l. at 'Tis-STEEVENS. 171. *Antin.*: misprint 1Q.
 170-4. 5 ll. ending thou, shot, mark, return, dead-MALONE.
 175-7. 3 ll. ending lord, length, highness-DYCE.

*Tbaliard adieu, till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.*

[Scene ii. *Tyre. A room in the palace.*]

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Pe. Let none disturb us, why shold this change of thoughts |

The sad companion dull eyde melancholie,
By me so usde a guest, as not an houre
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The tombe where griefe should sleepe can breed me quiet, |
Here pleasures court mine eies, and mine eies shun them,
And daunger which I fearde is at *Antioch*,
Whose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,
Yet neither pleasures Art can joy my spirits, 10
Nor yet the others distance comfort me,
Then it is thus, the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by misdread,
Have after nourishment and life, by care
And what was first but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.

And so with me the great *Antiochus*,
Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since hee's so great, can make his will his act,
Will thinke me speaking, though I sweare to silence,
Nor bootes it me to say, I honour, 21
If he suspect I may dishonour him.
And what may make him blush in being knowne,
Heele stop the course by which it might be knowne,
With hostile forces heele ore-spread the land,

4. *By me: Be my-Dyce.* 17. colon after me (semicolon)-2Q.
21. *bonour: honour him-Rowe.*

And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
 Our men be vanquisht ere they doe resist,
 And subjects punisht that nere thought offence,
 Which care of them, not pittie of my selfe, 30
 Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
 Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,
 Makes both my bodie pine, and soule to languish,
 And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter all the Lords to Pericles.

1. *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred brest.
 2. *Lord.* And keepe your mind till you returne to us
 peacefull and comfortable.

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experiance tongue,
 They doe abuse the King that flatter him, 40
 For flatterie is the bellowes blowes up sinne,
 The thing the which is flattered, but a sparke,
 To which that sparke gives heate, and stronger
 Glowing, whereas reprooche obedient and in order,
 Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
 When *signior* sooth here does proclaime peace,
 He flatters you, makes warre upon your life.
 Prince paadon me, or strike me if you please,
 I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leave us else: but let your cares ore-looke,
 What shipping, and what ladings in our haven, 51
 And then returne to us, [*Exeunt Lords*] *Hellicans* thou
 hast |

26. *stint: ostent*—MALONE. 38. *new l. at Peaceful*—3,5Q.
 43-4. *To .. Glowing:* 1 l.—4-6Q.3-4F. .
 46. *proclaine peace: proclaim a peace*—MALONE.
 48. *paadon: pardon*—2Q. 51. *ladings: lading's*—Rowe.
 52. *new l. at Hast*—MALONE.

Mooerde us, what seest thou in our lookes?

Hel. An angrie brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dares the plants looke up to heaven,
From whence they have their nourishment?

Per. Thou knowest I have power to take thy life
from thee. |

Hel. [Kneeling] I have ground the Axe my selfe,
Doe but you strike the blowe. 61

Per. Rise, prethee rise, sit downe, thou art no flat-
terer, |

I thanke thee fort, and heave forbid
That kings should let their eares heare their faults hid.
Fit Counsellor, and servant for a Prince,
Who by thy wisdome makes a Prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me doe?

Hel. To beare with patience such grieves as you your
selfe doe lay upon your selfe.

Per. Thou speakst like a Physition *Hellicanus*, 70
That ministers a potion unto me:
That thou wouldest tremble to receive thy selfe,
Attend me then, I went to *Antioch*,
Whereas thou knowst against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beautie,
From whence an issue I might propogate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring joyes to subjects,
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,

57. *dares*: dare—MALONE.

57-60. 3 ll. ending whence, power, myself—MALONE.

61. *but you*: you but—4-6Q. 3-4F.

62. new l. at *Sit-Steevens*. 63. *beave*: heaven—2-6Q. 3-4F.

66. *makes*: makest (mak'st)—MALONE.

68. new l. at *Such*—KNIGHT.

71. *ministers*: minister'st—MALONE.

The rest harke in thine care, as blacke as incest,
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father 80
 Seemde not to strike, but smooth, but thou knowst this,
 Tis time to feare when tyrants seemes to kisse.
 Which feare so grew in me I hither fled,
 Under the covering of a carefull night,
 Who seemd my good protector, and being here,
 Bethought what was past, what might succeed,
 I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
 Decrease not, but grow faster than the yeares,
 And should he doo't, as no doubt he doth,
 That I should open to the listning ayre, 90
 How many worthie Princes blouds were shed,
 To keepe his bed of blacknesse unlayde ope,
 To lop that doubt, hee'le fill this land with armes,
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
 When all for mine, if I may call offence,
 Must feel wars blow, who spares not innocence,
 Which love to all of which thy selfe art one,
 Who now reprov'dst me fort.

Hell. Alas sir.

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eies, blood from my
 cheekees, | 100
 Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
 How I might stop this tempest ere it came,
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,
 I thought it princely charity to grieve for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since you have given mee leave
 to speake, |
 Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare,

82. *seemes: seem*-2-6Q.

86. *Bethought what: Bethought me what*-Rowe.

87. *feare: fears*-4F. 89. *doo't: doubt it*-MALONE.

104. *grieve: grieve*-2Q. *for: out*-5Q.

And justly too, I thinke you feare the tyrant,
 Who either by publike warre, or privat treason,
 Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, go travell for
 a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the De-
 stinies doe cut his threed of life: your rule direct to anie,
 if to me, day serves not light more faithfull than Ile be. 112

Per. I doe not doubt thy faith.

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hel. Weele mingle our bloods togither in the earth,
 From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. *Tyre* I now looke from thee then, and to *Tbarsus*
 Intend my travaile, where Ile heare from thee,
 And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe.
 The care I had and have of subjects good, 120
 On thee I lay, whose wisdomes strength can bear it,
 Ile take thy word, for faith not aske thine oath,
 Who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
 But in our orbs will live so round, and safe,
 That time of both this truth shall nere convince,
 Thou shewdst a subjects shine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

[Scene iii. *Tyre.* *An ante-chamber in the palace.*]

Enter Thaliard solus.

[*Thal.*] So this is *Tyre*, and this the Court, heere
 must I kill
 King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am sure to be hang'd at
 home: tis daungerous.

Well, I perceive he was a wise fellowe, and had good

109-12. verse, 6 ll. ending life, while, forgot, life, me, be-**Rowe**.
 117, etc. *Tbarsus*: Tarsus throughout-**CAMBRIDGE**.

122. comma shifted after faith-2**Q**. 3-4**F**.

123. *will cracke*: will sure crack-3-4**F**.

124. *will*: we'll-**MALONE**.

discretion, that beeing bid to aske what hee woulde of the King, desired he might knowe none of his secrets.

Now doe I see hee had some reason for't: for if a king bidde a man bee a villaine, hee's bound by the inden-ture of his oath to bee one. 10

Husht, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

*Enter Hellicanus, Escanes, with
other Lords.*

Helli. You shall not neede my fellow-Peers of *Tyre*, further to question mee of your kings departure: his sealed Commission left in trust with mee, does speake suffi-ciently hee's gone to travaile.

Tbaliard. *[Aside]* How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be satisfied, (why as it were unlicensed of your loves) he would depart? Ile give some light unto you, beeing at *Antioch*. 21

Tbal. *[Aside]* What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royall *Antiochus* on what cause I knowe not, tooke some displeasure at him, at least hee judg'de so: and doubting lest hee had err'de or sinn'de, to shew his sorrow, hee'de correct himselfe; so puts himselfe unto the Ship-mans toyle, with whome eache minute threatens life or death.

Tbaliard. *[Aside]* Well, I perceive I shall not be

11. *Husbt:* Hush—**MALONE**. *comes:* come—4F.

14-17. *verse, 4 ll. ending* *Tyre, departure, me, travel*—**Rowe**.

16. *does:* doth—3-4F.

19-22. *verse, 4 ll. ending* *satisfied, loves, you, from* *Antioch*—**Rowe**.

24-8. *verse, 5 ll. ending* *so, sinn'd, himself, toil, death*—**Rowe**.

25. *lest bee:* lest that he (doubting that—3-4F.)—**MALONE**.

26. *bee'de:* he'de—**CAMBRIDGE**.

29-32. *verse, 5 ll. ending* *perceive, would, please, sea, Tyre*—**MALONE**,

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[I. iii. 27-iv. 12

hang'd now, | although I would, but since hee's gone,
 the Kings seas | must please: hee scap'te the Land to
 perish at the Sea, I'le | present my selfe. Peace to the
 Lords of *Tyre*. |

32

[*Hel.*] Lord Thaliard from *Antiochus* is welcome.
Thal. From him I come with message unto princely
Pericles, but since my landing, I have understood your
 Lord | has betake himselfe to unknowne travailes, now
 message | must returne from whence it came.

Hell. Wee have no reason to desire it, commended
 to our maister not to us, yet ere you shall depart, this wee
 desire as friends to *Antioch* wee may feast in *Tyre*. *Exit.*

[Scene iv. *Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.*]

Enter *Cleon the Governoour of Tbarsus, with
 his wife [Dionyza] and others.*

Cleon. My *Dyoniza* shall wee rest us heere,
 And by relating tales of others griefes,
 See if t'will teach us to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
 For who digs hills because they doe aspire?
 Throwes down one mountaine to cast up a higher:
 O my distressed Lord, even such our griefes are,
 Heere they are but felt, and seene with mischiefs eyes,
 But like to Groves, being topt, they higher rise. 11

Cleon. O *Dioniza*,
 Who wanteth food, and will not say hee wants it,
 Or can conceale his hunger till hee famish?

33. *Hel.* prefixed-4Q. 3-4F.34-40. verse, 1 l. ending *come*, and 8 five-accent ll.-*Rowz.*36. *betake*: betook-2-6Q. 3-4F. *now*: My-4-6Q. 3-4F.3, etc. *Dyoniza*: *Dionyza* throughout-MALONE.10. *ibey are*: *they're*-*Rowz.*

Our youngs and sorrowes to sound deepe:
 Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe.
 Till youngs fetch breath that may proclaime
 Them louder, that if heaven slumber, while
 Their creatures want, they may awake
 Their helpers, to comfort them. 20

Ile then discourse our woes felt severall yeares,
 And wanting breath to speake, helpe mee with teares.

Dyoniza. Ile doe my best Syr.

Cleon. This *Tharsus* ore which I have the government,]

A Cittie on whom plentie held full hand:
 For riches strew'de her selfe even in her streetes,
 Whose towers bore heads so high they kist the cloudes,
 And strangers nere beheld, but wondred at,
 Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'de,
 Like one anothers glasse to trim them by, 30
 Their tables were stor'de full to glad the sight,
 And not so much to feede on as delight,
 All povertie was scor'nde, and pride so great,
 The name of helpe grewe odious to repeat.

Dion. O tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can doe by this our change,
 These mouthes who but of late, earth sea, and ayre,
 Were all too little to content and please,
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
 As houses are defil'de for want of use, 40
 They are now starv'de for want of exercise,
 Those pallats who not yet too savers younger,

15, 16. *to: do*—2-6Q. 3-4F.

17-20. 3 ll. ending louder, want, them—COLLIER.

20. *helpers: helps*—MALONE.

26. *ber: the*—3-6Q. 3-4F.

36. *doe by: dol* By—MALONE.

42. *too savers: two summers*—STEEVENS.

Must have inventions to delight the tast,
 Would now be glad of bread and beg for it,
 Those mothers who to nouzell up their babes,
 Thought nought too curious, are readie now
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'de,
 So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
 Drawe lots who first shall die, to lengthen life.
 Heere stands a Lord, and there a Ladie weeping: 50
 Heere manie sincke, yet those which see them fall,
 Have scarce strength left to give them buryall.

Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes doe witnesse it.

Cle. O let those Cities that of plenties cup,
 And her prosperities so largely taste,
 With their superfluous riots heare these teares,
 The miserie of *Tbarsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Wheres the Lord Governour? 60

Cle. Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thee bringest
 in hast, for comfort is too farre for us to expect.

Lord. Wee have descryed upon our neighbouring
 shore, a portlie saile of ships make hitherward.

Cleon. I thought as much.

One sorrowe never comes but brings an heire,
 That may succeede as his inheritor:
 And so in ours, some neighbouring nation,
 Taking advantage of our miserie,
 That stuff't the hollow vessels with their power, 70
 To beat us downe, the which are downe alreadie,
 And make a conquest of unhappy mee,

61. *Here:* separate I.—MALONE.

61-4. *speake .. bitterward:* 4 five-accent ll.—MALONE.

70. *Tbat:* *Hath-2Rowe.* *stuff't the:* *stuff'd these*—MALONE.

Whereas no glories got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least feare.

For by the semblance of their white flagges displayde, they bring us peace, and come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou speake'st like himnes untuterd to repeat, Who makes the fairest shewe, meanes most deceipt. But bring they what they will, and what they can, What need wee leave our grounds the lowest? 80 And wee are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall wee attend him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craves?

Lord. I goe my *Lord.* [Exit.]

Cleon. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist, If warres, wee are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Governour, for so wee heare you are, Let not our Ships and number of our men, Be like a beacon fier'de, t'amaze your eyes, 90 Wee have heard your miseries as farre as *Tyre*, And seene the desolation of your streets, Nor come we to adde sorrow to your teares, But to relieve them of their heavy loade, And these our Ships you happily may thinke, Are like the Trojan Horse, was stuff within With bloody veines expecting overthrow, Are stor'd with Corne, to make your needie bread, And give them life, whom hunger-starv'd halfe dead.

Omnes. The Gods of *Greece* protect you, 100

73. *glories:* glory's—MALONE.

74-6. 3 ll. ending *semblance, peace, foes*—MALONE.

77. *himnes:* him's—MALONE.

80. *wee leave our grounds:* we fear? The ground's—4-6Q. 3-4F.

80-3. 5 ll. ending *fear, there, here, comes, craves*—MALONE.

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And wee'le pray for you.

Peri. Arise I pray you, rise; we do not looke for reverence,
But for love, and harborage for our selfe, our ships, & men.

Cleon. The which when any shall not gratifie,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our Wives, our Children, or our selves,
The Curse of heaven and men succeed their evils:
Till when the which (I hope) shall neare be seene:
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and us. 109

Peri. Which welcome wee'le accept, feast here awhile,
Untill our Starres that frowne, lend us a smile. *Exeunt.*

[Act II.]

Enter Gower.

[*Gow.*] Heere have you seene a mightie King,
His child I'wis to incest bring:
A better Prince, and benigne Lord,
That Will prove awfull both in deed and word:
Be quiet then, as men should bee,
Till he hath past necessitie:
I'le shew you those in troubles raigne;
Loosing a Mite, a Mountaine gaine:
The good in conversation, 10
To whom I give my benizon:
Is still at *Tbarstill*, where each man,
Thinkes all is writ, he spoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious:
But tidinges to the contrarie,
Are brought your eyes, what need speake I.

101-3. 3 ll. ending *rise, love, men-Rowe.*

108. *neare:* ne'er (ne're)-3-4F. 9. *Loosing:* *Losing*-4F.

12. *Tbarstill:* misprint for *Tarsus-CAMBRIDGE.*

13. *spoken:* *spaken*-GRANT WHITE.

Dombe shew.

Enter at one dore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the
 traine | with them; Enter at an other dore, a Gentleman with a | Letter to Pericles, Pericles shewes
 the Letter to Cleon; | Pericles gives the Messenger
 a reward, and Knightis him: | Exit Pericles at one
 dore, and Cleon at an other. | 23

Good Helicon that stayde at home,
 Not to eate Hony like a Drone,
 From others labours; for though he strive
 To killen bad, keepe good alive:
 And to fulfill his prince desire,
 Sav'd one of all, that haps in *Tyre*:
 How *Tballart* came full bent with sinne, 30
 And had intent to murder him;
 And that in *Tharsis* was not best
 Longer for him to make his rest:
 He doing so, put foorth to Seas;
 Where when men been, there's seldome ease,
 For now the Wind begins to blow,
 Thunder above, and deepes below,
 Makes such unquiet, that the Shippe,
 Should house him safe; is wrackt and split,
 And he (good Prince) having all lost, 40
 By Waves, from coast to coast is tost:
 All perishen of man, of pelfe,
 Ne ought escapend but himselfe;
 Till Fortune tir'd with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad:

24. *Helicon*: Helicane—MALONE.38. *Makes*: Make—2Rowz.43. *escapend*: escapen—MALONE.

And heere he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the text. [Exit.]

[Scene i. *Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.*]

Enter Pericles wette.

Peri. Yet cease your ire you angry Starres of heaven,
Wind, Raine, and Thunder, remember earthly man
Is but a substaunce that must yeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks,
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffize the greatnesse of your powers,
To have bereft a Prince of all his fortunes; 10
And having throwne him from your watry grave,
Heere to have death in peace, is all hee'le crave.

Enter three Fisher-men.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What Patch-breech, I say.
3. What say you Maister?
1. Looke how thou stirr'st now:
Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion. 19
3. Fayth Maister, I am thinking of the poore men,
That were cast away before us even now.
1. Alasse poore soules, it grieved my heart to heare,
What pittifull cryes they made to us, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could scarce helpe our selves.

47. long's: longs—Dyce.

7. my: me—MALONE.

18-19. prose—MALONE.

20-51. prose—MALONE.

6. Seas: sea—2Rowe.

14. to pelch: ho! Pilch—MALONE.

19. fetch'th: fetch thee—4-6Q. 3-4F.

3. Nay Maister, sayd not I as much,
 When I saw the Porpas how he bounst and tumbled?
 They say they're halfe fish, halfe flesh:
 A plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be washt.
 Maister, I marvell how the Fishes live in the Sea?

1. Why, as Men doe a-land; 30
 The great ones ate up the little ones:
 I can compare our rich Misers to nothing so fitly,
 As to a Whale; a playes and tumbles,
 Dryving the poore Fry before him,
 And at last, devowre them all at a mouthfull:
 Such Whales have I heard on, a'th land,
 Who never leave gaping, till they swallow'd
 The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.

Peri. [Aside] A prettie morall.

3. But Maister, if I had been the Sexton, 40
 I would have been that day in the belfrie.

2. Why, Man?

1. Because he should have swallowed mee too,
 And when I had been in his belly,
 I would have kept such a jangling of the Belles,
 That he should never have left,
 Till he cast Belles, Steeple, Church and Parish up againe:
 But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.

Per. [Aside] *Simonides?*

3. We would purge the land of these Drones, 50
 That robbe the Bee of her Hony.

Per. [Aside] How from the fenny subject of the Sea,
 These Fishers tell the infirmities of men,
 And from their watry empire recollect,¹ 1 sum up
 All that may men approve, or men detect.

35. *devowre*: *devours*-4F.

36. *a'tb*: *o'the*-Dycx.

37. *they*: *they're*-MALONE.

52. *fenny*: *fenny*-MALONE. *subject*: *subjects*-STAUNTON.

Peace be at your labour, honest Fisher-men.

2. Honest good fellow what's that, if it be a day fits
you |

Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

Peri. May see the Sea hath cast upon your coast.

2. What a drunken Knave was the Sea, 60
To cast thee in our way?

Per. A man whom both the Waters and the Winde,
In that vast Tennis-court, hath made the Ball
For them to play upon, intreats you pittie him:
Hee askes of you, that never us'd to begge.

1. No friend, cannot you begge?
Heer's them in our country of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?
Peri. I never practizde it. 70

2. Nay then thou wilt starve sure: for heer's nothing to
be got now-adayes, unlesse thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throngd up with cold, my Veines are chill,
And have no more of life then may suffize,
To give my tongue that heat to aske your helpe:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray you see me buried. 79

1. Die,ke-tha; now Gods forbid't, and I have a Gowne
heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore mee a
handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'le

57. Honest good .. ibat,: Honest! Good .. that?-MALONE.

57-8. prose-MALONE. 60-1. prose-MALONE.

63. batb: have-DYCE.

66-8. prose-MALONE.

79. you: out-4-6Q. 3-4F.

80. ke-tba: quotha-MALONE. forbid't, and I: forbid! 1-4-6Q.
3-4F.

have Flesh for all day, Fish for fasting-dayes and more; or Puddinges and Flap-jackes, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you sir.

2. Harke you my friend: You sayd you could not beg?

Per. I did but crave.

2. But crave?

Then Ile turne Craver too, and so I shall scape whiping. |

Per. Why, are you Beggers whipt then? 90

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all Beggers were whipt, I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle: |

But Maister, Ile goe draw up the Net.

[*Exit with Thrid Fisherman.*]

Per. [Aside] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour? |

1. Harke you sir; doe you know where yee are?

Per. Not well.

1. Why Ile tell you, this I cald *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good *Symonides*, doe you call him?

1. I sir, and he deserves so to be cal'd, 100
For his peaceable raigne, and good governement.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gaines from His subjects the name of good, by his government. How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Mary sir, halfe a dayes journey: And Ile tell you, He hath a faire Daughter, and tomorrow is her birth-day,

83. *all day .. more; or: holidays (holydays) .. moreo'er-MALONE.* 88-9. prose-MALONE.

90. *are you: are all your-4-6Q. 3-4F.*

97. *I cald: is called-2-3Q.* 97-8. prose-MALONE.

99. *good Symonides: good king Simonides-4-6Q. 3-4F.*

100-10. prose-MALONE.

And there are Princes and Knights come from all partes of the World, to Just and Turney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there. 110

1. O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man can | not get, he may lawfully deale for his Wives soule. |

Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing up a Net.

2. Helpe Maister helpe; heere's a Fish hanges in the Net, |
Like a poore mans right in the law: t'will hardly come out. |
Ha bots on't, tis come at last; & tis turnd to a rusty Armour. |

Per. An Armour friends; I pray you let me see it?
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all crosses,
Thou givest me somewhat to repaire my selfe:
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
Which my dead Father did bequeath to me, 121
With this strict charge even as he left his life,
Kepe it my *Perycles*, it hath been a Shield
Twixt me and death, and poynted to this brayse,¹
For that it saved me, kepe it in like necessitie:
The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:
It kept where I kept, I so dearely lov'd it, ¹arm-sbield
Till the rough Seas, that spares not any man,
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd, have given't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my shipwracke now's no ill, 130

112. *Wives:* wife's-ROWE.

118. *all crosses:* all thy crosses-DELIUS.

125. semicolon after keep it-MALONE.

126. *ibee, Fame: thee from!*-DYCE.

128. *spares:* spare-MALONE.

Since I have heere my Father gave in his Will

1. What meane you sir?

Peri. To begge of you (kind friends) this Coate of worth, |

For it was sometime Target to a King;

I know it by this marke: he loved me dearely,

And for his sake, I wish the having of it;

And that you'd guide me to your Soveraignes Court,

Where with it, I may appeare a Gentleman:

And if that ever my low fortune's better,

Ile pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor. 140

1. Why wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Peri. Ile shew the vertue I have borne in Armes.

1. Why do'e take it: and the Gods give thee good an't. |

2. I but harke you my friend, t'was wee that made up this Garment through the rough seames of the Waters: there are certaine Condolements, certaine Vailes: I hope sir, if you thrive, you'le remember from whence you had them.

Peri. Beleeve't, I will:

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele, 150

And spight of all the rupture of the Sea,

This Jewell holdes his buylding on my arme:

Unto thy value I will mount my selfe

Upon a Courser, whose delight steps,

Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread;

Onely (my friend) I yet am unprovided of a paire of Bases.¹ | 1 *under-armor skirts*

131. *Father gave in his: father's gift in's-3-4F.*

137. *you'd: you'd-CAMBRIDGE.*

143. *an't: on't-4F.*

151. *rupture: rapture-2Rowe.*

154. *delight: delightful-3-4F.*

156. *new l. at Of-MALONE.*

2. Wee'le sure provide, thou shalt have
 My best Gowne to make thee a paire;
 And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

Peri. Then Honour be but a Goale to my Will,
 This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill. 161

[*Exeunt.*]

[Scene ii. *The same.* A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, etc.]

Enter Simonydes, with attendaunce, and Thaïsa.

King. [Sim.] Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph? |

1. Lord. They are my Leidge, and stay your comming,
 To present themselves.

King. Returne them, We are ready, & our daughter heere, |

In honour of whose Birth, these Triumphs are,
 Sits heere like Beauties child, whom Nature gat,
 For men to see; and seeing, woonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*]

Thaïs. It pleaseth you (my royall Father) to expresse
 My Commendations great, whose merit's lesse. 10

King. It's fit it should be so, for Princes are
 A modell which Heaven makes like to it selfe:
 As Jewels loose their glory, if neglected,
 So Princes their Renownes, if not respected:
 T'is now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
 The labour of each Knight, in his device.

Thaïs. Which to preserve mine honour, I'le performe.

157-9. prose—MALONE.

3-4. 2 ll. ending liege, themselves—MALONE.

5. beere: out—MALONE. 15. entertaine: explain—MALONE.

The first Knight passes by [and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess].

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?
Tbai. A Knight of Sparta (my renowned father) 20
 And the device he beares upon his Shield,
 Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne:
 The word: *Lux tua vita mibi.*

King. He loves you well, that holdes his life of you.

The second Knight [passes over].

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

Tba. A Prince of Macedon (my royll father)
 And the device he beares upon his Shield,
 Is an Armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady: 29
 The motto thus in Spanish. *Pue per doleera kee per forsa.*

3. *Knight [passes over]. Kin.* And with the third?
Tbai. The third, of Antioch; and his device,
 A wreath of Chivally: the word: *Me Pompey proverxit apex.*]

4. *Knight [passes over]. Kin.* What is the fourth.
Tbai. A burning Torch that's turned upside downe;
 The word: *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

Kin. Which shewes that Beautie hath his power & will,
 Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

5. *Knight [passes over]. Thbai.* The fist, an Hand
 environed with Clouds, |
 Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone tride: 40
 The motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*

30. *Pue .. forsa:* Piu por dulzura que por fuerza—Dyce.

31. *with: what's-4-6Q. 3-4F.*

31-3. 3 ll. ending Antioch, chivalry, apex—STEEVENS.

33. *Chivally:* chivalry, misprint 1Q. *Pompey:* pompe—MALONE.

36. *Qui:* Quod—MALONE.

PRINCE OF TYRE

[II. ii. 39-iii. 2]

6. *Knight* [*Pericles, passes over*]. *Kin.* And what's the sixt, and last; the which, |
The knight himself with such a graceful courtesie de-
livered? |

Tbas. Hee seemes to be a Stranger: but his Present is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top,
The motto: *In hac spe vivo.*

Kin. A pretty morrall from the dejected state wherein
he is, |

He hopes by you, his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better, then his outward
shew |

Can any way speake in his just commend: 50
For by his rustie outside he appeares,
To have practis'd more the Whipstocke, then the Launce.

2. *Lord.* He may well be a Stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd tryumph, strangly furnisht.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust
Untill this day, to scowre it in the dust.

Kin. Opinion's but a foole, that makes us scan
The outward habit, by the inward man.
But stay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallerie [Exeunt.] 60
Great shoutes [within], and all cry, the meane Knight.

[Scene iii. *The same.* *A hall of state: a banquet
prepared.*]

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to say you're welcome, were super-
fluous. |

42-3. 3 ll. ending what's, himself, delivered—Dyce.

44. *Tbas.*: misprint 1Q. 47. new l. at From—Rowe.

60-1. 2 ll. ending with-draw, gallery—MALONE.

2. *Knights:* separate l.—MALONE.

I place upon the volume of your deeds,
 As in a Title page, your worth in armes,
 Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
 Since every worth in shew commends it selfe:
 Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a Feast.
 You are Princes, and my guestes.

Tbai. But you my Knight and guest,
 To whom this Wreath of victorie I give, 10
 And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

Peri. Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my Merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is your,
 And here (I hope) is none that envies it:
 In framing an Artist, art hath thus decreed,
 To make some good, but others to exceed,
 And you are her labourd scholler: come Queen a th'feast,
 For (Daughter) so you are; heere take your place:
 Martiall the rest, as they deserve their grace. 19

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Symonides.

King. Your presence glads our dayes, honour we love,
 For who hates honour, hates the Gods above.

Marsbal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Peri. Some other is more fit.

1. Knight. Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,
 Have neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
 Envies the great, nor shall the low despise.

Peri. You are right courteous Knights.

King. Sit sir, sit.

By *Jove* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts, 30
 These Cates resist mee, hee not thought upon.

3. *I place:* To place—4F. 12. *my:* by—4-6Q. 3-4F.

13. *your: yours*—4-6Q. 3-4F. 17. *a tb': o' the (oth')*—3-4F.

19. *Martiall:* Marshal—MALONE. 26. *Have:* That—4-6Q. 3-4F.

27. *Envies .. sball:* Envy .. do—4-6Q. 3-4F.

31. *bee:* she—MALONE. *not:* but—DYCE.

Tba. By *Juno* (that is Queene of mariage)
All Viands that I eate do seeme unsavery,
Wishing him my meat: sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.

Kin. Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: ha's done no more |
Then other Knights have done, ha's broken a Staffe,
Or so; so let it passe.

Tba. To mee he seemes like Diamond, to Glasse.

Peri. You Kings to mee, like to my fathers picture,
Which tels in that glory once he was, 40
Had Princes sit like Starres about his Throane,
And hee the Sunne for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vaile¹ their Crownes to his supremacie; ¹ lower
Where now his sonne like a Gloworme in the night,
The which hath Fire in darknesse, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the King of men,
Hee's both their Parent, and he is their Grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

King. What, are you merry, Knights? 50

Knights. Who can be other, in this royll presence.

King. Heere, with a Cup that's stur'd unto the brim,
As do you love, fill to your Mistris lippes,
Wee drink this health to you.

Knights. We thanke your Grace.

King. Yet pause awhile, yon Knight doth sit too melancholy, |
As if the entertainement in our Court,
Had not a shew might countervaile his worth:

35-7. 3 ll. ending gentleman, have done, pass—MALONE (1821).

39. *You:* Yon-2, 4, 6Q. 3-4F.

40. *tels in:* tells me in—4-6Q. 3-4F.

45. *sonne:* son's—MALONE.

53. *do you:* you do—4-6Q. 3-4F.

52. *stur'd:* stor'd—MALONE

56. new l. at Yon-ROWE.

Note it not you, *Tbaisa*.

Tba. What is't to me, my father? 60
king. O attend my Daughter,
 Princes in this, should live like Gods above,
 Who freely give to every one that come to honour them:
 And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
 Which make a sound, but kild, are wondred at:
 Therefore to make his entraunce more sweet,
 Heere, say wee drinke this standing boule of wine to him.

Tba. Alas my Father, it befits not mee,
 Unto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
 He may my profer take for an offence, 70
 Since men take womens giftes for impudence.

king. How? doe as I bid you, or you'le moove me else.
Tba. [Aside] Now by the Gods, he could not please
 me better. |

king. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of
 him |
 Of whence he is, his name, and Parentage?

Tba. The King my father (sir) has drunke to you.
Peri. I thanke him.

Tba. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Peri. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Tba. And further, he desires to know of you, 80
 Of whence you are, your name and parentage?

Peri. A Gentleman of Tyre, my name *Pericles*,
 My education beene in Artes and Armes:
 Who looking for adventures in the world,
 Was by the rough Seas reft of Ships and men,
 and after shipwrecke, driven upon this shore.

Tba. He thankes your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,
 A Gentleman of Tyre: who onely by misfortune of the seas,

63. *come:* comes—6Q. new l. at To-Dyce.

72. *How:* separate l.—STEEVENS.

Bereft of Shippes and Men, cast on this shore.

king. Now by the Gods, I pitty his misfortune, 90
 And will awake him from his melancholy.
 Come Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
 And waste the time which lookest for other revels;
 Even in your Armours as you are addrest,
 Will well become a Souldiers daunce:
 I will not have excuse with saying this,
 Lowd Musicke is too harsh for Ladyes heads,
 Since they love men in armes, as well as beds.

They daunce.

So, this was well askt, t'was so well perform'd. 100
 Come sir, heer's a Lady that wants breathing too,
 And I have heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
 Are excellent in making Ladyes trippe;
 And that their Measures are as excellent.

Peri. In those that practize them, they are (my Lord.)
king. Oh that's as much, as you would be denyed
 Of your faire courtesie: unclaspe, unclaspe.

They daunce.

Thankes Gentlemen to all, all have done well;
 [To *Pericles*] But you the best: Pages and lights, to
 conduct | 110
 These Knights unto their severall Lodgings:
 [To *Per.*] Yours sir, we have given order be next our
 owne. |
Peri. I am at your Graces pleasure.

88. new l. at Who-COLIER.

95. *Will well:* Will very well-3-4F.

101. *Come sir:* separate l.-STEVENS.

108. stage direction to dance put before **Unclasp-MALONE.**

111-12. 2 ll. ending sir, own-MALONE.

112. *order be:* order to be-MALONE.

Princes, it is too late to talke of Love,
 And that's the marke I know, you levell at:
 Therefore each one betake him to his rest,
 Tomorrow all for speeding do their best. [Exeunt.]

[Scene iv. Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.]

Enter *Hellicanus* and *Escanes*.

Hell. No *Escanes*, know this of mee,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
 For which the most high Gods not minding,
 Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
 They had in store, due to this heynous
 Capitall offence, even in the height and pride
 Of all his glory, when he was seated in
 A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
 With him; a fire from heaven came and shriveld 10
 Up those bodyes even to lothing, for they so stounke,
 That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
 Scorne now their hand should give them buriall.

Escanes. T'was very strange.

Hell. And yet but justice; for though this King were
 great, |
 His greatnessse was no gard to barre heavens shaft,
 But sinne had his reward.

Escan. Tis very true.

4-8. For *ubich* .. *glory*: 4 ll. ending *longer, store, offence, glory*
 -MALONE.

8-11. *when be* .. *stounke*: 4 ll. ending *chariot, him, up, stunk-*
 DYCE.

11. *thoſe: Their*-STEEVENS.

14-17. 3 ll. ending *though, guard, reward*-MALONE.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference, 20
Or counsaile, ha's respect with him but hee.

2. *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve, without reprofe.

3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.

Hell. With mee? and welcome happy day, my Lords.

1. *Lord.* Know, that our grieves are risen to the top,
And now at length they over-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your grieves, for what?

Wrong not your Prince, you love.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*, 30
But if the Prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he live, wee'le seeke him out:
If in his Grave he rest, wee'le find him there,
And be resolved he lives to governe us:
Or dead, give's cause to mourne his funerall,
And leave us to our free election.

2. *Lord.* Whose death in deed, the strongest in our
sensure, |
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly Buyldings left without a Roofe, 40
Soone fall to ruine: your noble selfe,
That best know how to rule, and how to raigne,
Wee thus submit unto our Soveraigne.

Omnies. Live noble *Hellicane*.

Hell. Try honours cause; forbeare your suffrages:
If that you love Prince *Pericles*, forbeare,
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,
Where's howerly trouble, for a minuts ease)

28-9. 1 l.—Rowe.

38. *deatb:* death's—MALONE.

45. *Try:* For—2SINGER.

A twelve-month longer, let me ir treat you
 To forbear the absence of your King; 50
 If in which time expir'd, he not returne,
 I shall with aged patience beare your yoake:
 But if I cannot winne you to this love,
 Goe search like nobles, like noble subjects,
 And in your search, spend your adventurous worth,
 Whom if you find, and winne unto returne,
 You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.

1. *Lord.* To wisedome, hee's a foole, that will not
 yeeld: |
 And since Lord *Hellicane* enjoyneth us,
 We with our travells will endeavour. 60

Hell. Then you love us, we you, & wee'le claspe hands:
 When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome ever stands.

[Scene v. *Pentapolis. A room in the palace.*]

Enter the King reading of a letter at one doore,
the Knightes meeete bim.

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides*.

King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
 That for this twelve-month, shee'le not undertake
 A maried life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
 Which from her, by no meanes can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get acceso to her (my Lord?)

king. Fayth, by no means, she hath so strictly
 Tyed her to her Chamber, that t'is impossible: 10
 One twelve Moones more shee'le weare *Dianas* liverie:
 This by the eye of *Cinthya* hath she vowed,

49-50. 2 ll. ending to, king-GLOBE.

60. *endeavour:* endeavour us-GLOBE.

6. new l. at Her-STEEVENS.

9-10. 2 ll. ending tied, impossible-GLOBE.

And on her Virgin honour, will not breake it.

3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[*Exeunt Knights.*]

king. So, they are well dispatcht:

Now to my daughters Letter; she telles me heere,
Shee'le wedde the stranger Knight,
Or never more to view nor day, nor light.
T'is well Mistris, your choyce agrees with mine:
I like that well: nay how absolute she's in't, 20
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer
Have it be delayed: Soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Peri. All fortune to the good *Symonides.*

King. To you as much: Sir, I am behoulding to you
For your sweete Musicke this last night:
I do protest, my eares were never better fedde
With such delightfull pleasing harmonie. 30

Peri. It is your Graces pleasure to command,
Not my desert.

king. Sir, you are Musicke's maister.

Peri. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord.)

king. Let me aske you one thing:
What do you thinke of my Daughter, sir?
Peri. A most vertuous Princesse.
king. And she is faire too, is she not?
Peri. As a faire day in Sommer: woondrous faire.
king. Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you, 40
I so well, that you must be her Maister,

15-17. *So:* separate l.; *tbe* .. *Knight:* 2 ll. ending letter, knight-MALONE. 22-4. 3 ll. ending choice, *delay'd, it*-MALONE.
28-9. 2 ll. ending do, *fed*-MALONE.

And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.

Peri. I am unworthy for her Scholemaister.

king. She thinkes not so: peruse this wrting else.

Per. [Aside] What's here, a letter that she loves the knight of Tyre? |

T'is the Kings subtilie to have my life:
Oh seeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,
A Stranger, and distressed Gentleman,
That never aymed so hie, to love your Daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her. 50

king. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.

Peri. By the Gods I have not; never did thought
Of mine levie offence; nor never did my actions
Yet commence a deed might gaine her love,
Or your displeasure.

king. Traytor, thou lyest.

Peri. Traytor?

king. I, traytor.

Peri. Even in his throat, unlesse it be the King, 60
That cals me Traytor, I retorne the lye.

king. [Aside] Now by the Gods, I do applaude his
courage. |

Peri. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish't of a base discent:
I came unto your Court for Honours cause,
And not to be a Rebell to her state:
And he that otherwise accountes of mee,
This Sword shall proove, hee's Honours enemie.

king. No? heere comes my Daughter, she can wit-
nesse it. |

45. *What's here:* separate l.—MALONE.

51-6. 5 ll. ending art, not, offence, commence, displeasure-
Rowe 69. *No:* separate l.—MALONE

Enter Tbaisa.

70

Peri. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
 Resolve your angry Father, if my tongue
 Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe
 To any sillable that made love to you?

Tbai. Why sir, say if you had, who takes offence?
 At that, would make me glad?

King. Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?
 I am glad on't with all my heart,
 Ile tame you; Ile bring you in subjection. *Aside.* 80
 Will you not, having my consent,
 Bestow your love and your affections,
 Upon a Stranger? who for ought I know,
 May be (nor can I thinke the contrary) *Aside.*
 As great in blood as I my selfe:
 Therefore, heare you Mistris, either frame
 Your will to mine: and you sir, heare you;
 Either be rul'd by mee, or Ile make you,
 Man and wife: nay come, your hands,
 And lippes must seale it too: and being joynd,
 Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further grieve: 90
 God give you joy; what are you both pleased?

Tba. Ycs, if you love me sir?
Peri. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

King. What are you both agreed?
Ambo. Yes if't please your Majestie.

King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
 And then with what haste you can, get you to bed. *Exeunt.*

75-6. 2 ll. ending had, glad—MALONE.

87-92. 5 ll. ending wife, too, destroy, joy, sir—MALONE.

90. for further: for a further—MALONE.

[Act III.]

Enter Gower.

Now sleepe yslacked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made louder by the orefed breast,
Of this most pompous maryage Feast:
The Catte with eyne of burning cole,
Now coutches from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the Ovens mouth,
Are the blyther for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Whereby the losse of maydenhead,
A Babe is moulded: be attent,
And Time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, I'le plaine with speach.

10

[*Dumb Show.*]

Enter Pericles and Symonides at one dore with attendantes, a Messenger meetes them, kneeles and gives Pericles a letter, | Pericles shewes it Symonides, the Lords kneeles to him; | then enter Thaysa with child, with Lichorida a nurse, | the King shewes her the letter, she rejoyses: she and Pericles | take leave of ber father, and depart [with Lychorida and their attendants. Then exeunt Simonides and the rest].

1 secret

By many a dearne¹ and painfull pearch
Of *Perycles* the carefull search,

3. *about the house: the house about-MALONE.*

7. from: fore-STEEVENS (1803). 8. Cricket: crickets-2Rowe

9. *Are: E'er=3SINGER.* 14. *each: eche=MALONE.*

By the fower opposing Crignes,
 Which the world togeather joynes,
 Is made with all due diligence,
 That horse and sayle and hie expence,
 Can steed the quest at last from Tyre:
 Fame answering the most strange enquire,
 To'th Court of King *Symonides*, 30
 Are Letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead,
 The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
 Of *Helycanus* would set on
 The Crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:
 The mutanie, hee there hastes t'opprese,
 Sayes to 'em, if King *Pericles*
 Come not home in twise sixe Moones,
 He obedient to their doomes,
 Will take the Crowne: the summe of this, 40
 Brought hither to *Penlapolis*,
 Iranyshed the regions round,
 And every one with claps can sound,
 Our heyre apparant is a King:
 Who dreamp't who thought of such a thing?
 Briefe he must hence depart to Tyre,
 His Queene with child, makes her desire,
 Which who shall crosse along to goe,
 Omit we all their dole and woe:
Licorida her Nurse she takes, 50
 And so to Sea; their vessell shakes,
 On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,

24. *Crignes*: coligns—2Rowz.

28. *steed*: stead; period after quest—MALONE.

41. *Penlapolis*: Pentapolis—6Q. 3-4F.

42. *Iranyshed*: Y-ravished—MALONE.

48. question-mark after *cross*—MALONE.

Hath their Keele cut: but fortune mov'd,
Varies againe, the grised North
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That as a Ducke for life that dives,
So up and downe the poore Ship drives.
The Lady shreekes, and wel-a-neare,
Do's fall in travayle with her feare:
And what ensues in this fell storme,
Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe:
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convay;
Which might not? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold:
This Stage, the Ship, upon whose Decke
The seas tost *Pericles* appears to speake.

60

[Scene i.]

Enter Pericles a Shipboard.

Peri. The God of this great Vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell, and thou that hast
Upon the Windes commaund, bind them in Brasse;
Having call'd them from the deepe, ô still
Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, gently quench
Thy nimble sulphirous flashes: ô How *Lycborida!*
How does my Queene? then storme venomously,
Wilt thou speat all thy selfe? the sea-mans Whistle
Is as a whisper in the eares of death,
Unheard *Lycborida?* *Lucina, oh!*

19

53. *fortune mov'd: fortune's mood*—MALONE.

64. question-mark out-MALONE.

67. *seas: sea-2* ROWE.

2. *The: Thou-Rowe,*

8. *ben storme: Thou stormest*—Dyce.

9. spear; spit-4F. 11. period after Unheard-MALONE.

9. *spur.* *spur-41.*

II. period after CHICHESTER-MALONE.

Divinest patronesse, and my wife gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deitie
 Aboard our dauncing Boat, make swift the pangues
 Of my Queenes travayles: now *Lychorida*.

Enter Lychorida [with an Infant].

Lychor. Heere is a thing too young for such a place,
 Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe:
 Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.

Peri. How? how *Lychorida*? 20

Lycbo. Patience (good sir) do not assist the storme,
 Heer's all that is left living of your Queene;
 A little Daughter: for the sake of it,
 Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you Gods!
 Why do you make us love your goodly gyfts,
 And snatch them straight away? we heere below,
 Recall not what we give, and therein may
 Use honour with you.

Lycbo. Patience (good sir) even for this charge. 30
Per. Now mylde may be thy life,

For a more blusterous birth had never Babe:
 Quiet and gentle thy conditons; for
 Thou art the rudelyest welcome to this world,
 That ever was Princes Child: happy what followes,
 Thou hast as chiding a nativitie,
 As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heaven can make,
 To harould thee from the wombe:
 Even at the first, thy losse is more then can

12. *my wife*: midwife—MALONE.

18-20. 3 ll. ending I, piece, *Lychorida*—MALONE.

30. new l. at *Even*—MALONE. 38. *barould*: herald—MALONE
 38-41. 4 ll. ending first, *quit*, *gods*, *upon't*—STEEVENS.

Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find heere: 40
Now the good Gods throw their best eyes upon't.

Enter two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* What courage sir? God save you.
Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worst: yet for the love
Of this poore Infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1. *Sayl.* Slacke the bolins there; thou wilt not wilt thou?
Blow and split thy selfe.

2. *Sayl.* But Sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy
billow |. 50
Kisse the Moone, I care not.

1. Sir your Queene must overboard, the sea workes
hie, |
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship
Be cleard of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.
1. Pardon us, sir; with us at Sea it hath bin still ob-
served. |

And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er.

Per. As you thinke meet; for she must over board
straight; |
Most wretched Queene.

Lychor. Heere she lyes sir. 60
Peri. A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my deare,
No light, no fire, th'unfriendly elements,
Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time
To give thee hallowd to thy grave, but straight,

50. and: an-STEEVENS.

52-4. prose-MALONE.

57. easterne: custom-SINGER.

58. for she must over board straight: given to *First Sailor* after fore-going speech-MALONE.

Must cast thee scarcely Coffind, in oare,
 Where for a monument upon thy bones,
 The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale
 And humming Water must oewhelme thy corpes,
 Lying with simple shels: ô *Lychorida*,
 Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, *Incke*, and *Taper*, 70
 My Casket, and my Jewels; and bid *Nicander*
 Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe
 Upon the pillow; hie thee whiles I say
 A priestly farewell to her: sodainely, woman.

[*Exit Lychorida.*]

2. Sir, we have a Chist beneath the hatches,
 Caukt and bittumed ready.

Peri. I thanke thee: Mariner say, what Coast is this?

2. Wee are neere *Tbarsus*.

Peri. Thither gentle Mariner,
 Alter thy course for *Tyre*: When canst thou reach it?

2. By breake of day, if the Wind cease. 81

Peri. O make for *Tbarsus*,
 There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe
 Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leave it
 At carefull nursing: goe thy wayes good Mariner,
 Ile bring the body presently. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.*]

Enter Lord *Cerymon* with a servant [and some Persons
 who have been shipwrecked].

Cery. *Pbylement*, hoe.

65. *in oare:* in the ooze—**MALONE.**

67. *The ayre:* And *aye*—**STEEVENS.**

70. *Taper:* paper—**2-6Q. 3-4F.** 72. *Coffin:* coffer—**MALONE.**

75-6. *prose*—**MALONE.**

Enter Pbylement.

Pbyl. Doth my Lord call?

Cery. Get Fire and meat for these poore men,
T' as been a turbulent and stormie night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.

Cery. Your Maister will be dead ere you retурне,
There's nothing can be ministred to Nature, 10
That can recover him: [To *Pbil.*] give this to the
Pothesary, |
And tell me how it workes.

[*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Goodmorrow.

2. *Gent.* Good Morrow to your Lordship.

Cery. Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early?

1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings standing bleake upon the sea,
Shooke as the earth did quake:

The very principals did seeme to rend and all to topple:
Pure surprize and feare, made me to quite the house. 20

2. *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early,
T'is not our husbandry.

Cery. O you say well.

1. *Gent.* But I much marvaile that your Lordship,
Having rich tire about you, should at these early howers,
Shake off the golden slumber of repose; tis most strange
Nature should be so conversant with Paine,

8. *neare:* ne're (ne're) - 3-4F.

15-17. 3 ll. ending Gentlemen, Sir, sea - STEEVENS.

19-20. 3 ll. ending rend, fear, house - MALONE.

20. *quite:* quit - STEEVENS.

24-6. 4 ll. ending having, hours, repose, strange - MALONE.

Being thereto not compelled.

Cery. I hold it ever Vertue and Cunning, 29
Were endowments greater, then Noblenesse & Riches;
Carelesse Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend;
But Immortalitie attendes the former,

Making a man a god:

T'is knowne, I ever have studied Physicke:
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authorities,
I have togeather with my practize, made famyliar,
To me and to my ayde, the blest infusions that dwels
In Vegetives, in Mettals, Stones: and can speake of the
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures; 39
which doth give me a more content in course of true delight
Then to be thirsty after tottering honour, or
Tie my pleasure up in silken Bagges,
To please the Foole and Death.

2. Gent. Your honour has through *Ephesus*,
Poured foorth your charitie, and hundreds call themselves,
Your Creatures; who by you, have been restored;
And not your knowledge, your personal payne,
But even your Purse still open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*,
Such strong renowne, as time shall never. 49

Enter two or three with a Chist.

Serv. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

29-40. 14 ll. ending ever, greater, heirs, expend, former, ever, art, have, familiar, infusions, stones, disturbances, me, delight—*MALONE.* 41-2. or .. *Bagges:* 1 l.—4-6*Q.3-4F.*

42. pleasure: treasure—*STEEVENS.*

44-5. 2 ll. ending forth, themselves—*MALONE.*

47-8. 2 ll. ending even, *Cerimon*—*MALONE.*

49. never: ne'er decay—*STAUNTON.*

51-8. verse, 5 ll. ending now, chest, upon't, be, straight—*MALONE.*

Ser. Sir, even now did the sea tosse up upon our shore
This Chist; tis of some wracke.

Cer. Sett downe, let's looke upon't.

2. Gent. T's like a Coffin, sir.

Cer. What ere it be, tis woondrous heavie;
Wrench it open straight:
If the Seas stomacke be orecharg'd with Gold, 59
T's a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.

2. Gent. T's so, my Lord.

Cer. How close tis caulk't & bottomed, did the sea cast it
up? |

Ser. I never saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open soft; it smels most sweetly in my
sense. |

2. Gent. A delicate Odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostrill: so, up with it.
Oh you most potent Gods! what's here, a Corse?

2. Gent. Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of state, balmed and entreasured
with full bagges of Spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*, perfect mee
in the Characters: [Reads from a scroll.] 71

*Heere I give to understand,
If ere this Coffin drives aland;
I King Pericles have lost
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:
Who finds her, give ber burying,
She was the Daughter of a King:
Besides, tthis Treasure for a fee,
The Gods requit his charitie.*

61-4. 4 ll. ending bitumed, sir, open, sense—STEEVENS (1803).

62. bottomed: bitumed—MALONE. 69-71. 3 ll. ending

entreasured, too, characters—STEEVENS (1803).

70. to: too—STEEVENS (1803). 73. drives: drive—4-6Q.3-4F.

PRINCE OF TYRE

[III. ii. 76-99]

If thou livest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart, 80
 That ever cracks for woe, this chaunc'd to night.

2. Gent. Most likely sir.

Cer. Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she looks. |

They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.
 Make a Fire within; fetch hither all my Boxes in my Closet, | [Exit a Servant.]
 Death may usurpe on Nature many howers, and yet
 The fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits:
 I heard of an *Egiptian* that had 9. howers lien dead,
 Who was by good applyaunce recovered.

Enter one with [boxes] *Napkins and Fire*. 90

Well sayd, well sayd; the fire and clothes: the rough and Wofull Musick that we have, cause it to sound beseech you:
 The Violl once more; how thou stirr'st thou blocke?
 The Musick there: I pray you give her ayre:
 Gentlemen, this Queene will live,
 Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her;
 She hath not been entranc'd above five howers:
 See how she ginnes to blow into lifes flower againe.

1. Gent. The Heavens, through you, encrease our wonder, |

And sets up your fame for ever. 100

Cer. She is alive, behold her ey-lids

81. ever: even-4-6Q.3-4F.

82-9. 9 ll. ending to-night, rough, within, closet, hours, again, Egyptian, dead, recovered-DYCE.

91-2. 3 ll. ending clothes, have, you-4-6Q.3-4F.

95-8. Gentlemen: separate l., and 4 ll. ending warmth, entranced, blow, again-STEEVENS. 96. awakes a .. breath: awakes; warmth breathes-STEEVENS (1788).

99-100. new l. at Through, ending up-MALONE.

101-8. 8 ll. ending behold, jewels, lost, gold, water, Live, creature, Diana-MALONE.

Cases to those heavenly jewels which *Pericles* hath lost,
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
 The Diamonds of a most prayzed water doth appeare,
 To make the world twise rich, live, and make us weepe.
 To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to bee.

Shee moves.

Tha. O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?
 What world is this? 109

2. Gent. Is not this strange? *1. Gent.* Most rare.

Ceri. Hush (my gentle neighbours) lend me your
 hands, |

To the next Chamber beare her: get linnen:
 Now this matter must be lookt to for her relapse
 Is mortall: come, come; and *Escelapius* guide us.

They carry her away. Exeunt omnes.

[Scene iii. *Tarsus.* *A room in Cleon's house.*]

Enter *Pericles*, *Atbarsus*, with *Cleon* and *Dionisa* [and
Lyborida with *Marina* in her arms].

Per. Most honor'd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone, my
 twelve | months are expir'd, and *Tyrus* standes in a
 litigious peace: |

You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulnessse,
 The Gods make up the rest upon you.

Cle. Your shakes of fortune, though they hant you mor-
 tally |

Yet glaunce full wondringly on us.

Di. O your sweet Queene! that the strict fates had

104. *doib:* Do-MALONE. 110. new l. at 1. *Gent.*-3-4F.

110-14. 5 ll. ending neighbours, her, to, come, us-MALONE.

2-5. 5 ll. ending gone, stands, lady, gods, you-MALONE.

6. *shakes .. bant:* shafts .. hurt-STEEVENS.

7. *wondringly:* wanderingly-STEEVENS.

7-9. 3 ll. ending queen, hither, her-Rowe.

pleas'd, | you had brought her hither to have blest
mine eies with her. |

Per. We cannot but obey the powers above us; 10
Could I rage and roar as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom, for she was borne at sea, I have named so,
Here I charge your charitie withall; leaving her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to give her
Princely training, that she may be manere'd as she is borne.

Cle. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Countrie with your Corne; for which,
The peoples prayers still fall upon you, must in your child
Bethought on, if neglection should therein make me vile,
The common body by you reliv'd, 21
Would force me to my duety: but if to that,
My nature neede a spurre, the Gods revenge it
Upon me and mine, to the end of generation.

Per. I beleeve you, your honour and your goodnes,
Teach me too't without your vowes, till she be maried,
Madame by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All unsisterd shall this heyre of mine remayne,
Though I shew well in't; so I take my leave: 30
Good Madame, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my Child.

Dion. I have one my selfe, who shall not be more deere
to my respect then yours, my Lord.

Peri. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cler. Weelbring your Grace ene to the edge a th shore,

10-17. new l. at The powers, and 8 ll. ending roar, end, whom,
here, her, you, be, think—STEEVENS.

17-28. new l. at Your, and 11 ll. ending corn, you, neglec-
tion, body, duty, spur, mine, you, to't, madam, all—MALONE.
28. unsisterd .. beyre: Unscissor'd .. hair—STEEVENS.

29. uell: ill—2SINGER. 32-3. new l. at Who, ending respect—
MALONE. 35. atb: o'the—MALONE.

then give you up to the mask'd *Neptune*, and the gentlest winds of heaven.

Peri. I will imbrace your offer, come deerest Madame, O no teares *Lichorida*, no teares, looke to your litle Mis- tris, | on whose grace you may depend hereafter: come my | Lord. [Exeunt.] 41

[Scene iv. Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.]

Enter Cerimon, and Tharsa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and some certaine Jewels, Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command: Know you the Charecter?

Thar. It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea I well remem- | ber, even on my learning time, but whether there delive- | red, by the holie gods I cannot rightly say: but since King | *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I nere shall see againe, a vastall | liverie will I take me to, and never more have joy. |

Cler. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speake, 10
Dianaes Temple is not distant farre,
 Where you may abide till your date expire,
 Moreover if you please a Neece of mine,
 Shall there attend you.

Thin. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
 Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. *Exit.*

36-41. verse, 6 ll. ending and, embrace, tears, tears, grace, lord-MALONE. 39. *Lichorida*: *Lychorida*-3-4F.
 3. are: are now-MALONE. 3-4. new l. at At, ending character-MALONE.
 5-9. new l. at That, 7 ll. ending remember, there, gods, Pericles, again, to, joy-STEEVENS.
 6. learning: caning-3-4F. 8. vastall: vestal-4F.

[Act IV.]

Enter Gower.

[*Gow.*] Imagine *Pericles* arrivde at *Tyre*,
 Welcomd and settled to his owne desire:
 His wofull Queene we leave at Ephesus,
 Unto *Diana* ther's a Votarissee.
 Now to *Marina* bend your mind,
 Whom our fast growing scene must finde
 At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind
 In Musicks letters, who hath gaind
 Of education all the grace, 10
 Which makes hie both the art and place
 Of generall wonder: but alacke
 That monster Envie oft the wracke
 Of earned praise, *Marinas* life
 Seeke to take o'th' by treasons knife,
 And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
 One daughter and a full growne wench,
 Even right for marriage sight: this Maid
 Hight *Pbiloten*: and it is said
 For certaine in our storie, shee 20
 Would ever with *Marina* bee.
 Beet when they weavde the sleded silke,
 With fingers long, small, white as milke,
 Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,

5. *ther's:* there—MALONE.9. *Musicks letters:* music, letters—MALONE.11. *bie .. art:* her .. heart—MALONE.15. *Seeke:* Seeks—Rowe.16. *our Cleon bath:* hath our Cleon—MALONE.17. *full growne wench:* wench full grown—STEEVENS (1788).18. *right:* ripe—2-6Q. 3-4F. *sight:* rite—2SINGER.22. *Beet:* Be't—3-4F. *tney:* she—MALONE.

The Cambricke which she made more sound
 By hurting it or when too'th Lute
 She sung, and made the night bed mute,
 That still records with mone, or when
 She would with rich and constant pen,
 Vaile¹ to her Mistresse *Dian* still, 30
 This *Phyloten* contends in skill
 With absolute *Marina*: so
 The Dove of *Paphos* might with the crow
 Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets ¹give bamage
 All pryses, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given, this so darkes
 In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
 That *Cleons* wife with Envie rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good *Marina*, that her daughter 40
 Might stand peerlesse by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lichorida our nurse is dead,
 And cursed *Dioniza* hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath.
 Prest for this blow, the unborne event,
 I doe commend to your content,
 Onely I carried winged Time,
 Post one the lame feete of my rime,
 Which never could I so convey, 50
 Unlesse your thoughts went on my way,
Dioniza does appeare,
 With *Leonine* a murtherer. *Exit.*

26. *too'th*: to the—MALONE.27. *night bed*: night-bird—MALONE.33. *The.. crow*: With the Dove of Paphos might the Crow—
STEEVENS. 48. *carried*: carry—STEEVENS.49. *one*: on-2-6Q. 3-4F.

PRINCE OF TYRE

[IV. i. 1-25]

[Scene i. *Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.*]*Enter Dioniza, with Leonine.*

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworne to doo't,
tis but a blowe which never shall bee knowne, thou
canst not doe a thing in the worlde so soone to yelde
thee so much profite: let not conscience which is but
cold, in flaming, thy love bosome, enflame too nicelie,
nor let pittie which even women have cast off, melt thee,
but be a souldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods should have her. 10
Here she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,
Thou art resolvde.

Leon. I am resolvde.

Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.

Mari. No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to strowe
thy greene with Flowers, the yellowes, blewes, the purple
Violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang upon thy
grave, while Sommer dayes doth last: Aye me poore maid,
borne in a tempest, when my mother dide, this world to me
is a lasting storme, whirring me from my friends. 20

Dion. How now *Marina*, why doe you keep alone?
How chaunce my daughter is not with you?
Doe not consume your blood with sorrowing,
Have you a nurse of me? Lord how your favours

3-8. 7 ll. ending known, soon, conscience, bosom, which, be,
purpose—Rowe, MALONE.

6. *in flaming, thy love bosome:* inflaming love i' thy bosom—
KNIGHT. 10-12. prose—GLOBE.

15-20. verse, 8 ll. ending weed, blues, marigolds, grave,
maid, died, storm, friends—Rowe. 18. *dote:* do—5Q.

20. *is a:* is like a-4-6Q. 3-4F. 22-5. 4 ll. ending
do not, you have, chang'd, woe—MALONE (1790).

24. *Have you:* You have—4Q. 3-4F.

Changd with this unprofitable woe:
 Come give me your flowers, ere the sea marre it,
 Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
 And it perces and sharpens the stomacke,
 Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mari. No I pray you, Ile not bereave you of your servant. | 30

Dion. Come, come, I love the king your father, and your | selfe, with more than forraine heart, wee every day expect | him here, when he shall come and find our Paragon to all | reports thus blasted, He will repent the breadth of his great voyage, blame both my Lord and me, that we have taken no care to your best courses, go I pray you, walke and be chearfull once againe, reserve that excellent complexion, which did steale the eyes of yong and old. Care not for me, I can go home alone. 40

Mari. Well, I will goe, but yet I have no desire too it.

Dion. Come, come, I know tis good for you, walke halfe an hour with *Leonine*, at the least, remember what I have sed. |

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leave you my sweete Ladie, for a while, pray walke softly, doe not heat your bloud, what, I must have care of you.

Mari. My thanks sweete Madame, [Exit *Dionyza*.] Is this wind Westerlie | that blowes?

Leon. Southwest.

Mari. When I was borne the wind was North.

29-48. verse, new l. at *Leonine-MALONE*, and 21 ll. ending her, you, come, yourself, day, find, blasted, voyage, taken, you, reserve, steal, me, go, it, you, least, madam, while, blood, madam-*Rowe*. 43. *with*: out-3-4F.

46-7. *bave care: have a care*-4-6Q.3-4F.

Leon. Wast so?

Mari. My father, as nutse ses, did never feare, but cryed | good sea-men to the Saylers, galling his kingly hands ha- | ling ropes, and clasping to the Mast, endured a sea that al- | most burst the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mari. When I was borne, never was waves nor winde | more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a can- | vas clymer, ha ses one, wolt out? and with a dropping in- | dustrie they skip from sterne to sterne, the Boatswaine | whistles, and the Maister calles and trebles their confusion. | 62

Leon. Come say your prayers.

Mari. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little space for praier, I graunt it, | pray, but bee not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of care, | and I am sworne to do my worke with haste.

Mari. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfie my Ladie.

69

Mari. Why would shee have mee kild now? as I can re- | member by my troth, I never did her hurt in all my life, I | never speake bad worde, nor did ill turne to anie living crea- | ture: Beleeve me law, I never killd a Mouse, nor hurt a Fly: | I trode upon a worme against my will, but I wept fort. How | have I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her anie | profit, or my life imply her any danger?

53. *nutse:* nurse--2-6Q. 3-4F. *ses:* said--MALONE.

53-7. verse, 5 ll. ending fear, galling, ropes, sea, this--MALONE. 58-62. verse, 7 ll. ending borne, violent, off, out, skip, and, confusion--MALONE. 60. *wolt:* wilt--4-6Q. 3-4F.

61. *sterne to sterne:* stem to stern--MALONE.

65-76. verse, 2 ll. ending prayer, tedious--Rowe, and 12 ll. ending sworn, me, kill'd, troth, life, turn, mela, fly, will, offended, profit, danger--MALONE.

Leon. My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but
doo't. 78

Mari. You will not doo't for all the world I hope: you
are well favoured, and your lookes foreshew you have a
gentle heart, I saw you latelie when you caught hurt in par-
ting two that fought: good sooth it shewde well in you, do
so now, your Ladie seekes my life Come, you betweene, and
save poore mee the weaker.

Leon. I am sworne and will dispatch. [He seizes
ber.] Enter Pirats. |

Pirat. 1. Hold villaine. [Leonine runs away.]

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat. 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets have
her aboord sodainely.

Exit [with Marina]. 90

Enter Leonine.

Leon. The rogueing theves serve the great Pyrate
Valdes, and they have seizd *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no
hope shee will returne, Ile sweare shees dead, and throwne
into the Sea, but ile see further: perhappes they will but
please themselves upon her, not carrie her aboord, ifshee
remaine

Whome they have ravisht, must by mee be slaine.

Exit.

[Scene ii. *Mytilene. A room in a brothel.*]

Enter the three Bawdes.

Pander. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

77-8. new l. at Is, ending do it-ROWE. 79-84. verse, 6 five-accent
ll.-ROWE. 85. new l. at And-MALONE. 92. Tbe: These-ROWE.
92-7. verse, 6 ll. ending Valdes, go, dead, further, her, remain
-ROWE.

Pander. Searchē the market narrowly, *Mettelyne* is full of gallants, wee lost too much much money this mart by beeing too wenchlesse.

Bawd. Wee were never so much out of Creatures, we have but poore three, and they can doe no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are even as good as rotten. 10

Pander. Therefore lets have fresh ones what ere wee pay | for them, if there bee not a conscience to be usde in everie | trade, wee shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayst true, tis not our bringing up of poore bastards, as I thinke, I have brought up some eleven.

Boult. I to eleven, and brought them downe againe, but shall I searche the market?

Bawde. What else man? the stufte we have, a strong windē will blow it to peeces, they are so pittifullly sodden.

Pander. Thou sayest true, ther's two unwholesome a conscience, the poore *Transilvanian* is dead that laye with the little baggadge. 22

Boult. I, shee quickly poupt him, she made him roast-meate for wormes, but Ile goe searche the market.

Exit.

Pand. Three or foure thousande Checkins were as prettie a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over I pray you? Is it a shame to get when wee are olde? 29

Pand. Oh our credite comes not in like the commodtie, nor the commodtie wages not with the daunger: therefore if in our youthes we could pick up some prettie estate, t'were not amisse to keepe our doore hatch't, besides

5. repeated *much* out-2-6Q. 3-4F.

20. *ther's two .. a:* they're too .. o'-MALONE.

26. *Checkins:* chequins-MALONE.

the sore tearmes we stand upon with the gods, wilbe strong with us for giving ore.

Bawd. Come other sorts offend as well as wee.

Pand. As well as wee. I, and better too, wee offend worse, neither is our profession any trade, It's no calling, but heere comes *Boult*.

Enter Boult with the Pirates and Marina. 40

Boult. [To *Marina*] Come your wayes my maisters, you say shee's a | virgin.

Sayler. O Sir, wee doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this peece you see, if you like her so, if not I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. *Boult* has shee anie qualities?

Boult. Shee has a good face, speakes well, and has excellent good cloathes: theres no farther necessitie of qualities can make her be refuz'd

Bawd. What's her price *Boult*? 50

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maisters, you shall have your money presenly, wife take her in, instruct her what she has to doe, that she may not be rawe in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*]

Bawd. *Boult*, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginitie, and crie; He that wil give most shal have her first, | such a maydenhead were no cheape thing, if men were as | they have beene: get this done as I command you. |

Boult. Performance shall follow. *Exit.* 60

Mar. Alacke that Leonine was so slacke, so slow, he should | have strooke, not spoke, or that these Pirates,

41. period after ways—MALONE. 53. *presently*: *presently*—2-6Q.
3-4F. 56. *ber age*: *ber out*—4-6Q. 3-4F.

61-4. *verse, 4 ll. ending slow, pirates, me, mother*—MALONE.

not enough | barbarous, had not oreboord throwne me,
for to seeké my | mother.

Bawd. Why lament you prettie one?

Mar. That I am prettie.

Bawd. Come, the Gods have done their part in yon.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like
to live. 70

Mar. The more my fault, to scape his handes, where I
was to die.

Bawd. I, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all
fashions, you shall fare well, you shall have the difference of
all complexions, what doe you stop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have mee be, and I bee not a
woman? 80

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marie whip the Gosseling, I thinke I shall have
something to doe with you, come you'r a young foolish
sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The Gods defend me.

Baud. If it please the Gods to defend you by men, then
men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you
up: *Boults* returnd. [Re-enter *Bolt.*] Now sir, hast
thou cride her through | the Market?

Boults. I have cryde her almost to the number of her
haires, I have drawne her picture with my voice. 91

Baud. And I prethee tell me, how dost thou find the in-
clination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

71-2. new l. at To-MALONE. 73. *pleasure*—2-6Q. 3-4F.
79. *and*: an-MALONE. 82. *thee*—4-6Q. 3-4F.

87. *men stir*: men must stir—4-6Q. 3-4F.

Boult. Faith they listened to mee, as they would have harkened to their fathers testament, there was a Spaniards mouth watred, and he went to bed to her verie description.

Baud. We shall have him here to morrow with his best ruffe on.

Boult. To night, to night, but Mistresse doe you knowe the French knight, that cowres eth the hams? 100

Baud. Who, *Mounseur Verollus?*

Boult. I, he, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groane at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Baud. Well, well, as for him, hee brought his disease hither, here he does but repaire it, I knowe hee will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the Sunne.

Boult. Well, if we had of everie Nation a traveller, wee should lodge them with this signe. 109

Baud. [To *Mar.*] Pray you come hither a while, you have | Fortunes comming uppon you, marke mee, you must | seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willing- | ly, despise profit, where you have most gaine, to weepe | that you live as yee doe, makes pittie in your Lovers sel- | dome, but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that | opinion a meere profit.

Mari. I understand you not.

Boult. O take her home Mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must bee quencht with some present practise. 120

Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

96. *mouth watred, and:* mouth so watered that-4-6Q.3-4F.

100. *cowres eth:* cowers i' the (i'th)-3-4F.

101. *Verollus:* *Veroles*-MALONE.

114. colon after *Lovers*-MALONE.

Boult. Faith some doe, and some doe not, but Mistresse if I have bargained for the joyn.

Baud. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Baud. Who should denie it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well. 130

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changd yet.

Baud. *Boult*, spend thou that in the towne: report what a sojourner we have, youle loose nothing by custome. When Nature framde this peece, shee meant thee a good turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eeles, as my giving out her beautie stirs up the lewdly inclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Baud. Come your wayes, follow me. 140

Mari. If fires be hote, knives sharpe, or waters deepe, Untide I still my virgin knot will keepe.

Diana ayde my purpose.

Baud. What have we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will you goe with us?

Exit.

[Scene iii. *Tarsus. A room in Cleon's house.*]

Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.

Dion. Why ere you foolish, can it be undone?

Cleon. O *Dioniza*, such a peece of slaughter, The Sunne and Moone nere lookt upon.

Dion. I thinke youle turne a chidle agen.

Cleon. Were I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, Ide

128-9. prose—MALONE.

2. ere: are—4-6Q. 3-4F.

MALONE. chidle: child—4-6Q. 3-4F.

138. stirs: stir—MALONE.

5. new l. at You'll-

6. Ide: I'ld—CAMBRIDGE.

give it to undo the deede. O Ladie much lesse in bloud then vertue, yet a Princes to equal any single Crowne ath earth-
ith Justice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast
poisned too, if thou hadst drunke to him tad beene a
kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say
when noble *Pericles* shall demaund his child? 12

Dion. That shee is dead. Nurses are not the fates to fo-
ster it, not ever to preserve, she dide at night, Ile say so,
who | can crosse it unlesse you play the impious Inno-
cent, and | for an honest attribute, crie out shee dyde
by soule | play.

Cle. O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the
heavens, the Gods doe like this worst. 19

Dion. Be one of those that thinkes the pettie wrens of
Tharsus will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do
shame | to thinke of what a noble straine you are, and
of how co- | ward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding who ever but his approba-
tion added, though not his prince consent, he did not flow
from honourable courses. 26

Dion. Be it so then, yet none does knowe but you
how shee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leonine* being
gone. Shee did disdaine my childe, and stoode betweene
her and her fortunes: none woulde looke on her, but
cast their gazes on *Marianas* face, whilst ours was blur-
ted at, and helde a Mawkin not worth the time of day.

6-43. verse, 42 ll. ending world, lady, princess, earth, Leo-
nine, too, kindness, say, child, fates, preserve, cross it, in-
nocent, out, well, gods, think, hence, shame, are, proceeding,
added, flow, then, dead, gone, between, her, face, malkin,
thorough, unnatural, find, kindness, it, *Pericles*, hearse,
monument, epitaphs, express, us, harpy-MALONE.

8. *atb:* o'the-MALONE.

9. *itb:* I'the-MALONE.

10. *tad:* 't had-DYCE.

11. *face:* fact-2SINGER.

15. *impious:* pious-COLIER.

20. *thinkes:* think-MALONE.

25. *prince:* prime-DYCE.

29. *disdaine:* disdain-SINGER.

PRINCE OF TYRE

[IV. iii. 35-iv. 8

It pierst me thorow, and though you call my course unnatural, you not your childe well loving, yet I finde it greets mee as an enterprize of kindnesse performd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it.

37

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should hee say, we wept after her hearse, & yet we mourne, her monument is almost finished, & her epitaphs in glittiring golden characters express | a generall prayse to her, and care in us at whose expence | tis done.

42

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doest with thine Angells face ceaze with
thine Eagles talents.

Dion. Yere like one that superstitiously,
Doe sweare too't Gods, that Winter kills
The Fliies, but yet I know, youle
doe as I advise.

[Scene iv. *Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina at Tarsus.*]

Gower. Thus time we waste, & long leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockles, have and wish but fort,
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region,
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,
To use one language, in each severall clime,
Where our sceanes seemes to live,
I doe beseech you
To learne of me who stand with gappes

44-5. *verse, 2 ll. ending face, talons-3-4F.*

45. *talents: talons-*ROWE. 46. *Yere: You are-*4-6Q. 3-4F.

47. *Doe: Doth-*4-6Q. 3-4F.

47-9. *2 ll. ending files, advise-*4-6Q. 3-4F.

1. *long: longest-*3-4F.

2. *fort: for't-*3-4F.

3. *our: your-*MAHON.

7. *seemes: seem-*3-4F. 7-8. 1 l.-3-4F.

9. *wiib gappes: i'the gaps-*3-4F.

9-10. 1 l.-3-4F.

To teach you.
 The stages of our storie *Pericles*
 Is now againe thwarting thy wayward seas,
 Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
 To see his daughter all his lives delight.
 Old *Helicanus* goes along behind,
 Is left to governe it, you beare in mind.
 Old *Escenes*, whom *Helicanus* late
 Advancde in time to great and hie estate.
 Well sayling ships, and bounteous winds
 Have brought 20
 This king to *Tbarsus*, thinke this Pilat thought
 So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
 Like moats and shadowes, see them
 Move a while,
 Your cares unto your eyes Ile reconcile.

[Dumb Show.]

Enter *Pericles* at one doore, with all his trayne, *Cleon* and
Dio- | *niza* at the other. *Cleon* shewes *Pericles* the
tombe, wherat *Pe-* | *ricles* makes lamentation, puts
 on sacke-cloth, and in a mighty | *passion* departs.
 [Then exeunt *Cleon* and *Dionyza*.] | 30

Gowr. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle showe,
 This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe:
 And *Pericles* in sorrowe all devour'd,
 With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showr'd,
 Leaves *Tbarsus*, and againe imbarques, hee sweares

12. <i>thy</i> : the—2-6Q. 3-4F.	14. <i>lives</i> : life's—Rowe.
15. colon after <i>along</i> —Hudson.	16. <i>you beare in mind</i> : bear you it in mind—MALONE.
21. <i>this</i> : his—MALONE.	19-20. 1 1.-4-6Q. 3-4F.
24. <i>moats</i> : motes—Rowe.	22. <i>grone</i> : grow on.—MALONE. 24-5. 1 1.-4-6Q. 3-4F.

Never to wash his face, nor cut his hayres:
 Hee put on sack-cloth, and to Sea he beares,
 A Tempest which his mortall vessell teares.
 And yet hee rydes it out, Nowe please you wit:
 The Epitaph is for *Marina* writ, by wicked *Dioniza*.⁴⁰

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*]

*The fairest, sweetest, and best lyes beere,
 Wbo witbered in ber spring of yeare:
 She was of Tyrus the Kings daughter,
 On whom fowle death bath made this slaughter.
 Marina was shee call'd, and at her byrth,
 Thbetis being proud, swallowed some part ath'earth:
 Th'before the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
 Haib Thetis byrth-childe on the beavens bestowed.
 Wherfore she does and sweares shee never stint,
 Make raging Battery upon shores of flint.* 50

No vizor does become blacke villanie,
 So well as soft and tender flatterie:
 Let *Pericles* beleevie his daughter's dead,
 And beare his courses to be ordered;
 By *Lady Fortune*, while our *Steare* must play,
 His daughters woe and heavie welladay.
 In her unholie service: Patience then,
 And thinke you now are all in *Mittelin*.

Exit.

37. *put .. Sea be:* puts .. sea. He-MALONE.

40. new l. at By-MALONE.

46. *ath':* o'the-MALONE.

55. *Steare:* scene-MALONE.

58. *Mittelin:* Mytilene-MALONE.

[Scene v. *Mytilene. A street before the brothel.*]

Enter [from the brothel] two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you ever heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor never shall doe in such a place as this, shee beeing once gone.

1. But to have divinitie preach't there, did you ever dreame of such a thing?

2. No, no, come, I am for no more bawdie houses, shall's goe heare the Vestalls sing?

1. Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out | of the road of rutting for ever. *Exit.* 10

[Scene vi. *The same. A room in the brothel.*]

Enter Bawdes 3.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her shee had nere come heere.

Bawd. Fye, fye, upon her, shee's able to freeze the god *Priapus*, and undoe a whole generation, we must either get | her ravished, or be rid of her, when she should doe for Cly- | ents her fitment, and doe mee the kindnesse of our pro- | fession, shee has me her quirks, her reasons, her master rea- | sons, her prayers, her knees, that shee would make a *Puri- | taine* of the divell, if hee should cheapen a kisse of her. | 10

Bawd. Faith I must ravish her, or shee'le disfurnish us of all our Cavalereea, and make our swearers priests.

Pand. Now the poxe upon her greene sicknes for mee.

Bawd. Faith ther's no way to be ridde on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord *Lysimachus* disguised. |

12. *Cavalereea: cavaliers (cavaleers-3F.)-4F.*

Boult. Wee should have both Lorde and Lowne, if the peevish baggadge would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lysim. How now, how a douzen of virginities?

Bawd. Now the Gods to blesse your Honour. 20

Boult. I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

Li. You may, so t'is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legges, how now? wholsome iniuitie have you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Surgeon?

Bawd. Wee have heere one Sir, if shee would, but there never came her like in *Meteline*.

Li. Ifshee'd doe the deedes of darknes thou wouldest say. |

Bawd. Your Honor knows what t'is to say wel enough.

Li. Well, call forth, call forth. 30

Boult. For flesh and bloud Sir, white and red, you shall see a rose, and she were a rose indeed, if shee had but.

Li. What prithi?

Boult. O Sir, I can be modest.

Li. That dignities the renowne of a Bawde, no lesse then it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

[*Exit Boult.*]

Bawd. Heere comes that which growes to the stalke, Never pluckt yet I can assure you. Is shee not a faire creature?

[*Re-enter Boult with Marina.*]

Ly. Faith shee would serve after a long voyage at Sea, | 40 Well theres for you, leave us.

22. *You may, so:* shift comma after 20-4-6Q. 28. *shee'd: she'ld-*
CAMBRIDGE. *deedes: deed-5-6Q.* 37-43. prose-MALONE.

Bawd. I beseeche your Honor give me leave a word,
And Ile have done presently.

Li. I beseech you doe.

Bawd. [To *Marina*] First, I would have you note,
this is an Hono- | rable man.

Mar. I desire to finde him so, that I may worthilie
note him. |

Bawd. Next hees the Governor of this countrey, and
a man whom I am bound too. 49

Ma. If he governe the countrey you are bound to him
indeed, but how honorable he is in that, I knowe not.

Bawd. Pray you without any more virginall fencing,
will you use him kindly? he will lyne your apron with
gold. |

Ma. What hee will doe gratisiously, I will thankfully
receive.

Li. Ha you done?

Bawd. My Lord shees not pac'ste yet, you must take
some paines to worke her to your mannage, come wee will
leave his Honor, and her together, goe thy wayes.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.*]

Li. Now prittie one, how long have you beeene at
this trade? | 60

Ma. What trade Sir?

Li. Why, I cannot name but I shall offend.

Ma. I cannot be offended with my trade, please you
to name it. |

Li. How long have you bene of this profession?

Ma. Ere since I can remember.

Li. Did you goe too't so young, were you a gamester
at five, or at seven?

Ma. Earlyer too Sir, if now I bee one.

Ly. Why? the house you dwell in proclaimes you to be a Creature of sale. 70

Ma. Doe you knowe this house to be a place of such resort, and will come intoo't? I heare say you're of honour- | able parts, and are the Governour of this place. |

Li. Why, hath your principall made knowne unto you who I am?

Ma. Who is my principall?

Li. Why, your hearbe-woman, she that sets seeds and rootes of shame and iniquitie. 78

O you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee prettie one, my authoritie shall not see thee, or else looke friendly upon thee, come bring me to some private place: Come, come.

Ma. If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put upon you, make the judgement good, that thought you worthie of it.

Li. How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though most ungentle Fortune have plac't mee in this Stie, where since I came, diseases have beene solde deerer then Phisicke, that the gods would set me free from this unhalowed place, though they did chaunge mee to the meanest byrd that flyes i'th purer ayre. 93

Li. I did not thinke thou couldst have spoke so well,

80. *aloft:* aloof—Rowe.

84-5. new l. at If, ending good—Rowe.

88-94. verse; new l. at That, 7 ll. ending fortune, came, physic, gods, place, bird, think—Dyce.

90. *that:* O, that—4-6Q. 3-4F.

94-9. verse; new l. at Thou, 5 ll. ending couldst, mind, thee, goest, you—Rowe.

nere dremp't thou could'st, had I brought hither a corrupted minde, thy speeche had altered it, holde, heeres golde for thee, persever in that cleare way thou goest and the gods strengthen thee.

Ma. The good Gods preserve you.

99

Li. For me be you thoughten, that I came with no ill intent, for to me the very dores and windows savor vileyly, | fare thee well, thou art a piece of vertue, & I doubt not but | thy training hath bene noble, hold, heeres more golde for | thee, a curse upon him, die he like a theefe that robs thee of | thy goodnes, if thou doest heare from me it shalbe for thy | good.

[*Re-enter Boult.*]

Boult. I beseeche your Honor one piece for me.

Li. Avaunt thou damned dore-keeper, your house but for this virgin that doeth prop it, would sincke and overwhelme you. *Away.* [Exit.] 110

Boult. How's this? wee must take another course with you? if your peevish chastitie, which is not worth a breake- | fast in the cheapest countrey under the coap, shall undoe a | whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel, come your wayes. |

Ma. Whither would you have mee?

Boult. I must have your mayden-head taken off, or the | common hang-man shal execute it, come your way, wee have | no more Gentlemen driven away, come your wayes I say. |

95. *nere dremp't:* ne'er (ne're) dream'd-3-4F.
100-4. verse; new l. at That, 6 ll. ending *me, vileyly, and, noble, thee, thief*-MALONE.

104-6. verse; new l. at That *robs*, 2 ll. ending *dost, good*-Dyce.
108-10. verse, 3 ll. ending *door-keeper, it, away*-Rowe.

117. *way: ways*-Dyce.

Enter Bawdes.

Bawd. How now, whats the matter? 120

Boult. Worse and worse mistris, shee has heere spoken
holie words to the Lord *Lisimachus*.

Bawd. O abominable.

Boult. He makes our profession as it were to stincke a-
fore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marie hang her up for ever.

Boult. The Noble man would have dealt with her
like | a Noble man, and shee sent him away as colde as
a Snowe- | ball, saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult take her away, use her at thy pleasure,
crack | the glasse of her virginitie, and make the rest
maliablie. 131

Boult. And if shee were a thornyer peece of ground
then shee is, shee shall be plowed.

Ma. Harke, harke you Gods.

Bawd. She conjures, away with her, would she had
ne- | ver come within my doores, Marrie hang you:
shees borne | to undoe us, will you not goe the way
of wemen-kinde? | Marry come up my dish of chastitie
with rosemary & baies. 131 [Exit.]

Boult. Come mistris, come your way with mee.

Ma. Whither wilt thou have mee? 140

Boult. To take from you the Jewell you hold so deere.

Ma. Prithée tell mee one thing first.

Boult. Come now your one thing.

Ma. What canst thou wish thine enemie to be.

Boult. Why, I could wish him to bee my master, or ra-
ther my mistris.

119. *Bawdes:* Bawd-Rowe.

132. *And:* An-MALONE.

124. *He:* She-Rowe.

139. *way:* ways-4F.

Ma. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they | doe better thee in their command, thou hold'st a place for | which the painest feende of hell would not in reputation | change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to every cu- | sterell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholericke | fisting of every rogue, thy eare is lyable, thy foode is such | as hath beene belch't on by infected lungs. | 153

Bo. What wold you have me do? go to the wars, wold you? | wher a man may serve 7. yeers for the losse of a leg, & have | not money enough in the end to buy him a woodenne one? |

Ma. Doe any thing but this thou doest, emptie olde receptacles, or common-shores of filthe, serve by indenture, to the common hang-man, anie of these wayes are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could he speak, would owne a name too deere, that the gods wold safely deliver me from this place: here, heers gold for thee, if that thy master would gaine by me, proclaime that I can sing, weave, sow, & dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep | from boast, and will undertake all these to teache. I doubt | not but this populous Cittie will yelde manie schollers. |

Boult. But can you teache all this you speake of?

Ma. Proove that I cannot, take mee home againe, And prostitute mee to the basest groome that doeth frequent your house. | 170

147-50. verse, 4 ll. ending art, command, fiend, change—Rowe.
150-3. verse, 5 ll. ending every, Tib, rogue, such, lungs—MA-
LONE.

157-66. verse, 14 ll. ending empty, filth, hangman, this, speak, gods, place, thee, me, dance, boast, teach, will, scholars—
MALONE.

165. *and will: and I will*—Rowe.

169. new l. at That—Rowe.

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Boult. Well I will see what I can doe for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Ma. But amongst honest woman.

Boult. Faith my acquaintance lies little amongst them, But since my master and mistris hath bought you, theres no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what I can, come your wayes. *Exeunt.*

[Act V.]

Enter Gower.

[*Gow.*] *Marina* thus the Brothell scapes, and chaunces Into an *Honest-house* our Storie sayes: She sings like one immortall, and shee daunces As Goddesse-like to her admired layes. Deepe clearks she dumb's, and with her neele compo- ses, | Natures owne shape, of budde, bird, branche, or berry. That even her art sisters the naturall Roses Her Inckle,¹ Silke Twine, with the rubied Cherrie, That puples lackes she none of noble race, Who powre their bountie on her: and her gaine She gives the cursed Bawd, here wee her place, And to hir Father turne our thoughts againe, ¹ *tape* Where wee left him on the Sea, wee there him left, Where driven before the windes, hee is arriv'de Heere where his daughter dwels, and on this coast, Suppose him now at *Anchor*: the Citie striv'de

173. *woman*: women—MALONE.

175. *bath*: have—4F.

6. *dumb's*: dumb—3-6Q. *neele*: needle—Dyce.

9. *Silke Twine*: silk, twin—MALONE.

14. *lef*: lost—MALONE.

15. *Where*: Whence—STEEVENS.

God *Neptunes* *Annuaull* feast to keepe, from whence
Lysimachus our *Tyrian* *Shippe* espies,
 His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence, 20
 And to him in his Barge with fervor hyes,
 In your supposing once more put your sight,
 Of heavy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke:
 Where what is done in action, more if might
 Shalbe discoverd, please you sit and harke. *Exit.*

[Scene i. *On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*]

Enter *Helicanus*, to him 2. *Saylers* [one belonging to the *Tyrian* vessel, the other to the barge].

1. *Say.* Where is Lord *Helicanus*? hee can resolve
 you, |
 O here he is Sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline*, and
 in it is *Lysimachus* the *Governour*, who craves to come a-
 boord, what is your will?

Helly. That hee have his, call up some Gentlemen.

2. *Say.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doeth your Lordship call?

Helli. Gentlemen there is some of worth would come
 aboord, I pray greet him fairely. 11

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and
 go on board the barge.*]

3-5. verse, 4 ll. ending is, *Mytilene, governor, will-Steevens.*
 11. *pray greet:* pray ye (thee-3-4F.) greet -Rowe.

PRINCE OF TYRE

[V. i. 11-37]

Enter [from thence] Lysimachus [and Lords; with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors].

Hell. Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would resolve you.

Lys. Hayle reverent Syr, the Gods preserve you.

Hell. And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Li. You wish mee well, beeing on shore, honoring of Neptunes triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before us, I made to it, to knowe of whence you are. 20

Hell. First what is your place?

Ly. I am the Gouvernour of this place you lie before.

Hell. Syr our vessell is of Tyre, in it the King, a man, who for this three moneths hath not spoken to anie one, nor taken sustenance, but to prorogue his grieve.

Li. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hell. Twould be too tedious to repeat, but the mayne grieve springs from the losse of a beloved daughter & a wife. |

Li. Nay wee not see him? 29

Hell. You may, but bootlesse. Is your sight hee, will not speake to any, [Lys.] yet let me obtaine my wish.

Lys. [Hel.] Behold him, [Pericles discovered.] this was a goodly person. |

13. *Sir:* separate l.—MALONE.

14. *resolve you:* separate l.—MALONE.

16-17. *you to:* you, sir, to, and new l. at And—MALONE.

18-20. new l. at Being, 2 ll. ending triumphs, us—ROWE.

22. new l. at Of-DYCK.

23-5. new ll. at Our, A man, To, But—STEEVENS.

27-8. 3 ll. ending repeat, loss, wife—MALONE.

30. *bootlesse.* Is your sight bee, will: bootless is your sight. He will (comma after sight)—2-6Q.3-4F.

30-1. new ll. at But, To—COLLIER.

31, 32. bracketed corrections of speakers—4-6Q.3-4F.

Hell. Till the disaster that one mortall wight drove
him | to this.

Lys. Sir King all haile, the Gods preserve you, haile
royall sir.

Hell. It is in vain, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir we have a maid in *Metiline*, I durst wager
would | win some words of him. 39

Lys. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her
sweet | harmonie, and other chosen attractions, would
allure and | make a battrie through his defend parts,
which now are | midway stopt, shee is all happie as the
fairest of all, and her | fellow maides, now upon the
leavie shelter that abuts a- | gainst the Islands side.

[*Whispers a Lord who goes off in the barge of
Lysimachus.*] 40

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing weele omit that
beares recoveries name. But since your kindnesse wee have
stretcht thus farre, let us beseech you, that for our golde
we may provision have, wherein we are not destitute for
want, but wearie for the stalenesse. 50

Lys. O sir, a curtesie, which if we should denie, the
most | just God for every graffe would send a Caterpillar,
and so | inflict our Province: yet once more let mee in-
treate to | knowe at large the cause of your kings sorrow.

33. *Hell.*: out-4-6Q. 3-4F. *wight*: night, and new l. at *Drove-MALONE.* 35. new l. at *Hail-STEEVENS.*

38-9. new ll. at *We, Would-Dvce.*

40-54. *verse*, new l. at *She, 18 ll.* ending *harmony, allure, parts, stopp'd, all, upon, against, side, omit, kindness, you, have, want, courtesy, gods, caterpillar, more, cause-MALONE.*

42. *defend*: *deafen'd-MALONE.*

43. *and ber*: and with *her-MALONE.*

44. *maides, now*: *maids is now-MALONE.*

46. *all*: *all's-MALONE.*

52. *God*: *gods-Dvce.*

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[V. i. 63-82

Hell. Sit sir, I will recount it to you, but see I am prevented.

[*Re-enter from the barge, Lord, with Marina, and a young lady.*]

Lys. O hee'rs the Ladie that I sent for,
Welcomme faire one, ist not a goodly present?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Ladie.

Lys. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde 60
Came of a gentle kinde, and noble stocke, I do wish
No better choise, and think me rarely to wed,
Faire on all goodnesse that consists in beautie,
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient
If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answere thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receive such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir I will use my utmost skill in his recoverie, pro-
vided that none but I and my companion maid be suffered
to come neere him. 71

Lys. Come, let us leave her, and the Gods make her
pro- | sperous. [*Marina sings.*] *The Song.*

Lys. Marke he your Musicke?

Mar. No nor lookt on us.

Lys. See she will speake to him.

55. new l. at But-COLLIER. 57. bee'rs: here is-STEEVENS.

57-8. new ll. at The, Is't-STEEVENS.

58. present: presence-MALONE.

61. I do: I'd (I'd)-CAMBRIDGE; beginning new l.-Dyce.

62. to: out-4-6Q.3-4F.

63. on .. beautie: one .. bounty-STEEVENS (1788).

65. fate: feat-STEEVENS (1788).

69-70. new ll. at My, Provided, That, Be-MALONE.

72. new l. at And-STEEVENS.

74. Marke: Mark'd (Markt)-4-6Q.3-4F.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

78

Mar. I am a maid, my Lorde, that nere before invited eyes, but have beene gazed on like a Comet: She speaks my Lord, that may be, hath endured a grieve might equal yours, if both were justly wayde, though wayward fortune | did maligne my state, my derivation was from ancestors, | who stood equivolent with mightie Kings, but time hath | rooted out my parentage, and to the world, and augward | casualties, bound me in servitude, [*Aside*] I will desist, but there is | something gloues upon my cheek, and whispers in mine | eare, go not till he speake. |

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equal mine, was it not thus, what say you? 90

Mar. I sed my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes upon me, | your like something that, what Countrey women heare of | these shewes?

Mar. No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought | forth, and am no other then I appeare. 97

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping: my | dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daugh- | ter might have beene: My Queenes square

79-92. new l. at My, 16 ll. ending eyes, speaks, grief, weigh'd, state, ancestors, kings, parentage, casualties, desist, cheek, speak, parentage, you, parentage, violence-MALONE.

85. augward: awkward-2-6Q. 3-4F.

94. your: You are, and new l. at You-MALONE.

95-6. shewes .. shewes .. shores .. shores-MALONE.

96-122. new l. at Yet, 28 ll. ending am, appear, weeping, one, brows, straight, like, Juno, hungry, live, deck, bred, which, owe, seem, speak, look'st, palace, thee, relation, look'st, friends, back, camest, did, said'st, injury, mine-MALONE.

browes, her | stature to an inch, as wandlike-straight,
as silver voyst, | her eyes as Jewell-like, and caste as
richly, in pace an o- | ther *Juno*. Who starves the
cares shee feedes, and makes | them hungrie, the more
she gives them speech, Where doe | you live?

Mar. Where I am but a straunger from the decke,
you | may discerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchiev'd you
these | indowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my hystorie, it would seeme like
lies disdained in the reporting. 111

Per. Prethee speake, falsnesse cannot come from thee,
for thou lookest modest as justice, & thou seemest a *Pallas* |
for the crownd truth to dwell in, I wil belieue thee
& make | senses credit 'hy relation, to points that seeme
impossible, | for thou lookest like one I loved indeede:
what were thy | friends? didst thou not stay when I
did push thee backe, | which was when I perceiv'd
thee that thou camst from | good discending. *Mar.*
So indeed I did. 119

Per. Report thy parentage, I think thou saidst thou
hadst | beene toss'd from wrong to injurie, and that thou
thoughts | thy griefs might equall mine, if both were
opened. |

Mar. Some such thing I sed, and sed no more, but what
my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy storie, if thine considered prove the
thou- | sand part of my enduraunce, thou art a man,
and I have | suffered like a girle, yet thou doest looke
like patience, | gazing on Kings graves, and smiling ex-

113. *Pallas*: palace—MALONE.

117. *stay*: say—MALONE.

121. *thoughts*: thought'st—3-4F. 123-4. new ll. at I, Did—COLLIER.

125-31. new l. at If, 7 ll. ending part, I, look, smiling, friends,
virgin, me—MALONE.

tremifie out of | act, what were thy friends? how lost
thou thy name, | my most kinde Virgin? recount I doe
beseech thee, Come | sit by mee. 131

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some insenced God
sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience good sir: or here Ile cease.

Per. Nay Ile be patient: thou little knowst howe
thou | doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was given mee by one that had
some | power, my father, and a King. 139

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*?

Mar. You sed you would beleeve me, but not to bee a
troubler of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and bloud?

Have you a working pulse, and are no Fairie?

Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?

And wherefore calld *Marina*?

Mar. Calld *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

Plr. At sea, what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a King, who
died | the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Licberida* hath | oft delivered weeping. 151

Per. O stop there a little, [Aside] this is the rarest
dreame |

That ere duld sleepe did mocke sad fooles withall,

129. *thou thy*: them? Thy—MALONE.

133-4. new ll. at *And*, To—MALONE.

135-40. new ll. at *Or*, *Thou*, *To*, *Was My*, *And*—STEEVENS.

141-3. new ll. at *But*, I—MALONE. 145. *Motion well, speake*:
(*Motion*?—3-4F.) *Motion Well; speak*—Dyce.

147. new l. at *For*—MALONE. 148. *Plr.*: misprint 1Q.

149-51. verse; new ll. at *Who*, *As*, *Delivered*—MALONE.

152-60. new l. at *This*, 9 ll. ending *slcep*, *be*, *bred*, *story*, *you*,
o'er, *syllable*, *leave*, *bred*—MALONE.

153. *duld*: dull—6Q. 3-4F.

This cannot be my daughter, buried, well, where were you bred? Ile heare you more too'th bottome of your storie, and never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, beleeve me twere best I'did give ore. |

Per. I will beleeve you by the syllable of what you shall | deliver, yet give me leave, how came you in these parts? | where were you bred? 160

Mar. The King my father did in *Tbarsus* leave me, Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked wife, Did seeke to murther me: and having wooed a villaine, To attempt it, who having drawne to doo't, A crew of Pirats came and rescued me, Brought me to *Metaline*, But good sir whither wil you have me? why doe you weep? | It may be you thinke mee an imposture, no good fayth: I | am the dsughter to King *Pericles*, if good king *Pericles* be. |

Hell. [Per.] Hoe, *Hellicanus*? 170

Hel. Calls my Lord.

Per. Thou art a grave and noble Counsellor, Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what thismayde is, or what like to bee, that thus hath made mee weape.

Hel. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*, speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell her parentage, 178
Being demaunded, that she would sit still and weape.

154. *be my daughter, buried*: be: My daughter's buried—STEEVENS.
163-4. new l. at A villain, ending do't—MALONE.

166-70. 5 ll. ending sir, be, faith, *Pericles*, *Hellicanus*—STEEVENS.

168. *imposture*: impostor—4F. 169. *daughter*: misprint 1Q.
170. given to *Per.*—3-4F. 173-9. new l. at What, 6 ll. ending be, but, *Mytilene*, tell, that, weep—MALONE.

178. *never would*: would never—STEEVENS.

179. comma after demaunded shifted after that—3-4F.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, give mee a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of joyes rushing upon me, ore-beare the shores of my mortalitie, and drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither, thou that begetst him that did thee beget, Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tbarsus*, And found at sea agen, O *Hellicanus*, Downe on thy knees, thanke the holie Gods as loud As thunder threatens us, this is *Marina*. What was thy mothers name? tell me, but that for truth can never be confirm'd inough, 190 Though doubts did ever sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell mee now my Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you sayd, Thou hast beene God-like perfit, the heir of kingdomes, And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.

Ma. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my mothers name was *Thaïsa*, *Thaïsa* was my mother, who did I end the minute I began.

Pe. Now blessing on thee, rise th'art my child. 200 Give me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee is not I dead at *Tbarsus* as shee should have beene by savage *Cleon*, I she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and justifie in I knowledge, she is thy verie Princes, who is this? I

Hel. Sir, tis the governor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholie state, did come to see you.

180-3. verse, 5 ll. ending sir, pain, me, mortality, hither-MALONE.

192-3. new ll. at What, My-STEEVENS.

195-6. 3 ll. ending perfect, like, father-GLOBE.

197-9. 4 ll. ending than, *Thaïsa*, end, began-MALONE.

201-10. 12 ll. ending *Helicanus*, been, all, knowledge, this, Mytilene, state, you, beholding, music, him, doubt-MALONE.

PRINCE OF TYRE

[V. i. 223-251]

Per. I embrace you, give me my robes.
 I am wilde in my beholding, O heavens blesse my girle,
 But harke what Musicke tell, *Hellicanus* my *Marina*,
 Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to doat.
 How sure you are my daughter, but what musicke?

Hel. My Lord I heare none. 212

Per. None, the Musicke of the Spheres, list my *Marina*.

Lys. It is not good to crosse him, give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not heare?

Lys. Musicke my Lord? I heare. [Music.]

Per. Most heavenly Musicke.

It nips me unto listning, and thicke slumber

Hangs upon mine eyes, let me rest. [Sleeps.]

Lys. A Pillow for his head, so leave him all. 220
 Well my companion friends, if this but answeres to my
 just | belief, Ile well remember you.

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*]

Diana [appears to *Pericles* as in a vision].

Dia. My Temple stands in Ephesus,
 Hie thee thither, and doe upon mine Altar sacrifice,
 There when my maiden priests are met together before the
 people all, reveale how thou at sea didst loose thy wife, to
 mourne thy crosses with thy daughters, call, & give them
 repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou li-
 vest in woe: doo't, and happie, by my silver bow, awake
 and | tell thy dreame. [Disappears.] 231

Per. Celestiall *Dian*, Goddessse Argentine,

210. *doat*: doubt—MALONE. 213. *None*: separate l.—MALONE.

216. *Musicke*: out and printed as stage direction—Dyce.

220-2. 4 ll. ending *head*, *friends*, *belief*, *you*—STEEVENS.

224-31. 10 ll. ending *thither*, *sacrifice*, *together*, *all*, *wife*,
call, *life*, *woe*, *bow*, *dream*—Rowe.

229. *like*: *life*—MALONE.

I will obey thee *Hellicanus*. [Re-enter *Hellicanus, Lysimachus, and Marina.*] *Hell.* Sir. |

Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike,
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other service first,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sayles,
Eftsoones Ile tell thee why, [To *Lysimachus*] shall we
refresh us sir upon your | shore, and give you golde for
such provision as our in- | tents will neede.

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I have another sleight. 241

Per. You shall prevale were it to woe my daughter,
for | it seemes you have beene noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*.

Exeunt.

[Scene ii. Enter *Gower* before the temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus.*]

Gower. Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boone give mee,
For such kindnesse must relieve mee:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feats, what showes,
What minstrelsie, and prettie din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*.
To greet the King, so he thrived,
That he is promisde to be wived
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,

10

233. point after thee, exclamation after *Hellicanus*-3-4F. *Hell.*
Sir: separate l.-2-4F.

235-44. 10 ll. ending am, *Ephesus*, why, shore, provision,
sir, ashore, prevail, seemes, arm-MALONE.

241. sleight: suit-MALONE.

PRINCE OF TYRE

[V. ii. 12-iii. 12

Till he had done his sacrifice.
 As *Dian* bad whereto being bound,
 The *Interim* pray, you all confound.
 In fetherd briefenes sayles are fild,
 And wishes fall out as they'r wild,
 At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
 Our King and all his companie.
 That he can hither come so soone,
 Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

20

[Scene iii. *The temple of Diana at Ephesus; Thaisa standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

Enter Pericles with his train; Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.]

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy just commaund,
 I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*,
 Who frigted from my countrey did wed at *Pentapolis*,
 the faire *Thaisa*, at Sea in childbed died she, but
 brought forth a Mayd child calld *Marina*, whom O
 Goddessesse wears yet thy silver liverey, shee at *Tharsus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at fourteene yeares he
 sought to murder, but her better stars brought her to
Meteline, agaist whose shore ryding, her Fortunes
 brought the mayde aboarde us, where by her owne
 most cleere remembrance, shee made knowne her selfe my Daughter.

11

13. *bad*: bade-Rowe.20. *fancies*: fancy's-Rowe.3-7. 7 ll. ending wed, *Thaisa*, forth, goddess, *Tarsus*, years, stars-Rowe.8. new ll. at *Brought, Riding*-MALONE.9-11. new ll. at *Where, Made*, ending daughter-Rowe.

Tb. Voyce and favour, you are, you are, O royll
Pericles. [Faints.]

Per. What meanes the mum? shee die's, helpe Gentlemen.

Ceri. Noble Sir, if you have tolde *Dianaes* Altar
true, this is your wife?

Per. Reverent appearer no, I threwe her over-boord
with these verie armes.

Ce. Upon this coast, I warrant you. 20

Pe. T'is most certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Ladie, O shee's but over-joyde,
Earlie in blustering morne this Ladie was throwne upon
this shore.

I op't the coffin, found there rich Jewells, recov-
ered her, and plac'ste her heere in *Dianaes* temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great Sir, they shalbe brought you to my house,
whither I invite you, looke *Thaisa* is recovered. 29

Tb. O let me looke if hee be none of mine, my sanctie
will to my sense bende no licentious eare, but curbe
it spight of seeing: O my Lord are you not *Pericles*? like
him you speake, like him you are, did you not name a tem-
pest, a birth, and death?

Per. The voyce of dead *Thaisa*.

Tb. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drownd.

Per. I mortall *Dian*.

Tb. Now I knowe you better, when wee with teares

14. *mum:* nun (woman-3-4F.)-2COLLIER.

16-19. 4 ll. ending sir, true, no, arms-MALONE.

18. *reverent:* reverend-3-4F.

23-36. new l. at Thrown, 13 ll. ending coffin, her, them, house,
is, look, sanctity, ear, lord, speake, tempest, *Thaisa*, dead-
MALONE.

37. *I mortall:* Immortal-4-6Q. 3-4F.

PRINCE OF TYRE

[V. iii. 39-61]

parted *Pentapolis*, the king my father gave you such a ring. [Shows a ring.] | 39

Per. This, this, no more, you gods, your present kindenes makes my past miseries sports, you shall doe well that | on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be | seene, O come, be buried a second time within these armes. |

Ma. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers bosome. [Kneels to *Thaisa*.]

Per. Looke who kneeles here, flesh of thy flesh *Thaisa*, thy burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was yeel- | ded there.

Tb. Blest, and mine owne.

Hell. Hayle Madame, and my Queene. 50

Tb. I know you not.

[*Per.*] *Hell.* You have heard mee, say when I did flie from | *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient substitute, can you remem- | ber what I call'd the man, I have nam'de him oft. |

Tb. T'was *Hellicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, imbrace him deere *Thaisa*, this is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found? how | possiblie preserved? and who to thanke (besides the gods) | for this great miracle? 59

Tb. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom the Gods have showne their power, that can from first to last resolve you.

38-9. new l. at *When*, 2 ll. ending *Pentapolis*, ring-*Rowe*.

40. *Tbis, tbit, .. gods:* This, this; no more, you gods!-*MALONE*.

41-5. new l. at *Makes*, 5 ll. ending well, may, buried, heart, bosom-*MALONE*. 47-9. 2 ll. ending *Marina*, own-*Rowe*.

52. [*Per.*]—3-4F.

53-9. new l. at *I*, 8 ll. ending substitute, man, then, confirmation, he, found, thank, miracle-*Rowe*.

60-6. 6 ll. ending man, can, sir, officer, deliver, lord-*STEEVENS*.

Per. Reverent Syr, the gods can have no mortall officer
more like a god then you, will you deliver how this dead
Queene relives?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first, goe with mee
to my house, where shall be showne you all was found
with | her. How shee came plac'ste heere in the Temple,
no | needfull thing omitted. 69

Per. Pure *Dian* blesse thee for thy vision, and will
offer | night oblations to thee *T'aisa*, this Prince, the
faire betro- | thed of your daughter, shall marrie her at
Pentapolis, and | now this ornament makes mee looke
dismall, will I clip to | forme, and what this fourteene
yeeres no razer touch't, to | grace thy marridge-day, Ile
beautifie. |

Tb. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit. Sir,
my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a Starre of him, yet there my
Queene, wee'le celebrate their Nuptials, and our selves
will in that kingdome spend our following daies, our sonne
and daughter shall in *Tyrus* raigne. 81

Lord *Cerimon* wee doe our longing stay,
To heare the rest untolde, Sir lead's the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

65. *relives*: re-lives—Rowe. 66-9. new l. at *Beseech*,
4 ll. ending *house, her, temple, mitted*—Rowe.

69. *needfull*: misprint 1Q. 70. *and will*: I will—3-4F.
70-5. 8 ll. ending *vision* I, *Thaisa, daughter, now, ornament*,
form, touch'd, beautify—Dyce.

77. *verse*; new l. at *My*—Dyce.

78-81. *verse, 4 ll. ending queen, ourselves, days, reign*—Rowe.

FINIS.

[Enter] *Gower.*

[*Gow.*] In *Antiochus* and his daughter you have heard
 Of monstrous lust, the due and just reward:
 In *Pericles* his Queene and Daughter seene,
 Although assaylde with *Fortune* fierce and keene.
 Virtue preferd from fell destructions blast,
 Lead on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
 In *Helycanus* may you well descrie,
 A figure of trueth, of faith, of loyaltie:
 In reverend *Cerimon* there well appeares, 10
 The worth that learned charitie aye weares.
 For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when Fame
 Had spred his cursed deede, the honor'd name
 Of *Pericles*, to rage the Cittie turne,
 That him and his they in his Pallace burne:
 The gods for murder seemde so content,
 To punish, although not done, but meant.
 So on your Patience evermore attending,
 New joy wayte on you, heere our play has ending.

6. *preferd*: preserved—**MALONE**.

13. *bis*: their—4-6Q. *tbe*: and—3-4F.

17. *punish, althoug^b*: punish them; although—**MALONE**.

FINIS.

**THE TRAGEDIE OF ANTHONIE,
AND CLEOPATRA**

A. & C. I.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *triumvirs.*
LEPIDUS,
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO,
MECÆNAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS,
MENAS,
MENECRATES, } *friends to Cæsar.*
VARRIUS,
TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*
CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*
SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius's army.*
EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*

ALEXAS,
MARDIAN, *a eunuch*, }
SELEUCUS,
DIOMEDES,
A Soothsayer.
A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt*.
OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony*.
CHARMIAN, }
IRAS, } attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *In several parts of the Roman empire.*]







Photographed by Catharine Weed Ward

Mulberry tree in New Place gardens, said to have been grown from a cutting of
one planted by Shakespeare himself

THE TRAGEDIE OF ANTHONIE, AND CLEOPATRA



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[Scene i. *Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-flowes the measure: those his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Musters of the Warre,
Have glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Devotion of their view
Upon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart, 10
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his brest, renegages¹ all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan ^{1 denies}
To coole a Gypsies Lust.

7-8. 1 l.—Rowe.

14, 17. 1 l.—Rowe.

*Flourish. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra her Ladies, the
Traine, with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple¹ Pillar of the world) transform'd ¹ thrid
Into a Strumpts Foole. Behold and see. ²⁰

Cleo. If it be Love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggery in the love that can be reckon'd
Cleo. Ile set a bourne ² how farre to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needes finde out new Heaven,
new Earth. ² limit

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant. Grates ³ me, the summe. ^{3 vexes}

Cleo. Nay heare them *Anthony*.

Fulvia perchance is angry: Or who knowes, ³⁰
If the scarce-bearded *Cæsar* have not sent
His powrefull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in ⁴ that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:
Perform't, or else we damne thee. ^{4 conquer}

Ant. How, my Love?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like: ⁵ mandate
You must not stay heere longer, your dismission
Is come from *Cæsar*, therefore heare it *Anthony*.
Where's *Fulvias* Processe? ⁵ (*Cæsars* I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypts Queene, ⁴⁰
Thou blushest *Anthony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæsars* homager: else so thy cheeke payes shame,
When shrill-tongu'd *Fulvia* scolds. The Messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch

^{15.} *Anthony: Antony*, and so throughout—Rowe.

^{26.} *Messenger: Attendant—CAPELL.*

AND CLEOPATRA

[I. i. 34-60]

Of the raing'd Empire fall: Heere is my space,
 Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike
 Feeds Beast as Man; the Noblenesse of life
 Is to do thus: when such a mutuall paire,

[Embracing.]

And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
 One paine of punishment, the world to weete¹ 50
 We stand up Peerelesse. ^{1 know}

Cleo. Excellent falsehood:
 Why did he marry *Fulvia*, and not love her?
 Ile seeme the Foole I am not. *Anthony* will be himselfe.

Ant. But stir'd by *Cleopatra*.
 Now for the love of Love, and her soft houres,
 Let's not confound² the time with Conference harsh;
 There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?

Cleo. Hearre the Ambassadors. ^{2 waste} 60
Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:
 Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
 To weepe; who every passion fully strives
 To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
 No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night
 Wee'l wander through the streets, and note
 The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
 Last night you did desire it. Speake not to us.

Exeunt with the Train.

Dem. Is *Cæsar* with *Antonius* priz'd so slight? 70
Pbilo. Sir sometimes when he is not *Anthony*,
 He comes too short of that great Property
 Which still should go with *Anthony*.

Dem. I am full sorry, that hee approves the common

50. *One:* On-2-4F. 54-5. new l. at Will-POPE.
 63. *who:* whose-2-4F. 65-6. new l. at To-night-ROWE.
 73-6. 4 ll. ending sorry, who, hope, happy-JOHNSON.

I. i. 60-ii. 18]

ANTHONIE,

Lyar, who thus speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy. *Exeunt*

[Scene ii. *The same. Another room.*]

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Soothsayer, Rannius, Lucilius | us, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, | and Alexas.

Cbar. L. *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*, almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothsayer that you prais'd so to'th' Queene? Oh that I knewe this Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with Garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will? 10

Cbar. Is this the Man? Is't you sir that know things?

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

[Enter Enobarbus.]

Enob. Bring in the Banquet quickly: Wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drinke.

Cbar. Good sir, give me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Cbar. Pray then, foresee me one. 19

Sooth. You shall be yet farre fairer then you are.

Cbar. He meanes in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

1. *Soothsayer:* Soothsayer-4F.

1-2. *Enobarbus:* out-CAPELL. *Lamprius, .. Rannius, Lucilius, .. Mardian the Eunuch:* out-ROWE. 4. L.: Lord-JOHNSON.

7. *change:* charge-THEOBALD.

12-13. new l. at A little-THEOBALD. 15. *Banquet:* banquet-3-4F.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentive.

Char. Hush.

Sooth. You shall be more beloved, then beloved.

Char. I had rather heate my Liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him. 28

Char. Good now some excellent Fortune: Let mee
be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow
them all: Let me have a Childe at fifty, to whom *Herode*
of Jewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with
Octavius Cesar, and companion me with my Mistris.

Sooth. You shall out-live the Lady whom you serve.

Char. Oh excellent, I love long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You have seene and proved a fairer former for-
tune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children shall have no names:
Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I have.

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a wombe, & fore-
tell every wish, a Million. 41

Char. Out Foole, I forgive thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your sheets are privie to
your wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall
be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palme presages Chastity, if nothing els.

Char. E' ne as the o're-flowing Nylus presageth Fa-
mine. 51

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oyly Palme bee not a fruitfull Prog-

30. *bc:* misprint 1F. 36-7. verse; new l. at Than-CAPELL.

40-1. *foretell:* fertile—THEOBALD.

40-1. verse; new l. at And-ROWE.

nostication, I cannot scratch mine eare. Prythee tel her but a worky day Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how, give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?

Cbar. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I: where would you choose it. 61

Iras. Not in my Husbands nose.

Cbar. Our worser thoughts Heavens mend.

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him mary a woman that cannot go, sweet *Isis*, I beseech thee, and let her dye too, and give him a worse, and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Isis* heare me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight: good *Isis* I beseech thee. 70

Iras. Amen, deere Goddesse, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-Wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a foule Knave uncuckolded: Therefore deere *Isis* keep *de-corum*, and Fortune him accordingly.

Cbar. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but they'd doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

80

Enob. Hush, heere comes *Antbony*.

Cbar. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Save you, my Lord.

Enob. No Lady.

64. *Alexas.*: *Alexas*,—included in the text—THEOBALD.

83. *Save*: *Saw*—2-4F.

AND CLEOPATRA

[I. ii. 84-106]

Cleo. Was he not heere?*Char.* No Madam.*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sodaine
A Romane thought hath strooke him.*Enobarbus?**Enob.* Madam.*Cleo.* Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's *Alexias*? 90*Alex.* Heere at your service.

My Lord approaches.

*Enter Antbony, with a Messenger [and Attendants].**Cleo.* We will not looke upon him:

Go with us.

*Exeunt.**Messen.* *Fulvia* thy Wife,
First came into the Field.*Ant.* Against my Brother *Lucius*?*Messen.* I: but soone that Warre had end, 100
And the times state
Made friends of them, joynting their force 'gainst *Cæsar*,
Whose better issue in the warre from Italy,
Upon the first encounter drove them.*Ant.* Well, what worst.*Mess.* The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.*Ant.* When it concernes the Foole or Coward: On.
Things that are past, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,
I heare him as he flatter'd. 110*Mes.* *Labienus* (this is stiffe-newes)
Hath with his Parthian Force 1*seized*
Extended¹ Asia: from Euphrates his conquering88-9. 1 l.-*Rowe.*91. *Alexias: Alexas*-2-4*F.*92-3. 1 l.-*Rowe.*95-6. 1 l.-*Rowe.* 97-8. 1 l.-*Rowe.*100-1. new l. at *But-JOHNSON.*110-17. 6 five-accent ll.-*STEEVENS* (1793).

Banner shooke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia, whil'st—

Ant. *Anthony* thou would'st say.

Mes. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,
Mince not the generall tongue, name

Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome: 120

Raile thou in *Fulvia's* phrase, and taunt my faults
With such full License, as both Truth and Malice
Have power to utter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quicke windes lye still, and our illes told us
Is as our earing:¹ fare thee well awhlle. ¹ *ploughing*

Mes. At your Noble pleasure. *Exit Messenger.*

Enter another Messenger.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the newes? Speake there.

1. Mes. [Att.] The man from *Scicion*,
Is there such an one? 130

2. Mes. [Att.] He stayes upon your will.

Ant. Let him appeare:
These strong Egyptian Fetteres I must breake,
Or loose my selfe in dotage.

Enter another Messenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3. [Sec.] Mes. *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed she.

Mes. In *Scicion*, her length of sicknesse,
With what else more serious, 140
Importeth thee to know, this beares. *[Gives a letter.]*

118-20. 2 five-accent ll.—*Rowe.*

124. *windes*: minds—*HANMER.* 125. *awbile*: awhile—2-4*F.*

127. *out*—*Rowe.* 128. *bow*: ho—*Dycke.* 129-30. 1 l.—*Rowe.*

134, 136. 1 l.—*Rowe.* 139-40. new l. at *Her-Pope.*

Antbo. Forbeare me [Exit Sec. Messenger.]
 There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I desire it:
 What our contempts doth often hurle from us,
 We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure,
 By revolution lowring, does become
 The opposite of it selfe: she's good being gon,
 The hand could plucke her backe, that shov'd her on.
 I must from this enchanting Queene breake off,
 Ten thousand harmes, more then the illes I know 150
 My idlenesse doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now *Enobarbus*.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?
Antb. I must with haste from hence.
Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how
 mortall an unkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our de-
 parture death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone. 159
Eno. Under a compelling an occasion, let women die.
 It were pitty to cast them away for nothing, though be-
 tweene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed
 nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noyse of this,
 dies instantly: I have seene her dye twenty times uppon
 farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death,
 which commits some loving acte upon her, she hath such
 a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past mans thought. 168
Eno. Alacke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing
 but the finest part of pure Love. We cannot cal her winds
 and waters, sighes and teares: They are greater stormes

144. *contemps*: contempt—STAUNTON.

146. *lowring*: lowering—CAPELL. 151, 153. 1 l.—Dyce.

160. *an occasion*: occasion—Rowe.

and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a showre of Raine as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seene her.

Eno. Oh sir, you had then left unseene a wonderfull peece of worke, which not to have beene blest withall, would have discredited your Travaille.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir. 180

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why sir, give the Gods a thankefull Sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when olde Robes are worne out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeede a cut, and the case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Consolation, your old Smocke brings foorth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares live in an Onion, that should water this sorrow. 193

Ant. The businesse she hath broached in the State, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the businesse you have broach'd heere cannot be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra*'s, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light Answeres:
Let our Officers 200

Have notice what we purpose. I shall breake
The cause of our Expedience¹ to the Queene,
And get her love to part. For not alone ¹expedition

178. *Travaille*: travel—3-4F.

199-200. 1 l.—Rowe.

203. *love*: leave—Pope.

The death of *Fulvia*, with more urgent touches
 Do strongly speake to us: but the Letters too
 Of many our contriving Friends in Rome,
 Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
 Have given the dare to *Cæsar*, and commands
 The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,
 Whose Love is never link'd to the deserver, 210
 Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
 Upon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
 Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands up
 For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,
 The sides o'th' world may danger. Much is breeding,
 Which like the Coursers heire, hath yet but life,
 And not a Serpents poysen. Say our pleasure,
 To such whose places under us, require
 Our quicke remove from hence. [*Exeunt.*] 220
Enob. I shall doo't.

[Scene iii. *The same. Another room.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?
Char. I did not see him since.
Cleo. See where he is,
 Whose with him, what he does:
 I did not send you. If you finde him sad,
 Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report
 That I am sodaine sicke. Quicke, and returne.
 [*Exit Alexas.*]

208. *Have:* Hath-3-4F.

219. *places:* place is-2-4F. *require:* requires-2-4F.

4-5. 1 l.-Rowe.

Cbar. Madam, me thinkes if you did love him deerly,
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him. 10

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Cb. In each thing give him way, crosse him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a foole: the way to lose him.

Cbar. Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbearre,
In time we hate that which we often feare.

Enter Antbony.

But heere comes *Antbony*.

Cleo. I am sicke, and sullen.

An. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose. 20

Cleo. Help me away deere *Charmian*, I shall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature
Will not sustaine it.

Ant. Now my deerest Queene.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from mee.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same eye ther's some good news.
What sayes the married woman you may goe?
Would she had never given you leave to come.
Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere, 30
I have no power upon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know.

Cleo. Oh never was there Queene
So mightily betrayed: yet at the fist
I saw the Treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,
(Though you in swearing shake the Throaned Gods)
Who have beene false to *Fulvia*?

28. *woman you: woman? you*—Rowe. 34. *fist:* misprint *1F.*
39-40. *1 l.*—Rowe.

AND CLEOPATRA

[I. iii. 29-56]

Riotous madnesse, 40
 To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,
 Which breake themselves in swearing.

Ant. Most sweet Queene.

Cleo. Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,
 But bid farewell, and goe:
 When you sued staying,
 Then was the time for words: No going then,
 Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,
 Blisse in our browes bent: none our parts so poore,
 But was a race of Heaven. They are so still, 50
 Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,
 Art turn'd the greatest Lyar.

Ant. How now Lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
 There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hearre me Queene:
 The strong necessity of Time, commands
 Our Services a-while: but my full heart
 Remaines in use with you. Our Italy,
 Shines o're with civill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius* 60
 Makes his approaches to the Port^l of Rome, ¹gate
 Equality of two Domestick powers,
 Breed scrupulous faction: The hated growne to strength
 Are newly growne to Love: The condemn'd Pompey,
 Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace
 Into the hearts of such, as have not thrived
 Upon the present state, whose Numbers threaten,
 And quietnesse growne sickle of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change: My more particular, 69
 And that which most with you should safe my going,
 Is *Fulvias* death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom
It does from childishesse. Can *Fulvia* dye?

Ant. She's dead my Queene.

Looke heere, and at thy Soveraigne leysure read
The Garboyles¹ she awak'd: at the last, best,
See when, and where shee died. ^{1 turmoils}

Cleo. O most false Love!

Where be the Sacred Violles thou should'st fill
With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see, ⁸⁰
In *Fulvias* death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know
The purposes I beare: which are, or cease,
As you shall give th'advice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus slime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Servant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loves. ⁹⁰

Ant. My precious Queene forbeare,
And give true evidence to his Love, which stands
An honourable Triall.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I prythee turne aside, and weepe for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and say the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.

Ant. You'l heat my blood no more? ¹⁰⁰

Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by Sword.

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.

87. *affects:* affect'st-3-4F. 102. *by Sword:* by my sword-2-4F.

AND CLEOPATRA

[I. iii. 83-105]

But this is not the best. Looke prythee *Charmian*,
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. Ile leave you Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it: 110
That you know well, something it is I would:
Oh, my Oblivion is a very *Antbony*,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idlenesse your subject, I should take you
For Idlenesse it selfe.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour,
To beare such Idlenesse so neere the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgive me,
Since my becommings kill me, when they do not 120
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my unpittied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Upon your Sword
Sit Lawrell victory, and smooth successe
Be strew'd before your feete.

Ant. Let us go.
Come: Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou reciding heere, goes yet with mee;
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.
Away. *Exeunt.* 130

126-7. new l. at Our-Pope.

128. goes: go'st-2-4F.

[Scene iv. *Rome. Cæsar's bouse.*]

Enter Octavius [*Cæsar*] reading a Letter, Lepidus,
and their Traine.

Cæs. You may see *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæsars* Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes: He fishes, drinkeſ, and wastes
The Lampes of night in revell: Is not more manlike
Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queene of *Ptolomy*
More Womanly then he. Hardly gave audience
Or vouchsafe to thinke he had Partners. You 10
Shall finde there a man, who is th'abstracts of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not thinke
There are, evils enow to darken all his goodnesse:
His faults in him, seeme as the Spots of Heaven,
More fierie by nights Blacknesse; Hereditarie,
Rather then purchaste: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not
Amisse to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*, 20
To give a Kingdome for a Mirth, to sit
And keepe the turne of Tippling with a Slave,
To reele the streets at noone, and stand the Buffet
With knaves that smels of sweate: Say this becoms him
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must *Anthony*
No way excuse his foyles, when we do beare

5. *One:* Out—*SINGER.* 9-11. 3 ll. ending or, there, faults—*CAPELL.*

10. *vouchsafe:* vouchsafed—*JOHNSON.*

13-14. new l. at *Evile*—*CAPELL.* 24. *smels:* smell—2-4F.

27. *foyles:* soils—*MALONE.*

AND CLEOPATRA

[I. iv. 25-49]

So great waight in his lightnesse. If he fill'd
 His vacancie with his Voluptuousnesse,
 Full surfets, and the drinesse of his bones, 30
 Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
 That drummes him from his sport, and speakes as lowd
 As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
 As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
 Pawne their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebell to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Heere's more newes.

Mes. Thy biddings have beene done, & everie houre
 Most Noble *Cæsar*, shalt thou have report 40
 How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,
 And it appeares, he is belov'd of those
 That only have feard *Cæsar*: to the Ports
 The discontents¹ repaire, and mens reports
 Give him much wrong'd. ¹ *malcontents*

Cæs. I should have knowne no lesse,
 It hath bin taught us from the primall state
 That he which is was wisht, untill he were:
 And the ebb'd man,
 Ne're lov'd, till ne're worth love, 50
 Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
 Like to a Vagabond Flagge upon the Stremme,
 Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde
 To rot it selfe with motion.

Mes. *Cæsar* I bring thee word,
Menacrates and *Menas* famous Pyrates ² *plough*
 Makes the Sea serve them, which they eare² and wound

49-50. 1 l.-Rowe.

51. *fear'd*: dear'd-THEOBALD.

53. *lacking*: lackeying-THEOBALD.

56. *Menacrates*: Menecrates-4F.

57. *Makes*: Make-4F.

With keeles of every kinde. Many hot inrodes
 They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
 Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush¹ youth revolt, 60
 No Vessel can peepe forth: but 'tis as soone ^{1 ripe}
 Taken as seene: for *Pompeyes* name strikes more
 Then could his Warre resisted.

Cæsar. Anthony, ^{2 drinking bouts}
 Leave thy lascivious Wassailles.² When thou once
 Was beaten from *Medena*, where thou slew'st
Hirsius, and *Pausa* Consuls, at thy heele
 Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
 (Though daintily brought up) with patience more
 Then Savages could suffer. Thou did'st drinke 70
 The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle
 Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat then did daine
 The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.
 Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheets,
 The barkes of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
 It is reported thou did'st eat strange flesh,
 Which some did dye to looke on: And all this
 (It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)
 Was borne so like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke
 So much as lank'd not. 80

Lep. 'Tis pitty of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
 Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
 Did shew our selves i'th' Field, and to that end
 Assemble me immediate counsell, *Pompey*
 Thrives in our Idlenessse.

Lep. To morrow *Cæsar*,
 I shall be furnisht to informe you rightly

66. *Was: Wast*—*STEEVENS* (1778). *Medena: Modena*—*JOHNSON*.

67. *Pausa: Pansa*—2-4F. 75. *brows'd: browsed*—*st-2-4F*.

85. *me: we*—2-4F.

Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
 To front this present time. 90
Cæs. Til which encounter, it is my busines too. Farwell.
Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you shal know mean time
 Of stirres abroad, I shall beseech you Sir
 To let me be partaker.

Cæsar. Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond. *Exeunt*

[Scene v. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.

Cleo. *Charmian.*

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha, give me to drinke *Mandragoru.*

Char. Why Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:
 My *Anthony* is away.

Char. You thinke of him too much.

Cleo. O 'tis Treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so. 10

Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardian?*

Mar. What's your Highnesse pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to heare thee sing. I take no pleasure
 In ought an Eunuch ha's: Tis well for thee,
 That being unseminar'd,¹ thy freer thoughts

May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?

Mar. Yes gracious Madam. 1 destitute of seed

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
 But what in deede is honest to be done: 20
 Yet have I fierce Affections, and thinke

90-1. new l. at It-POPE.

94-5. new l. at I-CAPELL.

4. *Ha, ba,:* *Ha, hal* separate l.-STEEVENS (1793).

4. *Mandragoru:* *Mandragora*-CAPELL.

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. Oh *Charmion*:

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?
Oh happy horse to beare the weight of *Anthony*!
Do bravely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou moov'st,
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
And Burganet¹ of men. Hee's speaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle, 30
(For so he cals me:) Now I feede my selfe ¹helmet
With most delicious poysen. Thinke on me
That am with Phœbus amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,
When thou was't heere above the ground, I was
A morsell for a Monarke: and great *Pompey*
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his Aspect,² and dye ²looks
With looking on his life.

Enter *Alexas* from *Cæsar*.

40

Alex. Soveraigne of Egypt, haile.

Cleo. How much unlike art thou *Marke Anthony*?
Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine³ hath
With his Tinct⁴ gilded thee. ³physician
How goes it with my brave *Marke Antbonie*?

Alex. Last thing he did (deere *Qu ene*) ⁴tincture
He kist the last of many doubled kisses
This Orient Pearle. His speech stickes in my heart.

Cleo. Mine eare must plucke it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he: 50
Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an Oyster: at whose foote

23. *Charmion*: *Charmian*-3-4F.

46. *Qu ene*: misprint 1F.

AND CLEOPATRA

[I. v. 45-71]

To mend the petty present, I will peece
 Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,
 (Say thou) shall call her Mistris. So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,
 Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would have spoke,
 Was beastly dumbe by him.

Cleo. What was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th'yeare, between the extremes | 60

Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merrie.

Cleo. Oh well divided disposition: Note him.

Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him.
 He was not sad, for he would shine on those
 That make their looks by his. He was not merrie,
 Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
 In Egypt with his joy, but betweene both.

Oh heavenly mingle! Bee'st thou sad, or merrie,
 The violence of either thee becomes,
 So do's it no mans else. Met'st thou my Posts? 70

Alex. I Madam, twenty severall Messengers.

Why do you send so thicke?

Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to send
 to *Antbonie*, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Charmian*. Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, e-
 ver love *Cæsar* so?

Char. Oh that brave *Cæsar*!

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,
 Say the brave *Antbony*.

Char. The valiant *Cæsar*. 80

Cleo. By *Isis*, I will give thee bloody teeth,
 If thou with *Cæsar* Parago nagine:

58. *dumbe*: dumb'd-*THEOBALD*. 70. *mans*: man-2-4*F.*
 72-7. 5 ll. ending day, *Antony*, *Charmian*, *I Charmian*, brave
Cæsar-Rowe.

82. *Parago nagine*: paragon again-3-4*F.*

My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
When I was greene in judgement, cold in blood,
To say, as I saide then. But come, away,
Get me Inke and Paper,
he shall have every day a severall greeting, or Ile unpeo-
ple Egypt. Exeunt 91

[Act II. Scene i. *Messina. Pompey's house.*]

*Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in
warlike manner.*

Pom. If the great Gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know worthy *Pompey*, that what they do de-
lay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are sutors to their Throne, decayes
the thing we sue for.

Mene. We ignorant of our selves,
Begge often our owne harmes, which the wise Powres
Deny us for our good: so finde we profit 11
By loosing of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Cressent, and my Auguring hope
Sayes it will come to'th'full. *Marke Anthony*
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No warres without doores. *Cesar* gets money where
He looses hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,

90-1. 2 ll. ending greeting, Egypt-JOHNSON.

5-6. verse; new l. at That-Rowe.

7-8. verse; new l. at The-Rowe.

AND CLEOPATRA

[II. i. 15-39]

Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loves, 20
 Nor either cares for him.

Mene. *Cæsar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
 A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'Tis false.

Mene. From *Silvius*, Sir.

Pom. He dreames: I know they are in Rome together
 Looking for *Anthony*: but all the charmes of Love,
 Salt¹ *Cleopatra* soften thy wand² lip, ^{1wanton}
 Let Witchcraft joyne with Beauty, Lust with both,
 Tye up the Libertine in a field of Feasts, ^{2faded} 30
 Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
 Sharpen with cloylesse sawce his Appetite,
 That sleepe and feeding may prorogue³ his Honour,
 Even till a Lethied dulnesse— ^{3defer}

Enter Varrius.

How now *Varrius*?

Var. This is most certaine, that I shall deliver:
Marke *Anthony* is every houre in Rome
 Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis
 A space for farther Travaile. 40

Pom. I could have given lesse matter
 A better eare. *Menas*, I did not think
 This amorous Surfetter would have donn'd his Helme
 For such a petty Warre: His Souldiership
 Is twice the other twaine: But let us reare
 The higher our Opinion, that our stirring
 Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke
 The neere Lust-wearied *Anthony*.

Mene. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and *Anthony* shall well greet together; 50

22-3. new l. at Are—HANMER.

28. *wand*: waned (wane'd)—STEEVENS (1793).

His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to *Cæsar*,
 His Brother wan'd upon him, although I thinke
 Not mov'd by *Anthony*.

Pom. I know not *Menas*,
 How lesser Enmities may give way to greater,
 Were't not that we stand up against them all:
 'T were pregnant they should squarel between themselves,
 For they have entertained cause enough ¹ *quarrel*
 To draw their swords: but how the feare of us
 May Ciment their divisions, and binde up 60
 The petty difference, we yet not know:
 Bee't as our Gods will have't; it onely stands
 Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands
 Come *Menas*. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *Rome. The house of Lepidus.*]

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
 And shall become you well, to intreat your Captaine
 To soft and gentle speech.

Enob. I shall intreat him
 To answer like himselfe: if *Cæsar* move him,
 Let *Anthony* looke over *Cæsars* head,
 And speake as lowd as Mars. By Jupiter,
 Were I the wearer of *Antonio's* Beard,
 I would not shave't to day. 10

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomacking.

Eno. Every time serves for the matter that is then
 borne in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

52. *wan'd: warr'd*—2-4F.

9. *Antonio's: Antonius'*—STEEVENS (1778).

10-13. 3 ll. ending a time, Every time, in't—POPE.

AND CLEOPATRA

[II. ii. 12-31]

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion: but pray you stirre
No Embers up. Heere comes the Noble *Antbony*.

Enter Antbony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder *Cæsar*.

Enter Cæsar, Mecenas, and Agrippa. 20

Ant. If we compose¹ well heere, to Parthia:

Hearke *Ventidius*. ^{1 agree}

Cæsar. I do not know *Mecenas*, aske *Agrippa*.

Lep. Noble Friends:

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amisse,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivall difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I earnestly beseech, 30
Touch you the sowrest points with sweetest tearmes,
Nor curstnesse² grow to'th'matter. ^{2 shrewishness}

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:

Were we before our Armies, and to fight,

I should do thus.

Flourish.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thanke you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit sir.

Cæs. Nay then.

40

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not so:
Or being, concerne you not.

Cæs. I must be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I

15-17, 19. 3 ll. ending passion, comes, *Cæsar-Pope*.

20. *Mecenas:* *Mecenas*, and so throughout-3-4F.

23. new l. at *Mecenas-CAPELL*. 43. new l. at *If-Rowe*.

Should say my selfe offended, and with you
 Chiefely i'th'world. More laught at, that I should
 Once name you derogately: when to sound your name
 It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt *Cæsar*, what was't to you?
Cæs. No more then my recidg heere at Rome
 Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there 50
 Did practise on my State, your being in Egypt
 Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
 By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother
 Made warres upon me, and their contestation
 Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do mistake your busines, my Brother never
 Did urge me in his Act: I did inquire it,
 And have my Learning from some true reports¹ 60
 That drew their swords with you, did he not rather
 Discredit my authority with yours, ¹reporters
 And make the warres alike against my stomacke,
 Having alike your cause. Of this, my Letters
 Before did satisfie you. If you'l patch a quarrell,
 As matter whole you have to make it with,
 It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise your selfe, by laying defects of judge-
 ment to me: but you patcht up your excuses.

Anth. Not so, not so: 70
 I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't,
 Very necessity of this thought, that I ²opposed
 Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
 Could not with gracefull eyes attend those Warres
 Which fronted² mine owne peace. As for my wife,

48. new l. at What-CAPELL. 66. *bave to*: have not to-Rowe.
 67-70. 3 ll. ending yourself, but, not so-Pope.

I would you had her spirit, in such another,
The third oth'world is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace easie, but not such a wife.

Enobar. Would we had all such wives, that the men
might go to Warres with the women. 80

Antb. So much uncurable, her Garboiles (*Cæsar*)
Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
Shrodenesse of policie to: I greeving grant,
Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,
But say I could not helpe it.

Cæsar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you
Did pocket up my Letters: and with taunts
Did gibe my Misive¹ out of audience. 1^{messenger}

Ant. Sir, he fell upon me, ere admitted, then:
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want 90
Of what I was i'th'morning: but next day
I told him of my selfe, which was as much
As to have askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we contend
Out of our question² wipe him. 2^{conversation}

Cæsar. You have broken the Article of your oath,
which you shall never have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft *Cæsar*.
Ant. No *Lepidus*, let him speake,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now, 100
Supposing that I lackt it: but on *Cæsar*,
The Article of my oath.

Cæsar. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd
them, the which you both denied.

Antb. Neglected rather:

83. *Shrodenesse:* Shrewdness-3-4F. 86. new l. at *When-Rowe*.
88-9. new l. at *He-CAPELL*.
95-9. 4 ll. ending broken, never, No, speak-*Rowe*, *HANMER*.
103-4. new l. at *The-4F*.

And then when poysoned houres had bound me up
 From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may,
 Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,
 Shall not make poore my greatnessse, nor my power
 Worke without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*, 110
 To have me out of Egypt, made Warres heere,
 For which my selfe, the ignorant motive, do
 So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour
 To stoope in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis Noble spoken.

Mece. If it might please you, to enforce no further
 The grieves betweene ye: to forget them quite,
 Were to remember: that the present neede,
 Speakes to attone¹ you. 1 reconcile

Lep. Worthily spoken *Mecenas*. 120

Enobar. Or if you borrow one anothers Love for the
 instant, you may when you heare no more words of
Pompey retурне it againe: you shall have time to wrangle
 in, when you have nothing else to do.

Antb. Thou art a Souldier, onely speake no more.

Enob. That trueth should be silent, I had almost for-
 got.

Antb. You wrong this presence, therefore speake no
 more.

Enob. Go too then: your Considerate stome. 130

Cæsar. I do not much dislike the matter, but
 The manner of his speech: for't cannot be,
 We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions²
 So diffring in their acts. Yet if I knew, ² *dispositions*
 What Hoope should hold us staunch from edge to edge
 Ath'world: I would persue it.

Agri. Give me leave *Cæsar*.

125. *Souldier, onely: soldier only: (;*)—THEOBALD.

136. *Atb': O'the (O'th')—2Rowe.*

Cæsar. Speake *Agrippa*.

Agri. Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side, admir'd
Octavia: Great *Mark Anthony* is now a widdower.

Cæsar. Say not, say *Agrippa*; if *Cleopater* heard you,
your | proofer were well deserved of rashnesse. 142

Anth. I am not marryed *Cæsar*: let me heere *Agrippa*
further speake.

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an un-slipping knot, take *Anthony*,
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claimes
No worse a husband then the best of men: whose
Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake 150
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little Jelousies which now seeme great,
And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
Where now halfe tales be truth's: her love to both,
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Anth. Will *Cæsar* speake? 160

Cæsar. Not till he heares how *Anthony* is toucht,
With what is spoke already.

Anth. What power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so,
To make this good?

Cæsar. The power of *Cæsar*,

139-42. 5 ll. ending side, *Antony*-*Rowe*. *Agrippa*, reproof,
rashness-*THEOBALD*. 141. say: so-*Rowe*. *Cleopater*: *Cleopatra*-2-4F.

142. proofer: reproof-*HANMER*

143-4. verse; new l. at *Agrippa*-*Rowe*.

149-50. new l. at *Whose*-2-4F. 166-7. new l. at *His*-*THEOBALD*.

And his power, unto *Octavia*.

Antb. May I never

(To this good purpose, that so fairely shewes)
Dreame of impediment: let me have thy hand 170
Further this act os Grace: and from this houre,
The heart of Brothers governe in our Loves,
And sway our great Designes.

Cæsar. There's my hand:

A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did ever love so deereley. Let her live
To joyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and never
Flie off our Loves againe.

Lepi. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword'gainst *Pompey*,
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great 181
Of late upon me. I must thanke him onely,
Least my remembrance, suffer ill report:

At heele of that, desie him.

Lepi. Time cals upon's,
Of us must *Pompey* presently be sought,
Or else he seekes out us.

Antb. Where lies he?

Cæsar. About the Mount-Mesena.

Antb. What is his strength by land? 190

Cæsar. Great, and encreasing:
But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

Antb. So is the Fame,
Would we had spoke together. Hast we for it,
Yet ere we put our selves in Armes, dispatch we
The businesse we have talkt of.

Cæsar. With most gladnesse,
And do invite you to my Sisters view,

171. os: misprint 1F. 189. *Mesena: Misenum-Rowz.*
189-90. new l. at *By-CAPELL.* 191-2. new l. at *He-HANMER.*

Whether straight Ile lead you.

Antb. Let us *Lepidus* not lacke your companie. 200

Lep. Noble *Anthony*, not sickenesse should detaine me.

Flourish. Exit omnes.

Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.

Mec. Welcome from *Ægypt* Sir.

Eno. Halfe the heart of *Cæsar*, worthy *Mecenas*. My honourable Friend *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good *Enobarbus*.

Mecce. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested: you staid well by't in Egypt. 210

Enob. I Sir, we did sleepe day out of countenaunce: and made the night light with drinking.

Mecce. Eight Wilde-Boares rosted whole at a breakfast: and but twelve persons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much more monstrosous matter of Feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mecenas. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square¹ to her. ^{1 just}

Enob. When she first met *Marke Anthony*, she purst up his heart upon the River of Sidnis. 221

Agri. There she appear'd indeed: or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you,
The Barge she sat in, like a burnisht Throne
Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sailes: and so perfumed that
The Windes were Love-sicke.

199-202. 3 ll. ending *Lepidus, Antony, me-HANMER.*

210. *digested:* digested-2-4F. 221. *Sidnis:* Cydnus-2-4F.

228-9. 1 l.-*POPE.* *Love-sicke.* *With .. the:* Love-sick with them; the-CAPELL.

With them the Owers were Silver,
 Which to the tune of Flutes kept stroke, and made 230
 The water which they beate, to follow faster;
 As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person,
 It beggerd all discription, she did lye
 In her Pavillion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
 O're-picturing that Venns, where we see
 The fancie out-worke Nature. On each side her,
 Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers coulour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,
 To glove the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
 And what they undid did. 240

Agrip. Oh rare for *Anthony*.

Eno. Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides,
 So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,
 And made their bends adornings. At the Helme.
 A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,
 Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
 That yarely¹ frame the office. From the Barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense 1readily
 Of the adjacent Wharves. The Citty cast
 Her people out upon her: and *Anthony* 250
 Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did sit alone,
 Whisling to'th'ayre: which but for vacancie,
 Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,
 And made a gap in Nature.

Agri. Rare Egyprian.

Eno. Upon her landing, *Anthony* sent to her,
 Invited her to Supper: she replied,
 It should be better, he became her guest:

229. *Owers:* oars-2-4F.

235. *Venns:* misprint 1F

239. *glove:* glow-Rox.

242. *Gentlewoman:* gentlewomen-2-4F.

253. *Cleopater:* Cleopatra-2-4F.

AND CLEOPATRA

[II. ii. 227-250]

Which she entreated, our Courteous *Antbony*,
 Whom nere the word of no woman hard speake, 260
 Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast;
 And for his ordinary, paies his heart,
 For what his eyes eate onely.

Agri. Royall Wench:
 She made great *Cæsar* lay his Sword to bed,
 He ploughed her, and she cropt.

Eno. I saw her once
 Hop forty Paces through the publicke streete,
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
 That she did make defect, perfection, 270
 And breathlesse powre breath forth.

Mece. Now *Antbony*, must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custome stale
 Her infinite variety: other women cloy
 The appetites they feede, but she makes hungry,
 Where most she satisfies. For vildest things
 Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
 Blesse her, when she is Riggish.¹ ¹wanton

Mece If Beauty, Wisedome, Modesty, can settle
 The heart of *Antbony*: *Octavia* is 281
 A blessed Lottery ² to him. ²prize

Agrip. Let us go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your selfe
 my guest, whilst you abide heere.

Eno. Humbly Sir I thanke you. *Exeunt*

260. *bard*: heard-2-4F. 282-5. 3 five-accent ll.—Rowz.

[Scene iii. *The same. Cæsar's house.*]

Enter *Antbony, Cæsar, Octavia* betweene them [and Attendants].

Antb. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes devide me from your bosome.

Octa. All which time, before the Gods my knee shall
bowe my ptayers to them for you.

Antb. Goodnight Sir. My *Octavia*
Read not my blemishes in the worlds report:
I have not kept my square,¹ but that to come ¹ straight
Shall all be done byth' Rule: good night deere Lady:
Good night Sir. 10

Cæsar. Goodnight.

Exit.

Enter *Soothsaiier.*

Antb. Now sirrah: you do wish your selfe in Egypt?

Soothb. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
thither.

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Soothb. I see it in my motion: have it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to Egypt againe.

Antbo. Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher
Cæsars or mine? 20

Soot. *Cæsars.* Therefore (oh *Antbony*) stay not by his
side |
Thy Dæmon that thy spirit which keepes thee, is
Noble, Couragious, high unmatchable,
Where *Cæsars* is not. But neere him, thy Angell
Becomes a feare: as being o're-powr'd, therefore
Make space enough betweene you.

2-6. 4 five-accent ll.—*Rowe.* 5. *ptayers: prayers*—2-4*F.*

14-20. 5 ll. ending you, in, yet, me, mine—*CAPELL.*

21. *Cæsars: separate* 1.—*CAPELL.* 22. *that: that's*—2-4*F.*

Antb. Speake this no more.

Sootb. To none but thee no more but: when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to loose: And of that Naturall lucke, 30
He beats thee 'gainst the oddes. Thy Luster thickens,
When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit
Is all affraid to governe thee neere him:
But he alway 'tis Noble.

Antb. Get thee gone:

Say to *Ventigius* I would speake with him. *Exit.*
He shall to Parthia, be it Art or hap,
He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faints,
Under his chance, if we draw lots he speeds, 40
His Cocks do winne the Battaile, still of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quailes ever
Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypete:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I th' East my pleasure lies. Oh come *Ventigius*.

Enter Ventigius.

You must to Parthia, your Commissions ready:
Follow me, and recive't. *Exeunt*

[Scene iv. *The same. A street.*]

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your selves no further: pray you
hasten your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, Marke *Antbony*, will e'ne but kisse *Octavia*,
and weeke follow.

28. *thee .. more but: when: thee .. more, but when*-THEOBALD.
34. *alway:* away-POPE. 36. *Ventigius:* Ventidius-2-4F.
2-5. 3 five-accent ll.-ROWE, THEOBALD.

Lepi. Till I shall see you in your Souldiers dresse,
Which will become you both: Farewell.

Mece. We shall: as I conceive the journey, be at
Mount before you *Lepidus*.

Lepi. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me
much about, you'le win two dayes upon me. 11

Botb. Sir good successe.

Lepi. Farewell.

Exeunt.

[Scene v. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some Musicke: Musicke, moody foode
of us that trade in Love.

Omnies. [Attend.] The Musicke, hoa.

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billards: come *Charmian*.

Char. My arme is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as
with a woman. Come you'le play with me Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can Madam. 10

Cleo. And when good will is shewed,

Though't come to short

The Actor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,

Give me mine Angle, weeble to'th'River there

My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray

Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce

Their slimy jaws: and as I draw them up,

Ile thinke them every one an *Antbony*,

7-12. 5 five-accent ll.—POPE. 8-9. at Mount: at the Mount—2-4F.

1. Cleopater: Cleopatra—2-4F. 3. new l. at Of-Rowe.

8-9. new l. at As-Rowe. 11-12. 1 l.—Rowe.

16. fine: finn'd—THEOBALD.

And say, ah ha; y'are caught. 19

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Ang-
ling, when your diver did hang a salt fish on his hooke
which he with fervencie drew up. ¹bead-dress

Cleo. That time? Oh times:
I laught him out of patience: and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed:
Then put my Tires¹ and Mantles on him, whilst
I wore his Sword Phillippa. Oh from Italie,

Enter a Messenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitefull tidings in mine eares, 30
That long time have bin barren.

Mes. Madam, Madam.

Cleo. *Antbonyo*'s dead,
If thou say so Villaine, thou kil'st thy Mistris:
But well and free, if thou so yeild² him. ²report
There is Gold, and heere
My blewest vaines to kisse: a hand that Kings
Have lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mes. First Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold. 40
But sirrah marke, we use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The Gold I give thee, will I melt and powr
Downe thy ill uttering throate.

Mes. Good Madam heare me.

Cleo. Well, go too I will:
But there's no goodnesse in thy face if *Antbony*.
Be free and healthfull; so tart a favour³ ³countenance

19. *y'are: you're*—*Rowe.* 19-23. 4 five-accent ll.—*POPE.*

33. *Antbonyo*'s: *Antonius*—*DELIUS.*

33-6. 3 ll. ending *villain, free, here*—*DYCE.*

To trumpet such good tidings. If not well, 49
 Thou shouldest come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
 Not like a formall ¹ man. ^{1 ordinary}

Mes. Wilt please you heare me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speake'st:
 Yet if thou say *Antbony* lives, 'tis well,
 Or friends with *Cæsar*, or not Captive to him,
 Ile set thee in a shower of Gold, and haile
 Rich Pearles upon thee.

Mes. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mes. And Friends with *Cæsar*. 60

Cleo. Th'art an honest man.

Mes. *Cæsar*, and he, are greater Friends then ever.

Cleo. Make thee a Fortune from me.

Mes. But yet Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does alay

The good precedence, sie upon but yet,
 Bur yet is as a Jaylor to bring foorth
 Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
 Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare, 69
 The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæsar*,
 In state of health thou saist, and thou saist, free.

Mes. Free Madam, no: I made no such report,
 He's bound unto *Octavia*.

Cleo. For what good turne?

Mes. For the best turne i'th'bed.

Cleo. I am pale *Charmian*.

Mes. Madam, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. The most infectious Pestilence upon thee.
Strikes him downe.

Mes. Good Madam patience. 80

61. *Tb'art:* Thou'rt-ROWE.

80-2. 2 five-accent ll.-CAPELL.

67. *Bur.:* misprint 1F.

AND CLEOPATRA

[II. v. 63-88]

Cleo. What say you? *Strikes him.*
 Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile spurne thine eyes
 Like balls before me: Ile unhaire thy head,
She bales him up and downe.
 Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and stew'd in brine,
 Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mes. Gratiouſ Madam,
 I that do bring the newes, made not the match.
Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Province I will give thee,
 And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'st ⁹⁰
 Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
 And I will boor¹ thee with what guift beside
 Thy modestie can begge. ¹ recompense

Mes. He's married Madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. *Draw a knife.*
Mes. Nay then Ile runne:
 What meane you Madam, I have made no fault. *Exit.*
Char. Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe,

The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt: ¹⁰⁰
 Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures
 Turne all to Serpents: Call the slave againe,
 Though I am mad, I will not byte him: Call?

Char. He is afread to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him, [Exit Charmian.]
 These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike
 A meaner then my selfe: since I my selfe
 Have given my selfe the cause. Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger againe.

Though it be honest, it is never good 110
 To bring bad newes: give to a gratiouſ Message
 An host of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
 Themselves, when they be felt.

Mes. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser then I do,
If thou againe say yes.

Mes. He's married Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee,
Dost thou hold there still?

Mes. Should I lye Madame?

Cleo. Oh, I would thou didst:

So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A Cesterne for scal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Had'st thou *Narcissus* in thy face to me,
Thou would'st appeere most ugly: He is married?

Mes. I crave your Highnesse pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mes. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To punnish me for what you make me do 130
Seemes much unequall, he's married to *Octavia*.

Cleo. Oh that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what th'art sure of. Get thee hence,
The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too deere for me:

Lye they upon thy hand, and be undone by em.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your Highnesse patience.

Cleo. In praysing *Antbony*, I have disprais'd *Cæsar*.

Char. Many times Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint, oh *Iras*, *Charmian*: 'tis no matter. 141
Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas* bid him ¹ appearance
Report the feature¹ of *Octavia*: her yeares,

119-20. 1 l.-Rowe.

133. *th'art:* thou'ret-HANMER.

135-7. 2 ll. ending hand, patience-CAPELL.

140. new l. at Lead-CAPELL.

AND CLEOPATRA

[II. v. 113–vi. 12]

Her inclination, let him not leave out
 The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,
 [Exit *Alexas.*]

Let him for ever go, let him not *Charmian*,
 Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
 The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*
 [To *Mardian.*]

Bring me word, how tall she is: pitty me *Charmian*,
 But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

Exeunt. 151

[Scene vi. Near Misenum.]

Flourish. Enter *Pompey*, at one doore with Drum and
 Trum- | pet: at another *Cæsar*, *Lepidus*, *Anthony*,
Enobarbus, Me- | cenas, *Agrippa*, *Menas* with Soul-
 diers Marching. |

Pom. Your Hostages I have, so have you mine:
 And we shall talke before we fight.
Cæsar. Most meete that first we come to words,
 And therefore have we
 Our written purposes before us sent,
 Which if thou hast considered, let us know,
 If'twill tye up thy discontented Sword, 10
 And carry backe to Cicelie much tall¹ youth, ¹sturdy
 That else must perish heere.

Pom. To you all three,
 The Senators alone of this great world,
 Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
 Wherefore my Father should revengers want,
 Having a Sonne and Friends, since *Julius Cæsar*,

3. *Agrippa*: out-CAPELL. *Menas*: shift to after *Pompey*-ROWE.
 5-7. 2 five-accent ll.-ROWE. 11, 45, 57. *Cicelie*: Sicily-2-4F.

Who at Phillippi the good *Brutus* ghosted,
 There saw you labouring for him. What was't
 That mov'd pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what 20
 Made all-honor'd, honest, Romaine *Brutus*,
 With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beautious freedome,
 To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
 Have one man but a man, and that his it
 Hath made me rigge my Navie. At whose burthen,
 The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant
 To scourge th'ingratitude, that despightfull Rome
 Cast on my Noble Father.

Cæsar. Take your time. 29

Ant. Thou can'st not feare¹ us *Pompey* with thy sailes.
 Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'st
 How much we do o're-count thee. 1 *frighten*

Pom. At Land indeed
 Thou dost o'recount me of my Fatherrs house:
 But since the Cuckoo buildes not for himselfe,
 Remaine in't as thou maist.

Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell us,
 (For this is from the present how you take)
 The offers we have sent you.

Cæsar. There's the point. 40

Ant. Which do not be entreated too,
 But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd

Cæsar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
 Of Cicelie, Sardinia: and I must
 Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to send
 Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed upon,
 To part with unhackett edges, and beare backe

21. *all-bonor'd*: the all-honor'd-2-4F.

24. *bis*: is-2-4F. 34. *Fatherrs*: father's-2-4F.
 41-4. 3 ll. ending weigh, follow, offer-Rowe,

AND CLEOPATRA

[II. vi. 40-62]

Our Targes¹ undinted.¹ shields*Omnes.* That's our offer.

50

Pom. Know then I came before you heere,

A man prepar'd

To take this offer. But *Marke Antbony*,

Put me to some impatience: though I loose

The praise of it by telling. You must know

When *Cæsar* and your Brother were at blowes,

Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde

Her welcome Friendly.

Ant. I have heard it *Pompey*,
And am well studied for a liberall thanks,

60

Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:

I did not thinke Sir, to have met you heere,

Ant. The beds i'th' East are soft, and thanks to you,
That cal'd me timelier then my purpose hither:

For I have gained by't.

Cæsar. Since I saw you last, ther's a change upon you.*Pom.* Well, I know not,
What counts harsh Fotune cast's upon my face,
But in my bosome shall she never come,

70

To make my heart her vassaile.

Lep. Well met heere.*Pom.* I hope so *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I crave our compoſition may be written
And seal'd betweene us,*Cæsar.* That's the next to do.*Pom.* Weele feast each other, ere we part, and lett's
Draw lots who shall begin.*Ant.* That will I *Pompey*.

79

49-52. 2 ll. ending then, prepar'd-Pope.

67. new l. at There's-Rowz. 69. *Fotune*: misprint 1F.74. *compoſition*: composition-2-4F.

Pompey. No *Antbony* take the lot: but first or last,
your fine Egyptian cookerie shall have the fame, I have
heard that *Julius Cæsar*, grew fat with feasting there.

Antb. You have heard much.

Pom. I have faire meaning Sir.

Ant. And faire words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard,
And I have heard *Appolodorus* carried ——

Eno. No more that: he did so.

Pom. What I pray you?

Eno. A certaine Queene to *Cæsar* in a Matriſ. 90

Pom. I know thee now, how farſt thou Souldier?

Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive
Four Feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand,
I never hated thee: I have ſcene thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Enob. Sir, I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much,
As I have ſaid you did.

Pom. Injoy thy plainnesſe, 100
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I invite you all.
Will you leade Lords?

All. Shew's the way, ſir.

Pom. Come. *Exeunt.* *Manet Enob. & Menas*
Men. [Aside] Thy Father *Pompey* would ne're have
made this | Treaty. You, and I have knowne ſir.

Enob. At Sea, I thinkē.

Men. We have Sir.

80-3. 4 ll. ending first—CAPELL; cookery, Cæſar, much—Rowe.
84. meaning: meanings—MALONE. 88. that: of that—3-4F.
91-2. new l. at And well—THEOBALD.
96-7. new l. at I never—POPE.

Enob. You have done well by water. 110

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praise any man that will praise me, thogh it cannot be denied what I have done by Land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Enob. Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne safety: you have bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land service: but give mee your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they might take two Theeves kissing. 120

Men. All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands are.

Enob. But there is never a fayre Woman, ha's a true Face.

Men. No slander, they steale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he do, sure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Men. Y'have said Sir, we look'd not for *Marke Anthony* heere, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*? 131

Enob. *Cæsars* Sister is call'd *Octavia*.

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Enob. But she is now the wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

Men. Pray'ye sir.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæsar* and he, for ever knit together.

Enob. If I were bound to Divine of this unity, I wold not Prophesie so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose, made more in the Marriage, then the love of the parties. 141

121. *whatsomere:* whatsoe're-3-4F.

130. *Y'have:* You've-Roxe.

Enob. I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band
that seemes to tye their friendship together, will bee the
very strangler of their Amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold,
and still conversation.¹

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himselfe is not so: which is *Marke Anthony*: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall
the sighes of *Octavia* blow the fire up in *Cæsar*, and (as I
said before) that which is the strength of their Amity,
shall prove the immediate Author of their variance. *Anthony*
will use his affection where it is. Hee married but
his occasion heere.

153

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard?
I have a health for you.

Enob. I shall take it sir: we have us'd our Throats in
Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away.

Exeunt.

[Scene vii. On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.]

Musick playes.

Enter two or three Servants with a *Banket*.

1 [Serv.] Heere they'l be man: some o'th' their Plants
are ill | rooted already, the least winde i'th' world wil
blow them | downe.

2 [Serv.] *Lepidus* is high Conlord.

1 [Serv.] They have made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 [Serv.] As they pinch one another by the disposition,
hee | cries out, no more; reconciles them to his
entreatie, and | himselfe to'th'drinke.

10

1 [Serv.] But it raises the greatest warre betweene
him & his | discretion.

2. *Banket*: banquet-3-4F.

6. *bigb Conlord*: high-coloured-2-4F. 11. *greatest*: greater-2-4F.

AND CLEOPATRA

[II. vii. 12-40]

2 [Serv.] Why this it is to have a name in great
 mens Fel- lowship: I had as live have a Reede that
 will doe me no service, as a Partizan¹ I could not
 heave. | ^{1 balberd}

1 [Serv.] To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not
 to be seene | to move in't, are the holes where eyes
 should bee, which | pittifully disaster the cheekeſ.

A Sennet sounded.

19
*Enter Cæſar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Me-
 cenas, | Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captaines.*

Ant. [To Cæſar] Thus do they Sir: they take the
 flow o' th' Nyle |
 By certayne scales i' th' Pyramid: they know
 By' th' height, the lownesse, or the meane: If dearth
 Or Foizon² follow. The higher Nilus swels, ^{2 plenty}
 The more it promises: as it ebbes, the Seedsman
 Upon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine,
 And shortly comes to Harvest.

Lep. Y'have strange Serpents there?

Anth. I *Lepidus.*

30
Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud
 by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit, and some Wine: A health to *Lepidus.*

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:
 But Ile ne're out.

Enob. Not till you have slept: I feare me you'l bee in-
 till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I have heard the *Ptolomies* Pyra-

14. *live: lief*—CAPELL.

21. *Menes: Menas*—2-4F.

29. *I' have: You've*—ROWE.

35-6. *prose*—HANMER.

misis¹ are very goodly things: without contradiction I
have heard that.

¹ pyramids 41

Menas. [Aside to Pom.] Pompey, a word.

Pomp. [Aside to Men.] Say in mine eare, what is't.

Men. [Aside to Pom.] Forsake thy seate I do beseech
thee Captaine, |

And heare me speake a word.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] Forbear me till anon.

Whispers in's Eare. |

This Wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your Crocodile? 48

Ant. It is shap'd sir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it
hath bredth; It is just so high as it is, and mooves with it
owne organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it, and
the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so, and the teares of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that Pompey gives him, else he
is a very Epicure.

Pomp. [Aside to Men.] Go hang sir, hang: tell me
of that? Away: | 60

Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Men. [Aside to Pom.] If for the sake of Merit thou
wilt heare mee, |

Rise from thy stooole.

Pom. [Aside to Men.] I thinke th'art mad: the mat-
ter? | [Rises, and walks aside.]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: what's
else to say? Be jolly Lords.

64. *th'art: thou'rt*—Rowe. 66-7. verse; new l. at Be-HANMER.

AND CLEOPATRA

[II. vii. 65-90]

Antb. These Quicke-sands *Lepidus*,
Keep off, them for you sinke.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world? 70

Pom. What saist thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?
That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me
poore, I am the man will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunke well.

Men. No *Pompey*, I have kept me from the cup,
Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
What ere the Ocean pales,¹ or skie inclippes,² 80
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way? ^{1 impales} ^{2 incloses}

Men. These three World-sharers, these Competitors
Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throates:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good service: thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour: 90
Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,
Hath so betraide thine acte. Being done unknowne,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemne it now: desist, and drinke.

Men. [Aside] For this, Ile never follow
Thy paul'd³ Fortunes more, ^{3 impaired}
Who seekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never finde it more.

69. *off, them:* off them, -2-4F. 72-3. 1 l.-Rowe.
74-7. 3 ll. ending it, man, well-Pope.
95-6. 2 ll. ending this, more-Pope.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus.*

Ant. Beare him ashore,

100

Ile pledge it for him *Pompey.*

Eno. Heere's to thee *Menas.*

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong Fellow *Menas.*

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off *Lepidus.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. A beares the third part of the world man: seest not?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were all, that it might go on wheeles.

110

Eno. Drinke thou: encrease the Reeles.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an *Alexandrian Feast.*

Ant. It ripen's towards it: strike the Vessells hoa.

Heere's to *Cæsar.*

Cæsar. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th' time.

Cæsar. Possesse it, Ile make answer: but I had rather fast from all, foure dayes, then drinke so much in one.

Enob. Ha my brave Emperour, [To *Antony*] shall we daunce now | the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke? |

122

Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath steep't our sense,

100-1. 1 l.—POPE.

109. *then be is: then, is*—ROWLE.

109-10. verse; new l. at *That*—THEOBALD.

115-18. 3 ll. ending forbear't, brain, time—POPE.

119-23. 5 ll. ending answer, days—DYCE; Emperor, Bacchala, soldier—JOHNSON.

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands:

Make battery to our eares with the loud Musicke,
The while, Ile place you, then the Boy shall sing.
The holding¹ every man shall beate as loud, 130
As his strong sides can volly. ¹burden of the song

Musicke Playes. *Enobarbus places them band in band.*

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
*Plumpie Bacchus, with pinke eyne:*² ²eyes
In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,
With thy Grapes our baires be Crown'd.
Cup us till the world go round,
Cup us till the world go round.

Cæsar. What would you more? 140
Pompey goodnight. Good Brother
Let me request you of our graver businesse
Frownes at this levitie. Gentle Lords let's part,
You see we have burnt our cheeke. Strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue
Spleet's what it speakes: the wilde disguise hath almost
Antickt us all. What needs more words? goodnight.
Good *Anthony* your hand.

Pom. Ile try you on the shore.

Antb. And shall Sir, gives your hand. 150

Pom. Oh *Anthony*, you have my Father house.
But what, we are Friends?
Come downe into the Boate.

130. *beate*: bear—THEOBALD. 140-1. 1 l.—ROWE.
142. *of our*: off: (off;) our—ROWE. 146. *Spleet's*: Splits—4F.
150-6. 5 ll. ending *Antony*, friends, not, cabin—CAPELL; what
—STEVENS. 151. *Faber*: father's—3-4F.

Eno. Take heed you fall not *Menas*: Ile not on shore,
 [Exeunt all but *Enobarbus* and *Menas*.]
 No to my Cabin: these Drummes,
 These Trumpets, Flutes: what
 Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud tarewell
 To these great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, sound out.
 Sound a Flourish with Drummes.
Enor. Hoo saies a there's my Cap. 160
Men. Hoa, Noble Captaine, come. Exeunt.

[Act III. Scene i. *A plain in Syria.*]

Enter *Ventidius* as it were in *trinmpb*, [with *Silius*,
 and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers] the dead
 body of *Paco- | rus* borne before him.

Ven. Now darting Parthya art thou stroke, and now
 Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus* death
 Make me revenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,
 Before our Army thy *Pacorus Orades*,
 Paies this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Romaine. [Sil.] Noble *Ventidius*,
 Whil'st yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,
 The Fugitive Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,
 Mesopotamia, and the shelters, whether 11
 The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine *Anthony*
 Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and
 Put Garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Silius, Silius*,

157. *aloud: a loud-2Rowe.*

160. *Enor:* misprint 1F.

160. *Hoo saies a there's: Ho! says a'. There's-GLOBE.*

161. *Hoa: Ho-CAPELL.*

1. *trinmpb:* misprint 1F.

6. *Army thy: army. Thy-CAMBRIDGE. Orades: Orodes-Rowe.*

I have done enough. A lower place note well
 May make too great an act. For learne this *Silius*,
 Better to leave undone, then by our deed
 Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serves away.
Cæsar and *Antbony*, have ever wonne 20
 More in their officer, then person. *Sossius*
 One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
 For quicke accumulation of renowne,
 Which he atchiv'd by'th'minute, lost his favour.
 Who does i'th'Warres more then his Captaine can,
 Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition
 (The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choise of losse
 Then gaine, which darkens him.
 I could do more to do *Antbonius* good,
 But 'twould offend him. And in his offence, 30
 Should my performance perish.

Rom. Thou hast *Ventidius* that, without the which a
 Souldier and his Sword graunts scarce distinction: thou
 wilt write to *Antbony*.

Ven. Ile humbly signifie what in his name,
 That magicall word of Warre we have effected,
 How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,
 The nere-yet beaten Horse of Parthia,
 We have jaded¹ out o'th'Field. 1whipped

Rom. Where is he now? 40

Ven. He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast
 The waight we must convay with's, will permit:
 We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.

Exeunt.

31-4. 3 ll. ending that, sword, *Antony*—CAPELL.

[Scene ii. *Rome. An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.*]

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. *Octavia* weepes
To part from *Rome*: *Cæsar* is sad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey's* feast, as *Menas* saies, is troubled
With the Greene-Sicknesse.

Agri. 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.

Eno. A very fine one: oh, how he loves *Cæsar*.

Agri. Nay but how deereley he adores *Mark Anthony*.

Eno. *Cæsar*? why he's the Jupiter of men. 11

Ant. [Agr.] What's *Anthony*, the God of Jupiter?

Eno. Spake you of *Cæsar*? How, the non-pareill?

Agri. Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!

Eno. Would you praise *Cæsar*, say *Cæsar* go no further.

Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves *Cæsar* best, yet he loves *Anthony*:
Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,
Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
Thinke speake, cast, write, sing, number: hoo, 20
His love to *Anthony*. But as for *Cæsar*,
Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.

Agri. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his Shards,¹ and he their Beetle, so:

[*Trumpets within.*]

This is to horse: Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*. ¹ *wing-cases*

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Antbo. No further Sir.

Cæsar. You take from me a great part of my selfe:

Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife 30
 As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band
 Shall passe on thy approofe: most Noble *Anthony*,
 Let not the peece of Vertue which is set
 Betwixt us, as the Cyment of our love
 To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter
 The Fortresse of it: for better might we
 Have lov'd without this meane, if onboth parts
 This be not cherisht.

Ant. Make me not offended, in your distrust.

Cæsar. I have said. 40

Ant. You shall not finde,
 Though you be therein curious, the lest cause
 For what you seeme to feare, so the Gods keepe you,
 And make the hearts of Romaines serve your ends:
 We will heere part.

Cæsar. Farewell my dearest Sister, fare thee well,
 The Elements be kind to thee, and make
 Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

Octa. My Noble Brother. 49

Anth. The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loves spring,
 And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerfull.

Octa. Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and —

Cæsar. What *Octavia*?

Octa. Ile tell you in your eare.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
 Her heart informe her tougue.

The Swannes downe feather
 That stands upon the Swell at the full of Tide:
 And neither way inclines.

Eno. [Aside to *Agr.*] Will *Cæsar* weepe? 60

38-41. 2 ll. ending offended, find—Rowe.

52-4. 2 ll. ending what, eare—HANMER.

56. tougue: misprint 1F.

56-7. 1 l.—Rowe.

58. at the full: at full—2-4F.

Agr. [Aside to *Eno.*] He ha's a cloud in's face.

Eno. [Aside to *Agr.*] He were the worse for that
were he a Horse, so is he being a man.

Agri. [Aside to *Eno.*] Why *Enobarbus*:
When *Antbony* found *Julius Cæsar* dead,
He cried almost to roaring: And he wept,
When at *Philippi* he found *Brutus* slaine.

Eno. [Aside to *Agr.*] That yearindeed, he was
troubled with a rheume, |
What willingly he did confound,¹ he wail'd,
Beleev't till I weep too. ¹destroy 70

Cæsar. No sweet *Octavia*,
You shall heare from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,
Ile wrastle with you in my strength of love,
Looke heere I have you, thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods.

Cæsar. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Starres give light
To thy faire way. 80

Cæsar. Farewell, farewell. *Kisses Octavia.*

Ant. Farewell. *Trumpets sound.* *Exeunt.*

[Scene iii. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter *Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.*

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Halfe afraid to come.

Cleo. Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.

62-4. new l. at *So-Pope.* 70. *weepe:* wept—*THEOBALD.*
4, 6-10. 5 ll. ending *majesty, you, head, gone-Pope;* near-
THEOBALD.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majestie: *Herod* of *Jury* dare not looke upon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herods* head, Ile have: but how? When *Anthony* is gone, through whom I might commaund it: Come thou neere. 10

Mes. Most gratiouse Majestie.

Cleo. Did'st thou behold *Octavia*?

Mes. I dread Queene.

Cleo. Where?

Mes. Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and saw her led betweene her Brother, and *Marke Anthony*.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mes. She is not Madam.

Cleo. Didst heare her speake?

Is she shrill tongu'd or low? 20

Mes. Madam, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? Oh *Isis*: 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I thinke so *Charmian*: dull of tongue, & dwarfish What Majestie is in her gate, remember If ere thou look'st on Majestie.

Mes. She creepes: her motion, & her station¹ are as one: She shewes a body, rather then a life,

A Statue, then a Breather. 1 mode of standing

Cleo. Is this certaine? 30

Mes. Or I have no observance.

Cha. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

11-12. new l. at *Octavia*—THEOBALD.

15-16. 3 ll. ending *Rome*, led, *Antony*—CAPELL.

19-20. 1 l.—Rowe. 26. look'st: look'dst—POPE.

27. new l. at *Her-Rowe*.

31-4. 3 ll. ending *Egypt*, knowing, yet—THEOBALD.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiv't,
There's nothing in her yet.
The Fellow ha's good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guesse at her yeares, I prythee.

Mess. Madam, she was a widdow.

Cleo. Widdow? *Charmian,* hearke.

Mes. And I do thinke she's thirtie. 40
Cle. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
Mess. Round, even to faultinesse.

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are
so. Her haire what colour?

Mess. Browne Madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou must not take my former sharpenesse ill,
I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee
Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready, 50
Our Letters are prepar'd. [Exit Messenger.]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried¹ him. Why me think's by him,
This Creature's no such thing. 1 vexed

Char. Nothing Madam.

Cleo. The man hath seene some Majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seene Majestie? *Isis* else defend: and
serving you so long. 60

Cleopa. I have one thing more to aske him yet good
Charmian: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me
where I will write; all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you Madam.

Exeunt.

38. new l. at *She-Stevens.* 43-4. new l. at *Her-4F.*
57-8. verse-*Pope.* 59-60. verse; new l. at *And-Pope.*
61-3. verse; 3 ll. ending *Charmian, me, enough-Rowe.*

[Scene iv. *Athens. A room in Antony's house.*]

Enter Anthony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octavia*, not onely that,
That were excusable, that and thousands more
Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainst *Pompey*. Made his will, and read it,
To publicke eare, spoke scantly of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and sickly
He vented then most narrow measure; lent me,
When the best hint was given him: he not look't, 10
Or did it from his teeth.

Octavi. Oh my good Lord,
Beleeve not all, or if you must beleeve,
Stomacke not all. A more unhappy Lady,
If this devision chance, ne're stood betweene
Praying for both parts:
The good Gods wil mocke me presently,
When I shall pray: Oh blesse my Lord, and Husband,
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh blesse my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and distroyes the prayer, no midway 21
'Twixt these extreames at all.

Ant. Gentle *Octavia*,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: if I loose mine Honour,
I loose my selfe: better I were not yours
Then your so branchlesse. But as you requested,
Your selfe shall go between's, the meane time Lady,
Ile raise the preparation of a Warre
Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest hast, 30

5-6. new l. at Spoke—CAPELL. 10. *look't*: *took't*—THEOBALD.
27. *your*: *yours*—2-4F.

So your desires are yours.

Oc. Thanks to my Lord,

The Jové of power make me most weake, most weake,
You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world should cleave, and that slaine men
Should solder up the Rift.

Antb. When it appeeres to you where this begins,
Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults
Can never be so-equall, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going, 40
Choose your owne company, and command what cost
Your heart he's mind too.

Exeunt.

[Scene v. *The same. Another room.*]

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros [meeting].

Eno. How now Friend *Eros*?

Eros. Ther's strange Newes come Sir.

Eno. What man?

Eros. Cæsar & Lepidus have made warres upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old, what is the successe?

Eros. Cæsar having made use of him in the warres
'gainst Pompey: presently denied him rivalry,¹ would not
let him partake in the glory of the action, and not resting
here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to
Pompey. Upon his owne appeale² seizes him, so the poore
third is up, till death enlarge his Confine. ¹co-partnership

Eno. Then would thou hadst a paire of chapsn o more,
and throw betweene them all the food thou hast, they'lle
grinde the other. Where's *Anthony*? ²impeachment

34. *You:* Your-2-4F.

36. *solder:* solder-POPE.

42. *be's:* has-2-4F. 13. *would .. hast:* world .. hast-HANMER.

13-15. *verse; 3 ll. ending more, hast, Antony-HANMER.*

15. *the other:* the one the other-CAPELL.



Photographed by Catharine Weed Ward
The Guild Chapel, from site of Shakespeare's home, New Place. The wire frames on the ground protect the foundations, all that remain of what was once the great house of the town.



Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes
The rush that lies before him. *Cries Foole Lepidus,*
And threatens the throate of that his Officer,
That murdred *Pompey*.

Eno. Our great Navies rig'd.

20

Eros. For Italy and *Cæsar*, more *Domitius*,
My Lord desires you presently: my Newes
I might have told heareafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.

Eros. Come Sir, *Exeunt.*

[Scene vi. *Rome. Cæsar's house.*]

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cæsar.

Cæs. Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more
In Alexandria: heere's the manner of 't:
I' th' Market-place on a Tribunall silver'd,
Cleopatra and himselfe in Chaires of Gold
Were publikely enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsari whom they call my Fathers Sonne,
And all the unlawfull issue, that their Lust
Since then hath made betweene them. Unto her,
He gave the stablishment of Egypt, made her 10
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene.

Mece. This in the publike eye?

Cæsar. I' th' common shew place, where they exercise,
His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gave to *Alexander*. To *Ptolomy* he assign'd,
Syria, Silicia, and Phœnetia: she
In th' habiliments of the Goddess *Isis*

24. new l. at But-HANMER. 11. new l. at Absolute-ROWE.

14. *bitber:* he there—JOHNSON. *King:* kings—ROWE.

18. *tb'abiliments:* the habiliments—2Rowe.

That day appeir'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported so.

20

Mece. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agri. Who queazie¹ with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him. ¹ disgusted

Cæsar. The people knowes it,
And have now receiv'd his accusations.

Agri. Who does he accuse?

Cæsar. *Cæsar*, and that having in Cicilie
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated ² him
His part o' th' Isle. Then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd. Lastly, he frets ³⁰
That *Lepidus* of the Triumpherate, should be depos'd,
And being that, we detaine all his Revenue.

Agri. Sir, this should be answer'd. ² apportioned
Cæsar. 'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone:
I have told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell,
That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like

Mece. Hee'l never yeeld to that.

40

Cæs. Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her Traine.

Octa. Haile *Cæsar*, and my L. haile most deere *Cæsar*.

Cæsar. That ever I should call thee Cast-away.

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stoln upon us thus? you come not
Like *Cæsars* Sister, The wife of *Anthony*

20-3. 3 five-accent ll.—HANMER. 24. knowes: know—3-4F.
24-6. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE.

31-3. 3 ll. ending triumvirate, detain, answer'd—Rowe.

39. new l. at Demand—Rowe. 43. L.: lord—3-4F.

Should have an Army for an Usher, and
 The neiges of Horse to tell of her approach,
 Long ere she did appeare. The trees by'th'way 50
 Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
 Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
 Should have ascended to the Roofe of Heaven,
 Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
 A Market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
 The ostentation of our love; which left unshewne,
 Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
 By Sea, and Land, supplying every Stage
 With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord, 60
 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
 On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,
 Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
 My greeved eare withall: whereon I begg'd
 His pardon for retурne.

Cæs. Which soone he granted,
 Being an abstract 'tweene his Lust, and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my Lord.
Cæs. I have eyes upon him, 69
 And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?

Octa. My Lord, in Athens.
Cæsar. No my most wronged Sister, *Cleopatra*
 Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his Empire
 Up to a Whore, who now are levying
 The Kings o'th'earth for Warre. He hath assembled,
Bochus the King of Lybia, *Archilaus*
 Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King
 Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,
 King *Maucbus* of Arabia, King of Pont,

67. *abstract: obstruct*—THEOBALD. 70. new l. at Where-ROWE.

79. *Maucbus: Malchus*—THEOBALD.

Herod of Jewry, Mitbridores King 80
Of Comageat, Polemen and Amintas,
The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,
With a more larger List of Scepters.

Octa. Aye me most wretched,
 That have my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
 That does afflict each other.

Cæs. Welcom hither: your Letters did with-holde our
 breaking forth |
 Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led,
 And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
 Be you not troubled with the time, which drives 90
 O're your content, these strong necessities,
 But let determin'd things to destinie
 Hold unbewayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
 Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd
 Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
 To do you Justice, makes his Ministers
 Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort,
 And ever welcom to us. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.

Mec. Welcome deere Madam,
 Each heart in Rome does love and pitty you, 100
 Onlyn th'adulterous *Anthony*, most large
 In his abhominations, turnes you off,
 And gives his potent Regiment¹ to a Trull ¹sway
 That noyses it against us.

Octa. Is it so sir?

Cæs. Most certaine: Sister welcome: pray you
 Be ever knowne to patience. My deer'st Sister. *Exeunt*

81. *Comageat: Comagene*—*Rowe. Polemen: Polemon*—*Theobald.*
Amintas: Amyntas—*Dyce.*

82. *Licoania: Lycaonia*—²—⁴*F.* 86. *does: do*—²—⁴*F.*
 86-7. new l. at *Your*—⁴*F.* 96. *makes bis: make them*—*Capell.*

[Scene vii. *Near Actium. Antony's camp.*]

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoken¹ my being in these warres,
And say'st it it not fit. ^{1 gainsaid}

Eno. Well: is it, is it.

Cleo. If not, denounc'd against us, why should not
we be there in person.

Enob. [Aside] Well, I could reply: if wee should
serve with | Horse and Mares together, the Horse were
meerly lost: | the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his
Horse. | ¹¹

Cleo. What is't you say?

Enob. Your presence needs must puzzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Levity, and 'tis said in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.

Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That speake against us. A Charge we beare i'th'Warre,
And as the president of my Kingdome will ²¹
Appeare there for a man. Speake not against it,
I will not stay behinde.

Enter Anthony and Camidias.

Eno. Nay I have done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange *Camidius*,

5. *it: is-2-4F.* 7-12. 5 five-accent ll.—HANMER.
24. *Camidias;* 26, 34. *Camidius:* *Canidius*, and so throughout—
Rowz. 25. new l. at *Here*—HANMER.

That from Tarrentum, and Brandusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You have heard on't (Sweet?)

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd, 30
Then by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slacknesse. *Camidius*, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo. By Sea, what else?

Cam. Why will my Lord, do so?

Ant. For that he dares us too't.

Enob. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight.

Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharsalia, 40
Where *Cæsar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Enob. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Marriners are Militers, Reapers, people
Ingrost by swift Impresse. In *Cæsars* Fleet,
Are those, that often have 'gainst *Pompey* fought,
Their shippes are yare,¹ yours heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at Sea, 1 *light*
Being prepar'd for Land. 50

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eno. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you have by Land,
Distract your Armie, which doth most consist
Of Warre-markt-footmen, leave unexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up your selfe meerly to chance and hazard,

From firme Securitie.

Ant. Ile fight at Sea.

60

Cleo. I have sixty Sails, *Cæsar* none better.

Ant. Our over-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th'head of Action
Beate th'approaching *Cæsar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land. *Enter a Messenger.*
Thy Businesse?

Mes. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is described,
Cæsar ha's taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible
Strange, that his power should be. *Camidius,* 70
Our nineteene Legions thou shalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thousand Horse. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis*.

Enter a Soldiour.

How now worthy Souldier?

Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Trust not to rotten plankes: Do you misdoubt
This Sword, and these my Wounds; let th'Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking: wee
Have us'd to conquer standing on the earth, 80
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. *exit Ant.* *Cleo.* & *Enob.*

Soul. By *Hercules* I thinke I am i'th'right.

Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes
Not in the power on't: so our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens men.

Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horse
whole, do you not?

Ven. [Can.] *Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeus,*

Publicola, and Celius, are for Sea: 90
 But we keepe whole by Land. This speede of *Cæsars*
 Carries¹ beyond beleefe. ¹ goes

Soul. While he was yet in Rome.
 His power² went out in such distractions,³ ²forces
 As beguilde all Spies. ³ detachments
Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?
Soul. They say, one *Towrus.*
Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Emperor cals *Camidius.* 100
Cam. With Newes the times with Labour,
 And throwes⁴ forth each minute, some. ⁴ agonizes ⁵ exeunt

[Scene viii. *A plain near Actium.*]

Enter Cæsar [and Taurus] with his Army, marching.
Cæs. *Towrus?*
Tow. My Lord.
Cæs. Strike not by Land,
 Keepe whole, provoke not Battaille
 Till we have done at Sea. Do not exceede
 The Prescript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
 Upon this junpe.⁵ ⁵ hazard exit.

95-6. new l. at Beguiled—POPE.

97. *Towrus:* Taurus, and so throughout—THEOBALD.

101-2. new l. at Each—Rowe.

[Scene ix. *Another part of the plain.*]

Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond side o' th' Hill,
In eye of *Cæsars* battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *exit.*

[Scene x. *Another part of the plain.*]

*Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way over the stage, and Towrus the Lieutenant of *Cæsar* the other way: | After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea fight. | Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.*

Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer: | *Tbantoniad*, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their sixty flye, and turne the Rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, & Goddesses, all the whol synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion. 11

Scar. The greater Cantle¹ of the world, is lost
With very ignorance, we have kist away 1 piece
Kingdomes, and Provinces.

Eno. How appeares the Fight? 2 spotted

Scar. On our side, like the Token'd ² Pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leprosie o're-take) i'th' midst o' th' fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd

4-5. 1 l.-Rowe. x. 6. *Tbantoniad: The Antoniad*-CAPELL.
8, 10-11. 2 ll. ending goddesses, passion-THEOBALD.

Both as the same, or rather ours the elder; 20
(The Breeze¹ upon her) like a Cow in Inne,
Hoists Sails, and flies. ¹gad-fly

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Indure a further view. ² brought close to the wind
Scar. She once being looft,²

The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leaving the Eight in height, flies after her.

Leaving the Right in height, nyes after her:
I never saw an Action of such shame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate so it selfe.

Enob. Alacke, alacke.

Enter *Camidius*.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And sinkes most lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himselfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha's given example for our flight,
Most grossely by his owne. 39

Enob. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight
indeed.

Cam. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easie toot,

And there I will attend what further comes.

Camid. To Caesar will I render

My Legions and my Horse, sixe Kings alreadie
Shew me the way of yeeling.

Exo. He yet follow

The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reason
Sits in the winde against me. [Exeunt.] 50

21. *Inne: June-2-4F.* 38. *bis: he-2-4F.*
 40-1. new l. at **Why-Dyce.** 44. new l. at **What-HAMMER.**

[Scene xi. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter *Anthony* with *Attendants.*

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am so late¹ in the world, that I ^{1 belated}
Have lost my way for ever. I have a shippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, divide it: flye,
And make your peace with *Cæsar*.

Omnis. Fly? Not wee.

Ant. I have fled my selfe, and have instructed cowards
To runne, and shew their shoulders. Friends be gone,
I have my selfe resolv'd upon a course, ¹¹
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treasure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I blush to looke upon,
My very haires do mutiny: for the white
Reprove the browne for rashnesse, and they them
For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you shall
Have Letters from me to some Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not sad,
Nor make replies of loathnesse, take the hint ²⁰
Which my dispaire proclaims. Let them be left
Which leaves it selfe, to the Sea-side straight way;
I will possesse you of that ship and Treasure.
Leave me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do so: for indeede I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile see you by and by. *Sits downe*

21. *them:* that—CAPELL.

*Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and [Iras,] Eros
[following].* |

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do most deere Queene.

Char. Do, why, what else?

30

Cleo. Let me sit downe: Oh *Juno*.

Ant. Nô, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you heere, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras. Madam, oh good Empresse.

Eros. Sir, sir.

Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke
The leane and wrinkled *Cassius*, and 'twas I 40
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practise had
In the brave squares of Warre: yet now: no matter.

Cleo. Ah stand by.

Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speake to him,
Hee's unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, sustaine me: Oh.

Eros. Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but¹ 50
Your comfort makes the rescue. ^{1 unless}

Ant. I have offended Reputation,
A most unnable swerving.

Eros. Sir, the Queene.

Ant. Oh whether hast thou lead me Egypt, see
How I convey my shame, out of thine eyes,

50. *cease: seize*—2-4F.

AND CLEOPATRA

[III. xi. 53-74]

By looking backe what I have left behinde
Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgive my fearfull sayles, I little thought 60
You would have followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th'strings,
And thou should'st stowe me after. O're my spirit
The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.

Cleo. Oh my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge 70
And palter in the shifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th'world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates
All that is wonne and lost: Give me a kisse,
Even this repays me. 80
We sent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe?
Love I am full of Lead: some Wine
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,
We scorne her most, when most she offers blowes.

Exeunt |

65. *Tbe:* Thy—2THEOBALD.

80-3. 3 ll. ending schoolmaster, lead, knows—HANMER

81. *a:* he—4F.

[Scene xii. *Egypt. Cæsar's camp.*]

Enter *Cæsar, Agrippa, and Dollabello [Tbyreus], with others.* |

Cæs. Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony.*
Know you him.

Dolla. *Cæsar*, 'tis his Schoolemaster,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends so poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter [Eupbronius] *Ambassador from Anthony.*

Cæsar. Approach, and speake.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Anthony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morne-dew on the Mertle leafe
To his grand Sea.

Cæs. Bee't so, declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in *Egypt*, which not granted
He Lessons his Requests, and to thee sues
To let him breath betweene the Heavens and Earth
A private man in *Athens*: this for him. 20
Next, *Cleopatra* does confesse thy Greatnesse,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heyres,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Cæs. For *Anthony*,
I have no eares to his request. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall faile, so shee

1. *Agrippa*: out—STEEVENS. *Dollabello*: misprint 1F.
19. *breaib*: breathe—3-4F.

From Egypt drive her all-disgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if shee performe,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both. 30

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Cæs. Bring him through the Bands:

[*Exit Eupbronius.*]

[*To Thyreus*] To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time,
dispatch, |

From *Antbony* winne *Cleopatra*, promise
And in our Name, what she requires, adde more
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best Fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning *Tbidas*,
Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
Will answer as a Law. 40

Tbid. [*Thyr.*] *Cæsar*, I go.

Cæsar. Observe how *Anthony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speakes
In every power that mooves.

Tbid. *Cæsar*, I shall.

exeunt.

[Scene xiii. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, *Enobarbus*?

Eno. Thinke, and dye.

Cleo. Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?

Eno. *Anthony* onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reason. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whose severall ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his Affection should not then

38. *Tbidas:* Thyreus, and so throughout—THEOBALD.

Have nickt¹ his Captain-ship, at such a point, 10
 When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being
 The meered question? 'Twas a shame no lesse
 Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,
 And leave his Navy gazing. ¹branded with folly
Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter [Eupbronius] the Ambassador, with Antbony.

Ant. Is that his answer? *Amb. [Euph.]* I my Lord.

Ant. The Queene shall then have courtesie,
 So she will yeeld us up.

Am. He sayes so.

Antbo. Let her know't. To the Boy *Cæsar* send this
 grizled head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,
 With Principalities.

Cleo. That head my Lord?

Ant. To him againe, tell him he weares the Rose
 Of youth upon him: from which, the world should note
 Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
 May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would preuale
 Under the service of a Childe, as soone
 As i'th'Command of *Cæsar*. I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay Comparisons a-part, ³¹
 And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
 Our selves alone: Ile write it: Follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Eupbronius.*]

Eno. [Aside] Yes like enough: hye battel'd *Cæsar*
 will |
 Unstate his happinesse, and be Stag'd to'th'shew
 Against a Sworder. I see mens Judgements are
 A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
 Do draw the inward quality after them

18-22. verse; 4 ll. ending *she-MALONE*; *know't*, *head*, *brim-Rowe*.

To suffer all alike, that he should dreame,
 Knowing all measures, the full *Cæsar* will 40
 Answer his emptinesse; *Cæsar* thou hast subdu'de
 His judgement too.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. A Messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
 Against the blowne Rose may they stop their nose,
 That kneel'd unto the Buds. Admit him sir.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Eno. [Aside] Mine honesty, and I, beginne to square,¹
 The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make ¹quarrel
 Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure 50
 To follow with Allegiance a faine Lord,
 Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,
 And earnes a place i'th'Story.

Enter Tbidas.

Cleo. Cæsars will.

Tbid. Hearre it apart.

Cleo. None but Friends: say boldly.

Tbid. So haply are they Friends to Anthony.

*Enob. He needs as many (Sir) as *Cæsar* ha's,
 Or needs not us. If *Cæsar* please, our Master 60
 Will leape to be his Friend: For us you know,
 Whose he is, we are, and that is *Cæsars*.*

*Tbid. So. Thus then thou most renown'd, *Cæsar*
 intreats, |
 Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
 Further then he is *Cæsars*.*

Cleo. Go on, right Royall.

43. *Servant:* Attendant—CAPELL. 62-3. new l. at Thus—POPE.
 65. *Cæsars:* *Cæsar*—2-4F.

T'bid. He knowes that you embrace not *Antbony*
As you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh.

T'bid. The scarre's upon your Honor, therefore he
Does pitty, as constrained blemishes, 71
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a God,
And knowes what is most right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meerely.

Eno. [Aside] To be sure of that, I will aske *Antbony*.
Sir, sir, thou art so leakie
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. *Exit Enob.*

T'bid. Shall I say to *Cæsar*, 80
What you require of him: for he partly begges
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you should make a staffe
To leane upon. But it would warme his spirits
To heare from me you had left *Antbony*,
And put your selfe under his shrowd, the universal Land-
lord. |

Cleo. What's your name?

T'bid. My name is *T'bidias*.

Cleo. Most kinde Messenger,
Say to great *Cæsar* this in disputation, 90
I kisse his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.

T'bid. 'Tis your Noblest course:
Wisedome and Fortune combatting together,

72-7. 4 ll. ending *knows, yielded, that, leaky*—POPE.
86-7. new l. at The—STEVENS (1778).

90. *disputation: deputation*—THEOBALD.

If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My dutie on your hand.

Cleo. Your *Cæsars* Father oft, 100
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours? By Jove that thunders. What art thou
Fellow? |

Tbid. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. [Aside] You will be whipt. 109
Ant. Approach there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & divels
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,
Like Boyes unto a musse,¹ Kings would start forth,
And cry, your will. Have you no eares? ¹scramble
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Jack,² and whip him.

Enter a Servant.

Eno. [Aside] 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe,
Then with an old one dying. ²mean fellow

Ant. Moone and Starres,
Whip him: wer't twenty of the greatest Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, should I finde them 120
So sawcy with the hand of she heere, what's her name
Since she was *Cleopatra*? Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you see him cradge his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Tbid. Marke Anthony.

Ant. Tugge him away: being whipt
Bring him againe, the Jacke of *Cæsars* shall
Beare us an arrant to him.

Exeunt [Attendants] with Thidius. |
You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha?
Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome, 130
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a Jem of women, to be abus'd
By one that lookes on Feeders¹ ¹parasites

Cleo. Good my Lord.

Ant. You have beeene a boggeler ever,
But when we in our viciousnesse grow hard
(Oh misery on't) the wise Gods seele our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare judgements, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion. 140

Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morsell, cold upon
Dead *Cæsars* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Cneius Pompeyes*, besides what hotter houres
Unregistered in vulgar Fame, you have
Luxuriously² pickt out. For I am sure, 2 wantonly
Though you can guesse what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards, 150
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I have savage cause,
And to proclaime it civilly, were like

127. *ibe:* this—POPE.

144. *Cneius:* *Cneius*—2-4F.

128. *arrant:* errand—4F.

A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare¹ about him. Is he whipt? ¹ready

Enter a Servant with Tbidas.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord. 160

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did aske favour.

Ant. If that thy Father live, let him repent

Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou sorrie
To follow *Cæsar* in his Triumph, since
Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feaver thee,
Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to *Cæsar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say
He makes me angry with him. For he seemes 170
Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:
When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Have empty left their Orbes, and shot their Fires
Into th'Abisme of hell. If he mislike,
My speech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranchised Bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like to quit² me. Urge it thou: ²requite
Hence with thy stripes, be gone. *Exit Tbid.* 181

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipt,
And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time?

Ant. To flatter *Cæsar*, would you mingle eyes

159. *Enter a Servant: Re-enter Attendants-COLIER.*

166. *whipt.* For: whipp'd for-Theobald.

182-5. 3 ll. ending moon, alone, time-CAPELL.

With one that tyes his points.

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be so,

190

From my cold heart let Heaven ingender haile,
And poysen it in the sourse, and the first stone
Drop in my necke: as it determines ¹ so ¹ *dissolves*
Dissolve my life, the neck Cæsarian smile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandering of this pelleted storme,
Lye gravelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Have buried them for prey.

Ant. I am satisfied:

200

Cæsar sets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our sever'd Navie too
Have knit againe, and Fleete,² threatening most Sea-like.
Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?
If from the Field I shall returne once more ² *float*
To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave Lord.

210

Ant. I will be trebble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ransome lives
Of me for jests: But now, Ile set my teeth, ³ *festive*
And send to darkenesse all that stop me. Come,
Let's have one other gawdy³ night: Call to me
All my sad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more

194. *smile*: smite—HANMER.

197. *discandering*: discandying—THEOBALD.

201. *sets*: sits—JOHNSON.

AND CLEOPATRA [III. xiii. 185—IV. i. 5

Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'have held it poore. But since my Lord
Is *Anthony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*. 221

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, wee'l speake to them,
And to night Ile force
The Wine peepe through their scarres.
Come on (my Queene)

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight
Ile make death love me: for I will contend 229
Even with his pestilent Sythe. *Exeunt*

[all but *Enobarbus*].

Eno. Now hee'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode
The Dove will pecke the Estridge;¹ and I see still
A diminution in our Captaines braine, ¹*ostrich*
Restores his heart; when valour prayes in reason,
It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke
Some way to leave him. *Exeunt*.

[Act IV. Scene i. *Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*]

Enter *Cæsar, Agrippa, & Mecenas with his Army,*
Cæsar reading a Letter.

Cæs. He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to personal Combat.
Cæsar to Anthony: let the old Russian know,
I have many other wayes to dye: meane time]

224-5. i l.—Rowe. 226-7. i l.—Rowe. 235. *in: on*—Rowe.
6. *Russian: ruffian*—2-4F.

Laugh at his Challenge.

Mece. *Cæsar* must thinke,
When one so great begins to rage, hee's hunted 10
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boote of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for it selfe.

Cæs. Let our best heads know,
That to morrow, the last of many Battailes
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of those that serv'd *Marke Anthony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feast the Army, we have store to doo't, 19
And they have earn'd the waste. Poore *Anthony*. *Exeunt*

[Scene ii. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian?*

Eno. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To morrow Soldier,
By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood 10
Shall make it live againe. Woo't thou fight well.

Eno. Ile strike, and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:
Call forth my Houshold Servants, lets to night

Enter 3 or 4 Servitors.

Be bounteous at our Meale. Give me thy hand,

14-15. new l. at Know—THEOBALD.

3. *Domitian: Domitius—Rowe.*

Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,
 Thou, and thou, and thou: you have serv'd me well,
 And Kings have beene your fellowes.

Cleo. [Aside to *Eno.*] What meanes this? 20

Eno. [Aside to *Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odde tricks
 which sorow shoots |
 Out of the minde.

Ant. And thou art honest too:
 I wish I could be made so many men,
 And all of you clapt up together, in
 An *Antbony*: that I might do you service,
 So good as you have done.

Omnes. The Gods forbid.

Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:
 Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me 30
 As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
 And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [Aside to *Eno.*] What does he meane?

Eno. [Aside to *Cleo.*] To make his Followers weepe.

Ant. Tend me to night;
 May be, it is the period of your duty,
 Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
 A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,
 You'l serve another Master. I looke on you,
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest Friends, 40
 I turne you not away, but like a Master
 Married to your good service, stay till death:
 Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
 And the Gods yeeld¹ you for't. ^{1 reward}

Eno. What meane you (Sir)
 To give them this discomfort? Looke they weepe,
 And I an Asse, am Onyon-ey'd; for shame,
 Transforme us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho:

Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus. 50
 Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)
 You take me in too dolorous a sense,
 For I speake to you for your comfort, did desire you
 To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)
 I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,
 Where rather Ile expect victorious life,
 Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,
 And drowne consideration. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iii. *The same. Before the palace.*]

Enter a Company of Soldiours.

1. *Sol.* Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.
 2. *Sol.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
 Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.
 1 [*Sold.*] Nothing: what newes?
 2 [*Sold.*] Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.
 1 [*Sold.*] Well sir, good night.

They meeete other Soldiers.

2 [*4 Sold.*] Souldiers, have carefull Watch.
 1 [*3 Sold.*] And you: Goodnight, goodnight. 10
They place themselves in every corner of the Stage.
 2 [*4 Sold.*] Heere we: and if to morrow
 Our Navie thrive, I have an absolute hope
 Our Landmen will stand up.
 1 [*3 Sold.*] 'Tis a brave Army, and full of purpose.
Musicke of the Hoboyes is under the Stage.
 2 [*4 Sold.*] Peace, what noise?
 1 [*Sold.*] List list.
 2 [*Sold.*] Hearke.
 1 [*Sold.*] Musicke i'th'Ayre. 20

14-15. new l. at **And-CAPELL.**

3 [Sold.] Under the earth.
 4 [Sold.] It signes¹ well, do's it not? ^{1 bode}
 3 [Sold.] No.
 1 [Sold.] Peace I say: What should this meane?
 2 [Sold.] 'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Antbony*
 loved, |

Now leaves him.

1 [Sold.] Walke, let's see if other Watchmen
 Do heare what we do?

[They advance to another post.]
 2 [Sold.] How now Maisters? *Speak together.*
Omn. How now? how now? do you heare this?
 1 [Sold.] I, is't not strange? ³¹
 3 [Sold.] Do you heare Masters? Do you heare?
 1 [Sold.] Follow the noyses so farre as we have quarter.

Let's see how it will give off.

Omn. Content: 'Tis strange. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *The same. A room in the palace.*]

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, [Charmian,] with others.

Ant. Eros, mine Armour *Eros.*

Cleo. Sleepe a little.

Ant. No my Chucke. *Eros, come mine Armor Eros.*

Enter Eros [with armor].

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,
 If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
 Because we brave her. Come.

Cleo. Nay, Ile helpe too, *Antbony.* ⁹
 What's this for? [*Ant.*] Ah let be, let be, thou art
 The Armourer of my heart: False, false: This, this,

24. new l. at What—CAPELL.

6. *thine:* mine—HANMER.

9. *Antbony:* out—HANMER.

[*Cleo.*] Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it must bee.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thrive now.

Seest thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefely Sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To daft for our Repose, shall heare a storme.

Thou fumblest *Eros*, and my Queenes a Squire 20

More tight¹ at this, then thou: Dispatch. O Love,

That thou couldst see my Warres to day, and knew'st

The Royall Occupation, thou should'st see 1 *adroit*

A Workeman in't.

Enter an Armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,

Thou look'st like him that knowes a warlike Charge:

To businesse that we love, we rise betime,

And go too't with delight. 29

Soul. A thousand Sir, early thought' be, have on their
Riveted trim, and at the Port expect you. *Showt.*

Trumpets Flourish.

Enter Capaines, and Souldiers.

Alex. The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.

All. Good morrow Generall.

Ant. 'Tis well blowne Lads.

This Morning, like the spirit of a youth

That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so: Come give me that, this way, well-sed.

Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me, 40

12. *Sooth-law:* Sooth, la-CAPELL.

12-15. 3 ll. ending well, fellow, sir-CAPELL.

19. *daft:* daff't-DYCE.

29-31. 3 ll. ending air, trim, you-ROWE.

AND CLEOPATRA

[IV. iv. 30-v. 11]

This is a Soldiers kisse: rebukeable, [Kisses ber.]
 And worthy shamefull checke it were, to stand
 On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leave thee.
 Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
 Follow me close, Ile bring you too't: Adieu. *Exeunt*
 [Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers].

Cbar. Please you retyre to your Chamber?

Cleo. Lead me:

He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cæsar* might
 Determine this great Warre in single fight; 49
 Then *Anthony*; but now. Well on. *Exeunt*

[Scene v. *Alexandria, Antony's camp.*]

Trumpets sound. Enter *Anthony*, and *Eros* [a Soldier meeting them].

Eros. [Sold.] The Gods make this a happy day to
Anthony.

Ant. Would thou, & those thy scars had once prevaild
 To make me fight at Land.

Eros. [Sold.] Had'st thou done so,
 The Kings that have revolted, and the Soldier
 That has this morning left thee, would have still
 Followed thy heelles.

Ant. Whose gone this morning? 9
Eros. [Sold.] Who? one ever neere thee, call for
Enobarbus, |

He shall not heare thee, or from *Cæsars* Campe,
 Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What sayest thou?

Sold. Sir he is with *Cæsar*.

Eros. Sir, his Chests and Treasure he has not with him.

43-4. *Ibee.* Now ... Steele, you: thee Now ... steel. You-Rowe.

9-10. new l. at One-Pope.

12-17. 3 five-accent ll.—THEOBALD.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sol. Most certaine.

Ant. Go *Eros*, send his Treasure after, do it,
Detaine no jot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will subscribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings; 20
Say, that I wish he never finde more cause
To change a Master. Oh my Fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. Dispatch *Enobarbus*. *Exit*

[Scene vi. *Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*]

Flourisb. Enter *Agrippa, Cæsar, with Enobarbus*
[and others], and *Dollabella*.

Cæs. Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Anthony* be tooke alive:
Make it so knowne.

Agrip. *Cæsar*, I shall. [Exit.]

Cæsar. The time of universal peace is neere:
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

10

Mes. *Anthony* is come into the Field.

Cæs. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant those that have revolted in the Vant,
That *Anthony* may seeme to spend his Fury
Upon himselfe. *Exeunt* [all but *Enobarbus*].

Enob. *Alexas* did revolt, and went to *Jewry* on
Affaires of *Anthony*, there did dissuade
Great *Herod* to incline himselfe to *Cæsar*,
And leave his Master *Anthony*. For this paines,

2. and *Dollabella*: out—CAPELL. 9, 11. new l. at IS—CAPELL.

13. *Vant*: van—2—4F. 16—17. new l. at ON—STEVENS (1793).

17. *dissuade*: persuade—ROWE.

Cæsar hath hang'd him: *Camindius* and the rest 20
 That fell away, have entertainment, but
 No honourable trust: I have done ill,
 Of which I do accuse my selfe so forely,
 That I will joy no mote.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsars.

Sol. Enobarbus, Anthony
 Hath after thee sent all thy Treasure, with
 His Bounty over-plus. The Messenger
 Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
 Unloading of his Mules. 30

Eno. I give it you.

Sol. Mocke not *Enobarbus*, ¹conduct safely
 I tell you true: Best you saf't¹ the bringer
 Out of the hoast, I must attend mine Office,
 Or would have done't my selfe. Your Emperor
 Continues still a Jove. *Exit*

Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
 And feele I am so most. Oh *Anthony*,
 Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'st thou have payed
 My better service, when my turpitude 40
 Thou dost so Crowne with Gold. This blowes² my hart,
 If swift thought³ breake it not: a swifter meane ²swells
 Shall out strike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele
 I fight against thee: No I will go seeke ³sorrow
 Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul'st best fits
 My latter part of life. *Exit.*

23. *forely: sorely*—2-4F.

24. *mote: more*—2-4F.

[Scene vii. *Field of battle between the camps.*]

Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets.

Enter Agrippa [and others].

Agrip. Retire, we have engag'd our selves too farre:
Cæsar himselfe ha's worke, and our oppression
 Exceeds what we expected. *Exit.*

Alarums.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.

Scar. O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed,
 Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
 With clowts about their heads. *Far off.* 10

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T,
 But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retyre.

Scar. Wee'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I have yet
 Roome for six scotches¹ more. ^{1 cuts}

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our advantage serves
 For a faire victory.

Scar. Let us score their backes, 20
 And snatch 'em up, as we take Hares behinde,
 'Tis sport to maul a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
 Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
 For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. Ile halt after. *Exit.*

10. *Far off:* out-GLOBE.

[Scene viii. *Under the walls of Alexandria.*]

Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March.
Scarrus, with others.

Ant. We have beate him to his Campe: Runne one
 Before, & let the Queen know of our guests: to morrow
 Before the Sun shall see's, wee'l spill the blood
 That ha's to day escap'd. I thanke you all,
 For doughty handed are you, and have fought
 Not as you serv'd the Cause, but as't had beene
 Each mans like mine: you have shewne all *Hectors.*
 Enter the Citty, clip¹ your Wives, your Friends, 10
 Tell them your feats, whil'st they with joyfull teares
 Wash the congealement from your wounds, and kisse
 The Honour'd-gashes whole. ¹embrace

Enter Cleopatra [attended].

[*To Scarus*] Give me thy hand,
 To this great Faيري, Ile commend thy acts,
 Make her thankes blesse thee. [*To Cleo.*] Oh thou
 day o' th'world, |
 Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all
 Through prooфе of Harnesses to my heart, and there
 Ride on the pants triumphing. 20

Cleo. Lord of Lords,
 Oh infinite Vertue, comm'st thou smiling from
 The worlds great snare uncaught.

Ant. Mine Nightingale,
 We have beate them to their Beds.
 What Gyrle, though gray
 Do somthing mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we

3-4. new l. at *And-Rowe.* 4. *guests: gests*—*THEOBALD.*
 13, 15. 1 l.—*Rowe.* 25-6. 1 l.—*Rowe.*

A Braine that nourishes our Nerves, and can
 Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
 Commend unto his Lippes thy savouring hand, 30
 Kisse it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
 As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had
 Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. Ile give thee Friend
 An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it Carbunkled
 Like holy Phœbus Carre. Give me thy hand,
 Through Alexandria make a jolly March,
 Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
 Had our great Pallace the capacity 40
 To Campe this hoast, we all would sup together,
 And drinke Carowses to the next dayes Fate
 Which promises Royall perill, Trumpetters
 With brazen dinne blast you the Citties eare,
 Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,¹
 That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
 Applauding our approach. ¹ *tambourines* *Exeunt.*

[Scene ix. *Cæsar's camp.*]

Euter a Centerie, and his Company, Enobarbus followes.

Cent. [1 Sold.] If we be not releev'd within this
 hour, |
 We must returne to'th'Court of Guard: the night
 Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattaile
 By'th'second hour i'th'Morne.

1. *Watch.* [2 Sold.] This last day was a shrew'd one
 too's. |

30. *savouring:* favouring—THEOBALD.

1. *Euter .. Company:* Sentinels at their post—Dyce.
 5-7. 2 ll. ending was, night—CAPELL.

Enob. Oh beare me witnesse night.

2 [3 Sold.] What man is this?

1 [2 Sold.] Stand close, and list him.

9

Enob. Be witnesse to me (O thou blessed Moone)

When men revolted shall upon Record

Beare hatefull memory: poore *Enobarbus* did

Before thy face repent.

Cent. [1 Sold.] *Enobarbus?*

2 [3 Sold.] Peace: Hearke further.

Enob. Oh Soveraigne Mistris of true Melancholly,
The poysous dampe of night dispunge¹ upon me,
That Life, a very Rebell to my will, ^{1 pour down}
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault, ²⁰
Whiche being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,
And finish all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,
Nobler then my revolt is Infamous,
Forgive me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Register
A Master leaver, and a fugitive:

Oh *Anthony!* Oh *Anthony!*

[*Dies.*]

1 [2 Sold.] Let's speake to him.

Cent. [1 Sold.] Let's heare him, for the things he
speakes |

May concerne *Cæsar*.

30

2 [3 Sold.] Let's do so, but he sleepes.

Cent. [1 Sold.] Swoonds rather, for so bad a Prayer
as his |

Was never yet for sleepe.

1 [2 Sold.] Go we to him.

2 [3 Sold.] Awake sir, awake, speake to us.

1 [2 Sold.] Heare you sir?

15. *Hearke furtber:* separate l.—HANMER.

27-9. 2 five-accent ll.—STEEVENS.

IV. ix. 29-xi. 4]

ANTHONIE,

Cent. [1 Sold.] The hand of death hath raught¹ him.

Drummes afarre off. ¹reached

Hearke the Drummes demurely² wake the sleepers: 39
Let us beare him to'th'Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our houre is fully out. ²gravely

2 [3 Sold.] Come on then, he may recover yet.

exeunt [with the body.] |

[Scene x. *Between the two camps.*]

Enter Anthony and Scarrus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i'th'Fire, or i'th'Ayre,
Wee'l'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Upon the hilles adjoyning to the Citty
Shall stay with us. Order for Sea is given,
They have put forth the Haven:
Where their appointment we may best discover, 10
And looke on their endevour. *exeunt*

[Scene xi. *Another part of the same.*]

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,
Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our best advantage. *exeunt.*

37-42. 5 ll. ending drums, him, hour-MALONE; then, yet-
CAPELL.
xi. 1. *Cæsar:* misprint 1F.

[Scene xii. *Another part of the same.*]

Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant. Yet they are not joyn'd:
Where yon'd Pine does stand, I shall discover all.
Ile bring thee word straight, how'ris like to go. *exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's Sails their nests. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not speake their knowledge. *Anthony,* 10
Is valiant, and dejected, and by starts
His fretted Fortunes give him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is lost:
This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My Fleete hath yeedled to the Foe, and yonder
They cast their Caps up, and Carowse together
Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this Novice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye: 20
For when I am reveng'd upon my Charme,
I have done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.

[*Exit Scarrus.*]

Oh Sunne, thy uprise shall I see no more,
Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, even heere
Do we shake hands? All come to this? The hearts

1. *Alarum, etc.*: shifted to after l. 12—STEEVENS.

3-6. 3 ll. ending stand, word, built—CAPELL.

5. 'ris: 'tis—2-4F. 7. Auguries: augurera—CAPELL.

That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do dis-Candie, melt their sweets
 On blossoming *Cæsar*: And this Pine is barkt,
 That over-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
 Oh this false Soule of Egypt! this grave Charme, 30
 Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, & cal'd them home:
 Whose Bosome was my Crownet,¹ my chiefe end,
 Like a right Gypsie, hath at fast and loose ^{1 crown}
 Beguil'd me, to the very heart of losse.
 What *Eros*, *Eros*?

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish *Cæsars* Triumph. Let him take thee, 40
 And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians,
 Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy Sex. Most Monster-like be shewne
 For poor'st Diminitives, for Dolts, and let
 Patient *Octavia*, plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nailes. *exit Cleopatra.*

'Tis well th'art gone,
 If it be well to live. But better 'twere
 Thou fell'st into my furie, for one death
 Might have prevented many. *Eros*, hoa? 50
 The shirt of *Nessus* is upon me, teach me
Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.
 Let me lodge *Licas* on the hornes o'th' Moone,
 And with those hands that grapt the heaviest Club,
 Subdue my worthiest selfe: The Witch shall die,
 To the young Roman Boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under this plot: She dyes for't. *Eros* hoa? *exit.*

26. *pannelled*: spaniel'd—HANMER.

46-7. 1 l.—ROWE.

[Scene xiii. *Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo. Helpe me my women: Oh hee's more mad
Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of Thessaly
Was never so imbold.¹

¹ *foaming at the mouth*

Char. To'th' Monument, there locke your selfe,
And send him word you are dead:
The Soule and Body rive not more in parting,
Then greatnesse going off.

Cleo. To'th' Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have slaine my selfe: 10
Say, that the last I spoke was *Anthony*,
And word it (prythee) piteously. Hence *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death to'th' Monument.

Exeunt.

[Scene xiv. *The same. Another room.*]

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. *Eros,* thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. I Noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a clowd that's Dragonish,
A vapour sometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
With Trees upon't, that nodde unto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.

Thou hast seene these Signes, 10
They are blacke Vespers Pageants.

Eros. I my Lord.

5-6. new l. at There—POPE.

xiv. 6. toward: tower'd—ROWE.

9-10. 1 l.—ROWE.

Ant. That which is now a Horse, even with a thought
the Racket dislimes,¹ and makes it indistinct
As water is in water. ¹ disfigures

Eros. It does my Lord.

Ant. My good Knave *Eros*, now thy Captaine is
Even such a body: Heere I am *Antbony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knave)
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene, 20
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine:
Which whil'st it was mine, had annexed untoo't
A Million moe, (now lost:) shee *Eros* has
Packt Cards with *Cæsars*, and false plaid my Glory
Unto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left us
Our selves to end our selves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword.
Mar. No *Antbony*, 30
My Mistris lov'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence sawcy Eunuch peace, she hath betraide me,
And shall dye the death.

Mar. Death of one person, can be paide but once,
And that she ha's discharg'd. What thou would'st do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she speake
Was *Antbony*, most Noble *Antbony*:
Then in the midd'st a tearing grone did breake
The name of *Antbony*: it was divided
Betweene her heart, and lips: she rendred life 40
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

24. *Cæsars*: *Cæsar*-Rowe. 29-30. new l. at She-Rowe.
33-4. new l. at She-HANMER.

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarme *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,
And we must sleepe: [*To Mar.*] That thou depart'st
hence safe |

Does pay thy labour richly: Go. *exit Mardian.*

Off, plucke off,

The seven-fold shield of *Ajax* cannot keepe

The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my sides. 50

Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,

Cracke thy fraile Case. Apace *Eros*, apace;

No more a Soldier: bruised peeces go,

You have bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. *exit Eros*

I will o're-take thee *Cleopatra*, and

Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now

All length is Torture: since the Torch is out,

Lye downe and stray no farther. Now all labour

Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles

It selfe with strength: Seale then, and all is done. 60

Eros? I come my Queene. *Eros?* Stay for me,

Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,

And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze:

Dido, and her *Aeneas* shall want Troopes,

And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* dyed,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
Detest my basenesse. I, that with my Sword, 70
Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunes backe
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, lesse Noble minde

Then she which by her death, our *Cæsar* telles
 I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art sworne *Eros*,
 That when the exigent should come, which now
 Is come indeed: When I should see behinde me
 Th'inevitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
 That on my command, thou then would'st kill me.
 Doo't, the time is come: Thou strik'st not me, 80
 'Tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.

Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,
 (Though Enemy) lost ayme, and could not.

Ant. *Eros*,
 Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
 Thy Master thus with pleach¹ Armes, bending downe
 His corrigible² necke, his face subdu'de ¹folded
 To penetrative shame; whil'st the wheel'd seate
 Of Fortunate *Cæsar* drawne before him, branded 90
 His Basenesse that ensued. ²submissive to correction

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then: for with a wound I must be cur'd.
 Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou hast worne
 Most usefull for thy Country.

Eros. Oh sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
 then |

To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
 Or thy precedent Services are all
 But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come. 100

Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
 Wherein the worship of the whole world lyes.

Ant. Loe thee. [Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawne.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawne it.

Eros. My deere Master,
My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farwell.

Ant. 'Tis said man, and farewell. 110

Eros. Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now *Eros.* Killes himselfe.

Eros. Why there then:
Thus I do escape the sorrow of *Antbonies* death.'

Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,
Thou teachest me: Oh valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou could'st not, my Queene and *Eros*
Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee
A Bride-groome in my death, and run intoo't 120
As to a Lovers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
Thy Master dies thy Scholler; to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*]

I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh dispatch me.

Enter [*Dercetas and*] a *Guard*.

1. *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my worke ill Friends:
Oh make an end of what I have begun.

2 [*Guard.*] The Starre is falne.

1 [*Guard.*] And time is at his Period. 130

All. Alas, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 [*Guard.*] Not I.

2 [*Guard.*] Nor I.

113-15. 2 five-accent ll.—CAPELL. 124. *bowP: hol*—THEOBALD.
127-8. new l. at Of-HAMMER.

3 [Guard.] Nor any one. exeunt
Dercetus. Thy death and fortunes bid thy folowers fly
 This sword but shewne to *Cæsar* with this tydings,
 Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Anthony?* 140

Decre. There *Diomed* there.

Diom. Lives he: wilt thou not answer man?

[*Exit Dercetas.*]

Ant. Art thou there *Diomed*?
 Draw thy sword, and give mee,
 Suffising strokes for death.

Diom. Most absolute Lord:
 My Mistris *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When did shee send thee?

Diom. Now my Lord.

Antb. Where is she? 150

Diom. Lockt in her Monument: she had a Prophesying
 feare |

Of what hath come to passe: for when she saw
 (Which never shall be found) you did suspect
 She had dispos'd¹ with *Cæsar*, and that your rage
 Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead:
 But fearing since how it might worke, hath sent
 Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come¹ conspired
 I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prythee.

Dio. What hoa: the Emperors Guard, 160
 The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

140-4. 3 ll. ending he, man—STEVENS (1793); me—ROWE.
 141. *Decre.*: Der.—POPE. 160-1. new l. at Come—POPE.

Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 [Guard.] Woe, woe are we sir, you may not live
to weare |
All your true Followers out.

All. Most heavy day.

Ant. Nay good my Fellowes, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it 170
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me up,
I have led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
And have my thankes for all. *Exit bearing Anthony*

[Scene xv. *The same. A monument.*]

*Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with
Charmian & Iras.*

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted deere Madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter [below] Diomed.

10

How now? is he dead?

Diom. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Looke out o'th other side your Monument,
His Guard have brought him thither.

Enter [below] *Anthony*, and the Guard.

Cleo. Oh Sunne,

Burne the great Sphere thou mov'st in, darkling stand
The varrying shore o'th'world. O *Antony*, *Antony*, *Antony*
Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe: helpe Friends
Below, let's draw him hither. 20

Ant. Peace,

Not *Cæsar*'s Valour hath o'rethrowne *Anthony*,
But *Antonie's* hath Triumphant on it selfe.

Cleo. So it should be,

That none but *Anthony* should conquer *Anthony*,
But woe 'tis so.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying; onely
I heere importune death a-while, untill
Of many thousand kisses, the poore last
I lay upon thy lippes. 30

Cleo. I dare not Deere,
Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Least I be taken: not th'Imperious shew
Of the full-Fortun'd *Cæsar*, ever shall
Be brooch'd¹ with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents have
Edge, sting, or operation. I am safe: 1 adorned
Your Wife *Octavia*, with her modest eyes,
And still Conclusion, shall acquire no Honour
Demuring upon me: but come, come *Anthony*,
Helpe me my women, we must draw thee up: 40
Assist good Friends.

Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.

Cleo. Heere's sport indeede:
How heavy weighes my Lord?
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,

18-21. 3 ll. ending O *Antony*, *Iras* help, Peace—MALONE.

24-6. 2 five-accent ll.—Rowe.

43-4. 1 l.—Rowe.

AND CLEOPATRA

[IV. xv. 34-60]

That makes the waight. Had I great *Juno*'s power,
The strong wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Joves side. Yet come a little,
Wishers were ever Fooles. Oh come, come, come,

They beave Anthony aloft to Cleopatra. 50
And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast liv'd,
Quicken with kissing: had my lippes that power,
Thus would I weare them out.

All. A heavy sight.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.
Give me some Wine, and let me speake a little.

Cleo. No, let me speake, and let me rayle so hye,
That the false Huswife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (sweet Queene) 60
Of *Cæsar* seeke your Honour, with your safety. Oh.

Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle heare me,
None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cleo. My Resolution, and my hands, Ile trust,
None about *Cæsar*.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former Fortunes
Wherein I lived. The greatest Prince o'th'world, 70
The Noblest: and do now not basely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't dye?
Hast thou no care of me, shall I abide

In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better then a Sty? Oh see my women:

The Crowne o'th'earth doth melt. My Lord? 80
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,
The Souldiers pole is faine: young Boyes and Gyrles
Are levell now with men: The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkeable
Beneath the visiting Moone.

[Faints.]

Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.

Iras. She's dead too, our Soveraigne.

Char. Lady.

Iras. Madam.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam. 90

Iras. Royall Egypt: Empresse.

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And doe's the meanest chares.¹ It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the injurious Gods, ¹task-work
To tell them that this World did equall theyrs,
Till they had stolne our Jewell. All's but naught:
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne, 100
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us. How do you Women?
What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian?*
My Noble Gyrles? Ah Women, women! Looke
Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good sirs, take heart,
Wee'l bury him: And then, what's brave, what's Noble,
Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away,

AND CLEOPATRA

[IV. xv. 89—V. i. 17

This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah Women, Women! Come, we have no Friend 110
But Resolution, and the breefest end.

Exeunt, bearing of Antonies body.

[Act V. Scene i. *Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*]

Enter *Cæsar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Menas, with
[Gallus, Proculeius, and others] his Coun-
sell of Warre.* |

Cæsar. Go to him *Dollabella*, bid him yeeld,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
Appeare thus to us?

Dec. I am call'd *Decretas,* 10
Marke Anthony I serv'd, who best was worthie
Best to be serv'd: whil'st he stood up, and spoke
He was my Master, and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
Ile be to *Cæsar:* if thou pleasest not, I yeild thee up my
life. |

Cæsar. What is't thou say'st?

Dec. I say (Oh *Cæsar*) *Anthony* is dead.

Cæsar. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater cracke. The round World 20
Should have shooke Lyons into civill streets,
And Cittizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*

1. *Menas: Mæcenas—THEOBALD.* 4-5. new l. at *The-HANMER.*
7, 10. *Decretas: Dercetas—POPE.* 16-17. new l. at *I-ROWE.*

Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Duc. He is dead *Cæsar*,
Not by a publike minister of Justice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand
Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword, 30
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most Noble blood.

Cæs. Looke you sad Friends,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Dol. [Agr.] And strange it is,
That Nature must compell us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.
Dola. A Rarer spirit never 40
Did steere humanity: but you Gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. *Cæsar* is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needes must see him selfe.

Cæsar. Oh *Anthony*,
I have followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Have shewne to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not stall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament 50
With teares as Soveraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all designe; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,

38-40. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE. 46. *launch*: lance—THEOBALD.

The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
 Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
 Unreconciliable, should divide our equalnesse to this.
 Heare me good Friends,
 But I will tell you at some meeter Season,
 The businesse of this man lookes out of him, 60
 Wee'l heare him what he sayes.

Enter an Egyptian.

Whence are you?

Egypt. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistris
 Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
 Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
 That she preparedly may frame her selfe
 To'th'way shee's forc'd too.

Cæsar. Bid her have good heart,
 She soone shall know of us, by some of ours, 70
 How honourable, and how kindely Wee
 Determine for her. For *Cæsar* cannot leave to be ungentle

Egypt. So the Gods preserve thee. *Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and say
 We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
 The quality of her passion shall require;
 Least in her greatnessse, by some mortall stroke
 She do defeate us. For her life in Rome,
 Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,
 And with your speediest bring us what she sayes, 80
 And how you finde of her.

Pro. *Cæsar* I shall. *Exit Proculeius.*

Cæs. *Gallus*, go you along: [*Exit Gallus.*] where's
Dolabella, to se- | cond *Proculeius*?

57-8. new l. at Our-HANMER. 61, 63. 1 l.-ROWE.

72. leave: live- 2Rowe. 72-3. new l. at To-POPE.

83-5. new l. at To-POPE.

That have no use for trusting. If your Master
 Would have a Queece his begger, you must tell him,
 That Majesty to keepe *decorum*, must 21
 No lesse begge then a Kingdome: If he please
 To give me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
 He gives me so much of mine owne, as I
 Will kneele to him with thankes.

Pro. Be of good cheere:
 Y'are falne into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
 Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
 Who is so full of Grace, that it flowes over
 On all that neede. Let me report to him 30
 Your sweet dependacie, and you shall finde
 A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse,
 Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,
 I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I send him
 The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly learne
 A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
 Looke him i'th'Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
 Have comfort, for I know your plight is pittied 40
 Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. [Gal.] You see how easily she may be sur-
 priz'd: [

*[Here Proculeius and two of the Guard ascend the
 monument by a ladder placed against a window, and,
 having descended, come behind Cleopatra. Some of
 the Guard unbar and open the gates.]*

[To Proculeius and the Guard] Guard her till Cæsar
 come. | [Exit.]

Iras. Royall Queene.

20. *Queece: Queen*-2-4F. 27. *Y'are: You 're*-Rowe.
 31. *dependacie: dependency*-2-4F.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.

Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*]

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:

[*Seizes and disarms her.*]

Doe not your selfe such wrong, who are in this
Releev'd, but not betraide.

49

Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languish

Pro. *Cleopatra*, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by
Th'undoing of your selfe: Let the World see
His Noblenesse well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou Death?

Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggers.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke sir,
If idle talke will once be necessary 60
Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,
Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know sir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,
Nor once be chastic'd with the sober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoyst me up,
And shew me to the showting Varlotarie
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle grave unto me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make 70
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,
And hang me up in Chaines.

Pro. You do extend

49-51. 3 five-accent ll.—CAPELL.

66. *Varlotarie: varlotry* (varlotry)—2-4F.

AND CLEOPATRA

[V. ii. 63-84]

These thoughts of horror further then you shall
 Finde cause in *Cæsar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
 What thou hast done, thy Master *Cæsar* knowes,
 And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,
 Ile take her to my Guard. 80

Pro. So Dolabella,
 It shall content me best: Be gentle to her,
 [To Cleo.] To *Cæsar* I will speake, what you shall
 please, |
 If you'll employ me to him. *Exit Proculeius*

Cleo. Say, I would dye.
Dol. Most Noble Empresse, you have heard of me.
Cleo. I cannot tell.
Dol. Assuredly you know me.
Cleo. No matter sir, what I have heard or knowne:
 You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
 Is't not your tricke? 91

Dol. I understand not, Madam.
Cleo. I dreampt there was an Emperor *Anthony*.
 Oh such another sleepe, that I might see
 But such another man.

Dol. If it might please ye.
Cleo. His face was as the Heav'ns, and therein stucke
 A Sunne and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted
 The little o'th'earth.

Dol. Most Soveraigne Creature. 100
Cleo. His legges bestrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
 Crested the world: His voyce was propertied
 As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:

But when he meant to quaile,¹ and shake the Orbe,
 He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
 There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
 That grew the more by reaping: His delights
 Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his backe above
 The Element they liv'd in: In his Livery 109
 Walk'd Crownes and Crownets: Realms & Islands were
 As plates² dropt from his pocket. 1 cause to quail

Dol. Cleopatra.

² silver coins

Cleo. Thinke you there was, or might be such a man
 As this I dreampt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cleo. You Lye up to the hearing of the Gods:
 But if there be, nor ever were one such
 It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stiffe
 To vie³ strange formes with fancie, yet t'imagine
 An *Anthony* were Natures peece, 'gainst Fancie, 120
 Condemning shadowes quite. 3 contend with

Dol. Hearre me, good Madam:
 Your losse is as your selfe, great; and you beare it
 As answering to the waight, would I might never
 Ore-take pursu'de successe: But I do feele
 By the rebound of yours, a greefe that suites
 My very heart at roote.

Cleo. I thanke you sir:

Know you what *Cæsar* meanes to do with me? 129

Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay pray you sir.

Dol. Though he be Honourable.

Cleo. Hee'l leade me then in Triumph.

Dol. Madam he will, I know't. Flourish.

106. *Anthony it was: autumn 'twas*—THEOBALD.

117. *nor: or-3-4F.*

*Enter Proculeius, Cæsar, Gallus, Mecenas, [Seleucus,]
and others of his Train.*

All. [Shout within] Make way there *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Which is the Queene of Egypt.

Dol. It is the Emperor Madam. *Cleo. kneeles.*

Cæsar. Arise, you shall not kneele: 140

I pray you rise, rise Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the Gods will have it thus,
My Master and my Lord I must obey,
Cæsar. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole Sir o'th'World,
I cannot project¹ mine owne cause so well 1shape
To make it cleare, but do confesse I have 150
Bene laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our Sex.

Cæsar. *Cleopatra* know,
We will extenuate rather then inforce:
If you apply your selfe to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde
A benefit in this change: but if you seeke
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Antbonies course, you shall bereave your selfe
Of my good purposes, and put your children 160
To that destruction which Ile guard them from,
If thereon you relye. Ile take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we
your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall
Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.

^{137.} *All:* out—CAPELL.

^{141-4.} 3 ll. ending gods, lord, thoughts—POPE.

Cæsar. You shall advise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Jewels
I am possest of, 'tis exactly valewed,
Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus*?

Seleu. Heere Madam.

Cleo. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)
Upon his perill, that I have reserv'd
To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth *Seleucus*.

Seleu. Madam I had rather seele my lippes,
Then to my perill speake that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept backe.

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known
Cæsar. Nay blush not *Cleopatra*, I approve
Your Wisedome in the deede.

Cleo. See *Cæsar*: Oh behold, 180
How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, does
Even make me wilde. Oh Slave, of no more trust
Then love that's hyr'd? What goest thou backe, thou
shalt |

Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slave, Soule-lesse, Villain, Dog.
O rarely base!

Cæsar. Good Queene, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O *Cæsar*, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me, 191
Doing the Honour of thy Lordliness
To one so meeke, that mine owne Servant should
Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by
Addition of his Envy. Say (good *Cæsar*)
That I some Lady trifles have reserv'd,

Immoment¹ toyes, things of such Dignitie
 As we greet moderne Friends withall, and say
 Some Nobler token I have kept apart
 For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce 200
 Their mediation, must I be unfolded ¹*insignificant*
 With one that I have bred: The Gods! it smites me
 Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus*] Prythee go
 hence, |
 Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits
 Through th' Ashes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,
 Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæsar. Forbeare *Seleucus.* [*Exit Seleucus.*]

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
 For things that others do: and when we fall,
 We answer others merits, in our name 210
 Are therefore to be pittied.

Cæsar. *Cleopatra,*
 Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd
 Put we i'th' Roll of Conquest: still bee't yours,
 Bestow it at your pleasure, and beleeve
Cæsars no Merchant, to make prize with you
 Of things that Merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,
 Make not your thoughts your prisons: No deere Queen,
 For we intend so to dispose you, as
 Your selfe shall give us counsell: Feede, and sleepe:
 Our care and pitty is so much upon you, 221
 That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.

Cleo. My Master, and my Lord.

Cæsar. Not so: Adieu. *Flourish.*

Exeunt Cæsar, and his Traine.

Cleo. He words² me Gyrgles, he words me, ²*flatters*
 That I should not be Noble to my selfe.

But hearke thee *Charmian*. [Whispers *Charmian*.]

Iras. Finish good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke. 230

Cleo. Hye thee againe,
I have spoke already, and it is provided,
Go put it to the haste.

Charmian. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where's the Queene?

Charmian. Behold sir. [Exit.]

Cleo. *Dolabella*.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworne, by your command
(Which my love makes Religion to obey) 240
I tell you this: *Cæsar* through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he send before,
Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. *Dolabella*, I shall remaine your debter.

Dol. I your Servant:

Adieu good Queene, I must attend on *Cæsar*. Exit

Cleo. Farewell, and thankes.

Now *Iras*, what think'st thou? 250
Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne
In Rome aswell as I: Mechanicke Slaves
With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall
Uplift us to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of grosse dyet, shall we be enclowded,
And forc'd to drinke their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid.

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certaine *Iras*: sawcie Lictors

Will catch at us like Strumpets, and scald Rimers
 Ballads us out a Tune. The quicke Comedians 260
 Extemporally will stage us, and present
 Our Alexandrian Revels: *Anthony*
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
 Some squeaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatnesse
 I'th' posture of a Whore.

Iras. O the good Gods!

Cleo. Nay that's certaine.

Iras. Ile never see't? for I am sure mine Nailes
 Are stronger then mine eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
 And to conquer their most absurd intents. 271

Enter Charmian.

Now *Charmian*.
 Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
 My best Attyres. I am againe for *Cidrus*,
 To meeete *Marke Anthony*. Sirra *Iras*, go
 (Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l dispatch indeede,)
 And when thou hast done this chare, Ile give thee leave
 To play till Doomesday: bring our Crowne, and all.
 [Exit *Iras.*] A noise within. 280
 Wherfore's this noise?

Enter a Guardsman.

Gards. Heere is a rurall Fellow,
 That will not be deny'de your Highnesse presence,
 He brings you Figges.

Cleo. Let him come in. *Exit Guardsman.*
 What poore an Instrument

260. *Ballads*: *Ballad*-2-4F. a: o'-THEOBALD.

269-71, 73. 3 five-accent ll.-ROWE.

275. *Cidrus*: *Cydnus*-THEOBALD. 286-7. 1 l.-ROWE.

May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:
 My Resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
 Of woman in me: Now from head to foote 290
 I am Marble constant: now the fleeting Moone
 No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsman, and Clowne [bringing in a basket].

Guards. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. *Exit Guardsman.*
 Hast thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
 That killes and paines not?

Clow. Truly I have him: but I would not be the partie
 that should desire you to touch him, for his byting is
 immortall: those that doe dye of it, doe seldome or ne-
 ver recover. 301

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dyed on't?

Clow. Very many, men and women too. I heard of
 one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest wo-
 man, but something given to lye, as a woman should not
 do, but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the by-
 ting of it, what paine she felt: Truely, she makes a verie
 good report o'th' worme: but he that wil beleeve all that
 they say, shall never be saved by halfe that they do: but
 this is most falliable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell. 311

Clow. I wish you all joy of the Worme.

[*Setting down his basket.*]

Cleo. Farewell.

Clow. You must thinke this (looke you,) that the
 Worme will do his kinde.¹ ¹*nature*

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Clow. Looke you, the Worme is not to bee trusted,
 but in the keeping of wise people: for indeede, there is
 no goodnesse in the Worme.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded. 320

Clow. Very good: give it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clow. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the divell himselfe will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the Gods, if the divell dresse her not. But truly, these same whorson divels doe the Gods great harme in their women: for in every tenne that they make, the divels marre five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell. 330

Clow. Yes forsooth: I wish you joy o'th'worm. *Exit*

[*Re-enter Iras with a robe, crown, &c.*]

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I have Immortall longings in me. Now no more The juyce of Egypt's Grape shall moyst this lip. Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare *Anthony* call: I see him rowse himselfe To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock The lucke of *Cæsar*, which the Gods give men To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come: Now to that name, my Courage prove my Title. 340 I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements I give to baser life. So, have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes. Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*]

Have I the Aspicke in my lippes? Dost fall? If thou, and Nature can so gently part, The stroke of death is as a Lovers pinch, Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lye still? If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world, It is not worth leave-taking. 350

Char. Dissolve thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may say
The Gods themselves do weepe.

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meeete the Curled *Anthony*,
Hee'l make demand of her, and spend that kisse
Which is my heaven to have. Come thou mortal wretch,
[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.]
With thy sharpe teeth this knot intrinsicate,
Of life at once untye: Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh could'st thou speake,
That I might heare thee call great *Cæsar Asse*, unpolicied.

Char. Oh Easterne Starre. 361

Cleo. Peace, peace:
Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast,
That suckes the Nurse asleepe.

Char. O breake! O breake!
Cleo. As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.
O *Antbony!* Nay I will take thee too.

[Applying another asp to her arm.]
What should I stay _____ Dyes.

Char. In this wilde World? So fare thee well:
Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lyes 370
A Lasse unparalell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,
And golden Phœbus, never be beheld
Of eyes againe so Royall: your Crownes away,
Ile mend it, and then play _____

Enter the Guard rustling in, and Dolabella.

1 *Guard.* Where's the Queene?

Char. Speake softly, wake her not.

1 [Guard.] *Cæsar* hath sent

360-2. new l. at Unpolicied—POPE. 369. wilde: vile—CAPELL.

373. away: awry—POPE.

375. rustling: rushing—ROWE. and *Dolabella*: out—ROWE.

Char. Too slow a Messenger. [Applies an asp.]
Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feele thee. 380

1 [Guard.] Approach hoa,
All's not well: *Cæsar's* beguiled.

2 [Guard.] There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cæsar*: call
him. 1

1 [Guard.] What worke is heere *Charmian*?
Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princesse
Descended of so many Royall Kings.

Ah Souldier. *Charmian* dyes.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it heere?

390

2. *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. *Cæsar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thy selfe art comming
To see perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar and all his Traine, marching.

All. [Within] A way there, a way for *Cæsar*.

Dol. Oh sir, you are too sure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.

Cæsar. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and being Royall 400
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not see them bleede.

Dol. Who was last with them?
1. *Guard.* A simple Countryman, that brought hir Figs:
This was his Basket.

Cæsar. Poyson'd then.

381-2. 1 l.-THEOBALD.

384-5. 1 l.-ROWE.

397. *All:* out-CAPELL.

V. ii. 343-369] ANTHONIE & CLEOPATRA

1. *Guard.* Oh *Cæsar*:

This *Charmian* liv'd but now, she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the Diadem; 410
On her dead Mistris tremblingly she stood,
And on the sodaine dropt.

Cæsar. Oh Noble weakenesse:

If they had swallow'd poyson, 'twould appere
By externall swelling: but she lookest like sleepe,
As she would catch another *Antbony*
In her strong toyle of Grace.

Dol. Heere on her brest,
There is a vent of Bloud, and something blowne,
The like is on her Arme. 420

1. *Guard.* This is an Aspikes traile,
And these Figge-leaves have slime upon them, such
As th'Aspice leaves upon the Caves of Nyle.

Cæsar. Most probable
That so she dyed: for her Physitian tels mee
She hath pursu'de Conclusions infinite
Of easie wayes to dye. Take up her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She shall be buried by her *Antbony*.
No Grave upon the earth shall clip in it 430
A payre so famous: high events as these
Strike those that make them: and their Story is
No lesse in pitty, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army shall
In solemne shew, attend this Funeral,
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, see
High Order, in this great Solmemnity. *Exeunt omnes*

421-4. 3 five-accent ll.—JOHNSON. 437. *Solmemnity*: misprint *IF*.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS

CORIO. I.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards **CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS**.

TITUS LARTIUS, } *generals against the Volscians.*
COMINIUS, }

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to Coriolanus.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *tribunes of the people.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }

Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

TELLUS AUFIDIUS, *general of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *mother to Coriolanus.*

VIRGILIA, *wife to Coriolanus.*

VALERIA, *friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Aediles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE: Rome and the neighborhood; Corioli and the neighborhood; Antium.]



Photographed by Catharine Weed Ward
Entrance to the Guild Chapel, standing since Shakespeare's time

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS



Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

[*Rome. A street.*]

*Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves,
Clubs, and other weapons.*

1. *Citizen.*

BEFORE we proceed any further, heare me speake.
All. Speake, speake.

1. *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to dy then | to
famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd. 9

1. *Cit.* First you know, *Caius Martius* is chiefe enemy
to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1. *Cit.* Let us kill him, and wee'l have Corne at our own
price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away

2. *Cit.* One word, good Citizens. 16

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patri-
cians good: what Authority surfets one, would releeve

10. *Martius: Marcius throughout—Rowe.* 18. *one: on-3-4F.*

us. If they would yelde us but the superflutie while it were wholsome, wee might guesse they releaved us humanelly: But they thinke we are too deere, the leannesse that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gaine to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Revenge.

2. *Cit.* Would you proceede especially against *Caius Martius*.

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2. *Cit.* Consider you what Services he ha's done for his Country?

1. *Cit.* Very well, and could bee content to give him good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with beeing proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done Famouarie, he did it to that end: though soft conscience'd men can be content to say it was for his Countrey, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his vertue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is covetous.

1. *Cit.* If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accusations he hath faults (with surplus) to tyre in repetition.

Showts within.

What showts are these? The other side a'th City is risen: why stay we prating heere? To th'Capitoll.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft, who comes heere?

36. *All* given *Sec. Cit.*—MALONE.

OF CORIOLANUS

[I. i. 52-80

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 Cit. Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath al-
ways lov'd the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough, wold al the rest wero.

Men. What work's my Countrimen in hand?
Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter
Speake I pray you.

2 Cit. Our busines is not unknowne to th'Senat, they
have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do,
which | now wee'l shew em in deeds: they say poore
Suters have | strong breaths, they shal know we have
strong arms too. |

Menen. Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest
Neighbours, will you undo your selves?

2 Cit. We cannot Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, most charitable care
Have the Patricians of you for your wants.
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman State, whose course will on 70
The way it takes: cracking ten thousand Curbes
Of more strong linke assunder, then can ever
Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and
Your knees to them (not armes) must helpe. Alacke,
You are transported by Calamity
Thether, where more attends you, and you slander
The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers,
When you curse them, as Enemies. 79

56-8. 2 ll. ending go you, pray you—THEOBALD.

63-4. 2 ll., new l. at Will—THEOBALD.

65. 2 Cit throughout scene given *First Cit.*—CAPELL.

67. *you for:* you. For—JOHNSON.

2 *Cit.* Care for us? True indeed, they nere car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their Store-houses cramm'd with Graine: Make Edicts for Usurie, to support Usurers; repeale daily any wholsome Act established against the rich, and provide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine up and restraine the poore. If the Warres eate us not uppe, they will; and there's allthe love they beare us.

Menen. Either you must
Confesse your selves wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I shall tell you 90
A pretty Tale, it may be you have heard it,
But since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't a little more.

2 *Citizen.* Well,
Ile heare it Sir: yet you must not thinke
To fobbe off our disgrace with a tale:
But and't please you deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members
Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it:
That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine 100
I'th midd'st a th'body, idle and unactive,
Still cubbording the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where th'other Instruments
Did see, and heare, devise, instruct, walke, feele,
And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly answer'd.

2. *Cit.* Well sir, what answer made the Belly.

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kinde of Smile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but even thus: 110

93. *scale:* stale—THEOBALD.

94-7. prose—CAPELL.

97. *and't:* an't—HANMER.

109. *you with:* you. With—THEOBALD.

OF CORIOLANUS

[I. i. 113-139]

For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
 As well as speake, it taintingly replyed
 To'th'discontented Members, the mutinous parts
 That envied his receite: even so most fitly,
 As you maligne our Senators, for that
 They are not such as you.

2. Cit. Your Bellies answer: What
 The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
 The Counsailor Heart, the Arme our Souldier, 119
 Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
 With other Muniments and petty helps
 In this our Fabricke, if that they_____

Men. What then? Foreme, this Fellow speakes.
 What then? What then?

2 Cit. Should by the Cormorant belly be restrain'd,
 Who is the sinke a th'body.

Men. Well, what then?
2. Cit. The former Agents, if they did complaine,
 What could the Belly answer?

Men. I will tell you, 130
 If you'l bestow a small (of what you have little)
 Patience awhile; you'st heare the Bellies answer.

2. Cit. Y'are long about it.
Men. Note me this good Friend;
 Your most grave Belly was deliberate,
 Not rash like his Accusers, and thus answered.
 True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
 That I receive the generall Food at first
 Which you do live upon: and fit it is,
 Because I am the Store-house, and the Shop 140
 Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
 I send it through the Rivers of your blood

112. *taintingly*: tauntingly (tauntingly-2-3F)-4F.

123-4. new 5-accent l. at 'Fore me-CAPELL.

Even to the Court, the Heart, to th'seate o'th' Braine,
 And through the Crankes¹ and Offices of man,
 The strongest Nerves, and small inferiour Veines
 From me receive that naturall competencie ¹ *windings*
 Whereby they live. And though that all at once
 (You my good Friends, this sayes the Belly) marke me.

2. *Cit.* I sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot 150
 See what I do deliver out to each,
 Yet I can make my Awdit up, that all
 From me do backe receive the Flowre of all,
 And leave me but the Bran. What say you too't?

2. *Cit.* It was an answer, how apply you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
 And you the mutinous Members: For examine
 Their Counsailes, and their Cares; digest things rightly,
 Touching the Weale a'th Common, you shall finde
 No publique benefit which you receive 160
 But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
 And no way from your selves. What do you think?
 You, the great Toe of this Assembly?

2. *Cit.* I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th lowest, basest, poorest
 Of this most wise Rebellion, thou goest formost:
 Thou Rascall, that art worst in blood to run,
 Lead'st first to win some vantage.
 But make you ready your stiffe bats and clubs,
 Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell, 170
 The one side must have baile.² 2 the worst of it

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble *Martius*.

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you dissentious
 rogues |

153. *Flowre:* flour—KNIGHT.

171. *baile:* bale—THEOBALD.

That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your selves Scabs.

2. Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, wil flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you Curres,
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, 181
Where he should finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geese you are: No surer, no,
Then is the coale of fire upon the Ice,
Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that Justice did it. Who deserves Greatnes,
Deserves your Hate: and your Affections are
A sickmans Appetite; who desires most that
Which would encrease his evill. He that depends 190
Upon your favours, swimmes with finnes of Leade,
And hewes downe Oakes, with rushes. Hang ye: trust ye?
With every Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in these severall places of the Citiie,
You cry against the Noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keepe you in awe, which else
Would feede on one another? What's their seeking?

Men. For Corne at their owne rates, wherof they say
The Citiie is well stor'd. 201

Mar. Hang 'em: They say?
They'l sit by th'fire, and presume to know
What's done i'th Capitoll: Who's like to rise,
Who thrives, & who declines: Side factions, & give out
Conjecturall Marriages, making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,

183. *Geese you are: No: geese: you are no*—THEOBALD.

Below their cobled Shooes. They say ther's grain enough?
 Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,
 And let me use my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie 210
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could picke my Lance.

Menen. Nay these are almost thoroughly perswaded:
 For though abundantly they lacke discretion
 Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I beseech you,
 What sayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang em;
 They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth Proverbes
 That Hunger-broke stone wals: that dogges must eate
 That meate was made for mouths. That the gods sent not
 Corne for the Richmen onely: With these shreds 221
 They vented their Complainings, which being answer'd
 And a petition granted them, a strange one,
 To breake the heart of generosity,
 And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
 As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone,
 Shooting their Emulation.

Menen. What is graunted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms
 Of their owne choice. One's *Junius Brutus*, 230
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,
 The rabble should have first unroo'st the City
 Ere so prevayl'd with me; it will in time
 Win upon power, and throw forth greater Theames
 For Insurrections arguing.

Menen. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.

210. *I'de*: I'd—CAMBRIDGE. 227. *Shouting*: Shouting—Popz.
 232. *unroo'st*: unrooft—THEOBALD.
 235. *Insurrections*: insurrection's—THEOBALD.

Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mess. Where's *Caius Martius*?

Mar. Heere: what's the matter?

240

Mes. The newes is sir, the Volcies are in Armes.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall ha meanes to vent
Our mustie superfluity. See our best Elders.

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annius Brutus Cominius, Titus
Lartius, with other Senatours.*

1. *Sen.* *Martius* 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The Volces are in Armes.

Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullus Aufidius that will put you too't:

I sinne in envyng his Nobility: 250
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me onely he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th'eares, & he
upon my partie, I'de revolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1. *Sen.* Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to these Warres.

Com. It is your former promise.

260

Mar. Sir it is,
And I am constant: *Titus Lucius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus* face.
What art thou stiffe? Stand'st out?

Tit. No *Caius Martius*,
Ile leane upon one Crutch, and fight with tother,

241. *Volcies*: Volces—CAPELL.

244. *Annus*: Junius—4F. *Cominius*: Cominius—2-4F.

255. *I'de*: I'd—CAMBRIDGE. 262, etc. *Lucius*: Lartius—ROWE.

Ere stay behinde this Businesse.

Men. Oh true-bred.

Sen. Your Company to'th' Capitoll, where I know
Our greatest Friends attend us. 270

Tit. [To *Com.*] Lead you on: [To *Mar.*] Follow
Cominius, we must followe | you, right worthy you
Priority. |

Com. Noble *Martius*.

Sen. [To the *Citizens*] Hence to your homes, be
gone. |

Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volces have much Corne: take these Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worshipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. *Exeunt.*

Citizens steale away. *Manet Sicin. & Brutus.*

Sicin. Was ever man so proud as is this *Martius*?

Bru. He has no equall. 281

Sicin. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people.

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

Sicin. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.

Sicin. Bemocke the modest Moone.

Bru. The present Warres devoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good successe, dis-
daines the shadow which he treads on at noone, but I do
wonder, his insolence can brooke to be commanded un-
der *Cominius*? 292

Bru. Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot

271-3. 3 ll. verse ending on, follow you, *Marcius-Pope*.

288-293. 5 ll. verse ending nature, shadow, wonder, com-
manded, aimes-Pope.

OF CORIOLANUS

[I. i. 269-ii. 9

Better be held, nor more attain'd then by
 A place below the first: for what miscarries
 Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
 To th'utmost of a man, and giddy censure
 Will then cry out of *Martius*: Oh, if he
 Had borne the businesse. 300

Sicin. Besides, if things go well,
 Opinion that so stickes on *Martius*, shall
 Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Bru. Come: halfe all *Cominius* Honors are to *Martius*
 Though *Martius* earn'd them not: and all his faults
 To *Martius* shall be Honors, though indeed
 In ought he merit not.

Sicin. Let's hence, and heare
 How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion
 More then his singularity, he goes 310
 Upon this present Action.

Bru. Let's along. *Exeunt*

[Scene ii. *Corioli. The Senate-house.*]

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1. *Sen.* So, your opinion is *Aufidius*,
 That they of Rome are entred in our Counsailes,
 And know how we proeede,

Auf. Is it not yours?
 What ever have bin thought one in this State
 That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
 Had circumvention: 'tis not foure dayes gone
 Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke
 I have the Letter heere: yes, heere it is; [Reads] 10
 They have prest a Power, but it is not knowne

304. new l. at Half-THEOBALD. 307. *ought*: aught-2THEOBALD.
 1. *Coriolus*: *Corioli-Pope.* 6. *one*: on-3-4F.

Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great,
 The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Martius your old Enemy
 (Who is of Rome worse hated then of you)
 And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant Roman,
 These three leade on this Preparation
 Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
 Consider of it.

1. *Sen.* Our Armie's in the Field: 20
 We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
 To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly,
 To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when
 They needs must shew themselves, which in the hatching
 It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
 We shalbe shortned in our ayme, which was
 To take in many Townes, ere (almost) Rome
 Should know we were a-foot.

2. *Sen.* Noble *Auffidius*, 30
 Take your Commission, hye you to your Bands,
 Let us alone to guard *Corioles*
 If they set downe before's: for the remove
 Bring up your Army: but (I thinke) you'l finde
 Th'have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O doubt not that,
 I speake from Certainties. Nay more,
 Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
 And onely hitherward. I leave your Honors.
 If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meeete, 40
 'Tis sworne betweene us, we shall ever strike
 Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you.

32, etc. *Corioles: Coriolli-Pope.* 35. *Tb'have: They're-Rowz.*

Auf. And keepe your Honors safe.

1. Sen. Farewell.

2. Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

[Scene iii. *Rome. A room in Marcius' house.*]

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius:
They set them downe on two lowe stooles and sowe.

Volum. I pray you daughter sing, or expresse your selfe
 in a more comfortable sort: If my Sonne were my Husband,
 I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein
 he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed,
 where he would shew most love. When yet hee was but
 tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when
 youth with comelinesse pluck'd all gaze his way; when
 for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sel him
 an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour
 would become such a person, that it was no better then
 Picture-like to hang by th'wall, if renowne made it not
 stirre, was pleas'd to let him seeke danger, where he was
 like to finde fame: To a cruell Warre I sent him, from
 whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell
 thee Daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing
 he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had pro-
 ved himselfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Businesse Madame, how
 then? 21

Volum. Then his good report should have beene my
 Sonne, I therein would have found issue. Heare me pro-
 fesse sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my love alike,
 and none lesse deere then thine, and my good *Martius*, I
 had rather had eleven dye Nobly for their Countrey, then
 one voluptuously surfeit out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the *Lady Valeria* is come to visit you.

Virg. Beseech you give me leave to retire my selfe. 30

Volum. Indeed you shall not:

Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme:

See him plucke *Auffidius* downe by th'haire:

(As children from a Beare) the *Volces* shunning him:

Me thinkes I see him stampe thus, and call thus,

Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare

Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow

With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes

Like to a Harvest man, that task'd to mowe.

Or all, or loose his hyre. 40

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Jupiter, no blood.

Volum. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man

Then gilt his Trophe. The brests of *Hecuba*

When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier

Then *Hectors* forehead, when it spit forth blood

At Grecian sword. *Contenning*, tell *Valeria*

We are fit to bid her welcome. *Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens blesse my Lord from fell *Auffidius*.

Vol. Hee'l beat *Auffidius* head below his knee,
And treade upon his necke. 50

Enter Valeria with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-kee-

39. *that*: that's (thats)-2F.

43. *Trophe*: trophy-2-4F.

46. *sword*. *Contenning*, tell: sword, contemning. Tell-CAPELL.

pers. What are you sowing heere? A fine spotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir. I thanke your Lady-ship: Well good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and heare a Drum, then looke upon his Schoolmaster. 60

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ile sweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd upon him a Wensday halfe an houre together: ha's such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and over and over he comes, and up againe: catcht it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did so set his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt¹ it. 1 *tore*

Vol. One on's Fathers moods. 70

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stichery, I must have you play the idle Huswife with me this afternoone.

Virg. No (good Madam)
I will not out of doores.

Val. Not out of doores?

Volum. She shall, she shall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; Ile not over the threshold, till my Lord returne from the Warres. 80

Val. Fye, you confine your selfe most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will wish her speedy strength, and visite her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volum. Why I pray you.

Vlug. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*: yet they say, all

56. *sowing*: sewing—4F.

75-6. 1 l.—POPE.

86. *Vlug.*: Vir.—2-4F.

the yearne she spun in *Ulisses* absence, did but fill *Athica* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pitie. Come you shall go with us. 91

Vir. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not foorth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and Ile tell you excellent newes of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jest with you: there came newes from him last night.

Vir. Indeed Madam. 99

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speake it. Thus it is: the Volcies have an Army forth, against whom *Cominius* the Generall is gone, with one part of our Romane power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are set down before their Citie *Carioles*, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and so I pray go with us.

Virg. Give me excuse good Madame, I will obey you in every thing heereafter.

Vol. Let her alone Ladie, as she is now: She will but disease our better mirth. 110

Valeria. In troth I thinke she would: Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie. Prythee *Virgilia* turne thy solemnnesse out a doore, And go along with us.

Virgil. No At a word Madam; Indeed I must not, I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. *Exeunt Ladies*

[Scene iv. *Before Corioli.*]

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Colours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as before the City Corialus: to them a Messenger.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes:

A Wager they have met.

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy? 10

Mess. They lye in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good Horse is mine.

Mart. Ile buy him of you.

Lart. No, Ile nor sel, nor give him: Lend you him I will |

For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.

Mar. How farre off lie these Armies?

Mess. Within this mile and halfe.

Mar. Then shall we heare their Larum, & they Ours. Now Mars, I prynthee make us quicke in worke, 19 That we with smoaking swords may march from hence To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blast.

They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walles of Corialus.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Walles?

1. Senat. No, nor a man that feares you lesse then he, That's lesser then a little: *Drum a farre off.*
Hearke, our Drummes

Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles

5-6. 1 l.-Popz.

26-7. 1 l.-Popz.

Rather then they shall pound us up our Gates,
Which yet seeme shut, we have but pin'd with Rushes,
They'le open of themselves. Harke you, farre off 31
Alarum farre off.

There is *Auffidious*. List what worke he makes
Among'st your cloven Army.

Mart. Oh they are at it.

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They feare us not, but issue forth their Citiie.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proofer then Shields. 40

Advance brave *Titus*,
They do disdaine us much beyond our Thoughts,
which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows
He that retires, Ile take him for a *Volce*,
And he shall feele mine edge.

Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches.

Enter Martius Cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaister you o're, that you may be abhorred 50
Farther then seene, and one infect another
Against the Winde a mile: you soules of Geese,
That beare the shapes of men, how have you run
From Slaves, that Apes would beate; *Pluto* and *Hell*,
All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,
Or by the fires of heaven, Ile leave the Foe,
And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,

29. *up our: up: our*—4F. 40-1. 1 l.—POPE.
49. *Heard of Byles, etc.: herd of — Boiles, etc.*—JOHNSON.

OF CORIOLANUS

[I. iv. 41-61]

If you'l stand fast, wee'l beate them to their Wives,
As they us to our Trenches followes. 60

*Another Alarum, and Martius followes them to
gates, and is sbut in.*

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good Seconds,
'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,
Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.

Enter the Gati.

1. *Sol.* Foole-hardinesse, not I.

2. *Sol.* Nor I.

1. *Sol.* See they have shut him in. *Alarum continues*
All. To th'pot I warrant him. *Enter Titus Lartius*
Tit. What is become of *Martius?* 71

All. Slaine (Sir) doublesses.

1. *Sol.* Following the Flyers at the very heeles,
With them he enters: who upon the sodaine
Clapt to their Gates, he is himselfe alone,
To answer all the City.

Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!

Who sensibly out-dares his sencelesse Sword,
And when it bowes, stand'st up: Thou art left *Martius*,
A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art 80
Weare not so rich a Jewell. Thou was't a Souldier
Even to *Calves* wish, not fierce and terrible
Onely in strokes, but with thy grim lookes, and
The Thunder-like percussion of thy sounds
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the World
Were Feavorous, and did tremble.

60. *followes:* followed—2-4F.

64. *Fortune, widens:* comma out—3-4F.

66. *Gati:* Gates—2-4F. 79. *stand'st:* stands—Rowe.

82. *Calves:* Cato's—THEOBALD.

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1. *Sol.* Looke Sir.

2. *Lar.* O 'tis *Martius*.

Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike. 90
*T*hey fight, and all enter the City.

[Scene v. *Corioli. A street.*]

Enter certaine Romanes with spoiles.

1. *Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome*.

2. *Rom.* And I this.

3. *Rom.* A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Silver. *exeunt.*

Alarum continues still a-farre off.

Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.

Mar. See heere these movers, that do prize their hours
 At a crack'd Drachme: Cushions, Leaden Spoones,
 Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would 9
 Bury with those that wore them. These base slaves,
 Ere yet the fight be done, packe up, downe with them.
 And harke, what noyse the Generall makes: To him
 There is the man of my soules hate, *Auffidious*,
 Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant *Titus* take
 Convenient Numbers to make good the City,
 Whil'st I with those that have the spirit, wil haste
 To helpe *Cominius*.

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,
 Thy exercise hath bin too violent,
 For a second course of Fight. 20

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
 My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
 The blood I drop, is rather Physical

OF CORIOLANUS

[I. v. 20-vi. 13]

Then dangerous to me: To *Auffidious* thus, I will appear
and fight.

Lar. Now the faire Goddesse Fortune,
Fall deepe in love with thee, and her great charmes
Misguide thy Opposers swords, Bold Gentleman:
Prosperity be thy Page.

Mar. Thy Friend no lesse,
Then those she placeth highest: So farewell. 30

Lar. Thou worthiest *Martius*,
Go sound thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers a'th'Towne,
Where they shall know our minde. Away. *Exeunt*

[Scene vi. *Near the camp of Cominius.*]

Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with soldiers.

Com. Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come
off, | Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeve me Sirs,
We shall be charg'd againe. Whiles we have strooke
By Interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Leade their successes, as we wish our owne,
That both our powers, with smiling Fronts encountring,
May give you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes? 10

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Cittizens of *Corioles* have yssued,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battaile:
I saw our party to their Trenches driven,
And then I came away.

24. new l. at I-CAPELL. 7. *The Roman: Ye Roman-HANMER.*

Com. Though thou speakest truth,
Me thinkes thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mes. Above an houre, my Lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drummes.
How could'st thou in a mile confound an houre, 20
And bring thy Newes so late?

Mes. Spies of the *Volces*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele
Three or foure miles about, else had I sir
Halse an houre since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whose yonder,
That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the stampe of *Martius*, and I have
Before time scene him thus. 30

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder from a
Taber, |
More then I know the sound of *Martius* Tongue
From every meaner man.

Martius. Come I too late?

Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your owne.

Mart. Oh let me clip ¹ ye 1 *embrace*
In Armes as sound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done, 40
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lar-*
tius? |

27. *Whose:* Who's—Rowe.

28. *Flead:* fley'd—Rowe.

39-40. *woo'd in heart;* *As:* woo'd, in heart *As*—THEOBALD.

42. *new l. at How-Pope.*

OF CORIOLANUS

[I. vi. 34-58

Mar. As with a man busied about Decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitting, threatening th'other;
Holding *Corioles* in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that Slave 49
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague-Tribunes for them)
The Mouse ne're shunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Rascals worse then they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?
If not, why cease you till you are so? 60

Com. *Martius*, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retyre to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on which
side |

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guesse *Martius*,
Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients
Of their best trust: O're them *Auffidious*,
Their very heart of Hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the Battailles wherein we have fought, 70
By th' Blood we have shed together,
By th' Vowes we have made

60-2. new ll. at We, Retire—CAPELL.

66. *Antients*: *Antiates*—POPE.

71-4. 3 ll. ending *vows*, directly, *Antiates*—POPE.

To endure Friends, that you directly fet me
 Against *Affidious*, and his *Antiats*,
 And that you not delay the present (but
 Filling the aire with Swords advanc'd) and Darts,
 We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish,
 You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
 And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I never 80
 Deny your asking, take your choice of those
 That best can ayde your action.

Mar. Those are they
 That most are willing; if any such be heere,
 (As it were sinne to doubt) that love this painting
 Wherein you see me smear'd, if any feare
 Lessen his person, then an ill report:
 If any thinke, brave death out-weighes bad life,
 And that his Countries deerer then himselfe,
 Let him alone: Or so many so minded, 90
 Wave thus to expresse his disposition,
 And follow *Martius*.

*They all shout and wave their swords, take him up in
 their | Armes, and cast up their Caps.*
 Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:
 If these shewes be not outward, which of you
 But is foure *Volces*? None of you, but is
 Able to beare against the great *Affidious*
 A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
 (Though thankes to all) must I select from all: 100
 The rest shall beare the businesse in some other fight
 (As cause will be obey'd:) please you to March,
 And foure shall quickly draw out my Command,
 Which men are best inclin'd.

73. *fet*: set-misprint 1F.
 100-1. 2 ll. ending rest, fight-BOSWELL.

OF CORIOLANUS

[I. vi. 86-viii. 8

Com. March on my Fellowes:
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all, with us. *Exeunt*

[Scene vii. *The gates of Corioli.*]

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Carioles, going with | Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Mar- | tius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a | Scout.

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties As I have set them downe. If I do send, dispatch Those Centuries¹ to our ayd, the rest will serve For a short holding, if we loose the Field, ¹ companies We cannot keepe the Towne.

Lieu. Feare not our care Sir.

10

Lart. Hence; and shut your gates upon's: Our Guider come, to th' Roman Campe conduct us. *Exit Alarum, as in Battaille.*

[Scene viii. *A field of battle.*]

Enter Martius and Auffidius at several doores.

Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee Worse then a Promise-breaker.

Auffid. We hate alike:
 Not Affricke ownes a Serpent I abhorre
 More then thy Fame and Envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first Budger dye the others Slave,
 And the Gods doome him after.

Auf. If I flye *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.

Mar. Within these three houres *Tullus* 10
 Alone I fought in your *Corioles* walles,

viii. 8-10. 2 ll. ending *Marcius, Tullus—THEOBALD.*

And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me maskt, for thy Revenge
Wrench up thy power to th'highest.

Auf. Wer't thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me heere.

*Heere they fight, and certayne Volces come in the ayde
of Auffi. Martius fights til they be driven in breathles.*
Officious and not valiant, you have sham'd me 20
In your condemned Seconds.

[Scene ix. *The Roman camp.*]

*Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at
one Doore Cominius, with the Romanes: At
another Doore Martius, with his
Arme in a Scarfe.*

Com. If I should tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke,
Thou't not beleeve thy deeds: but Ile report it,
Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles,
Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'th'end admire: where Ladie^w shall be frigted,
And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fustie Plebeans, hate thine Honors, 11
Shall say against their hearts, We thanke the Gods
Our Rome hath such a Souldier.
Yet cam'st thou to a Morsell of this Feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall:
Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison:

6. *Thou'lt: Thou'ldst*—GRANT WHITE.

OF CORIOLANUS

[I. ix. 13-38]

Hadst thou beheld—

Martius. Pray now, no more: 20
 My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,
 When she do's prayse me, grieves me:
 I have done as you have done, that's what I can,
 Induc'd as you have beene, that's for my Countrey:
 He that ha's but effected his good will,
 Hath overta'ne mine Act.

Com. You shall not be the Grave of your deserving,
 Rome must know the value of her owne:
 'Twere a Concealment worse then a Theft,
 No lesse then a Traducement, 30
 To hide your doings, and to silence that,
 Which to the spire, and top of prayses vouch'd,
 Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseech you,
 In signe of what you are, not to reward
 What you have done, before our Armie heare me.

Martius. I have some Wounds upon me, and they smart
 To heare themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not:
 Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude,
 And tent themselves with death: of all the Horses, 40
 Whereof we have ta'ne good, and good store of all,
 The Treasure in this field atchieved, and Citie,
 We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
 Before the common distribution,
 At your onely choyse.

Martius. I thanke you Generall:
 But cannot make my heart consent to take
 A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it,

19-21. 2 ll. ending mother, blood—POPE.
 22-4. 3 ll. ending I have done, induced, country—HANMER.
 26-30. 4 ll. ending be, know, concealment, traducement—POPE.
 44-6. 2 ll. ending at, General—THEOBALD.

And stand upon my common part with those,
That have beheld the doing.

50

*A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius,
cast up their Caps and Launces: Cominius
and Lartius stand bare.*

Mar. May these same Instruments, which you prophane,
Never sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall
I'th'field prove flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing:

When Steele growes soft, as the Parasites Silke,
Let him be made an Overture for th'Warres:
No more I say, for that I have not wash'd 60
My Nose that bled, or foyl'd some debile Wretch,
Which without note, here's many else have done,
You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolical,
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In prayses, sawc'st with Lyes.

Com. Too modest are you:
More cruell to your good report, then gratefull
To us, that give you truly: by your patience,
If'gainst your selfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles, 70
Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne,
As to us, to all the World, That *Caius Martius*
Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,
My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioles*, call him,
With all th'applause and Clamor of the Hoast,
Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Beare th'addition Nobly ever?

59. *Overture: coverage*—STEEVENS (1778).

63. *shoot: shout*—4F. new l. at IN-KNIGHT.

77-9. 2 ll. ending bear, *Coriolanus*—STEEVENS (1793).

78. *Marcus Caius: Caius Marcius* (Martius) and so throughout
ROWE.

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

Omnes. Marcus Caius Coriolanus.

80

Martius. I will goe wash:

And when my Face is faire, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thanke you,
I meane to stride your Steed, and at all times
To under-crest your good Addition,
To th'fairenesse of my power.

Com. So, to our Tent

Where ere we doe repose us, we will write
To Rome of our successe: you *Titus Lartius*
Must to *Corioles* backe, send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,¹ 90
For their owne good, and ours.

Lartius. I shall, my Lord.

Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me:
I that now refus'd most Princely gifts,
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.

Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?

Martius. I sometime lay here in *Corioles*,
At a poore mans house: he us'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner: 100
But then *Auffidius* was within my view,
And Wrath o'rewhelm'd my pittie: I request you
To give my poore Host freedome.

Com. Oh well begg'd:
Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should
Be free, as is the Winde: deliver him, *Titus*.

Lartius. *Martius*, his Name.

Martius. By *Jupiter* forgot:
I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:
Have we no Wine here? 110

94-7. 3 ll. ending now, beg, is't—HANMER.

Com. Goe we to our Tent:
 The bloud upon your Visage dryes, 'tis time
 It should be lookt too: come. *Exeunt.*

[Scene x. *The camp of the Volsces.*]

A flourish. Cornets. Enter *Tullus Aufidius*
bloudie, with two or three Souldiors.

Auff. The Towne is ta'ne.
Sould. 'Twill be deliver'd backe on good Condition.
Auffid. Condition?
 I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
 Being a *Volce*, be that I am. Condition?
 What good Condition can a Treatie finde
 I'th'part that is at mercy? five times, *Martius*,
 I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me: 10
 And would'st doe so, I thinke, should we encounter
 As often as we eate. By th'Elements,
 If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
 He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
 Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
 I thought to crush him in an equall Force,
 True Sword to Sword: Ile potche at him some way,
 Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the divell.
Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: my valors poison'd,
 With onely suff'ring staine by him: for him 21
 Shall flye out of it selfe, nor sleepe, nor sanctuary,
 Being naked, sicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
 The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifice:
 Embarquements all of Fury, shall lift up
 Their rotten Priviledge, and Custome 'gainst
 My hate to *Martius*. Where I finde him, were it
 At home, upon my Brothers Guard, even there

Against the hospitable Canon, would I
 Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' Citie, 30
 Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that must
 Be Hostages for Rome.

Soul. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus grove. I pray you
 ('Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thither
 How the world goes: that to the pace of it
 I may spurre on my journey.

Soul. I shall sir.

Actus Secundus.

[Scene i. *Rome. A public place.*]

*Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the
 people, Sicinius & Brutus.*

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee shall have Newes to
 night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for
 they love not *Martius*.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe love? 10

Sicin. The Lambe.

Men. I, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would
 the Noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.

Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that lives like a Lambe.
 You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall aske
 you.

Both. Well sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poore in, that you
 two have not in abundance? 20

Bru. He's poore in no one fault, but stor'd withall.
Sicin. Especially in Pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know, how you are censured heere in the City, I mean of us a'th'right hand File, do you?

Both. Why? how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Both. Well, well sir, well.

30

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe of Occasion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience: Give your dispositions the reines, and bee angry at your pleasures (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so: you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, sir.

36

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helpes are many, or else your actions would growe wondrous singel: your abilities are to Infant-like, for dooing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an Interiour survey of your good selves. Oh that you could.

Both. What then sir?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testie Magistrates (alias Fooles) as any in Rome.

47

Sicin. *Menenius*, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous *Patritian*, and one that loves a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of a laying Tiber in't: Said, to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty and Tinder-like uppon, to

52. *uppon, to: upon too-2Rowz.*

triviall motion: One, that converses more with the Buttocke of the night, then with the forthead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such Weales men¹ as you are (I cannot call you *Licurgusses*,) if the drinke you give me, touch my Palat adversely, I make a crooked face at it, I can say, your Worshippes have deliver'd the matter well, when I finde the Asse in compound, with the Major part of your syllables. And though I must be content to beare with those, that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you have good faces, if you see this in the Map of my Microcosme, followes it that I am knowne well e-nough too? What harme can your beesome Conspectuities gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne well e-nough too.

¹ *legislators* 67

Bru. Come sir come, we know you well enough.

Menen. You know neither mee, your selves, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knaves cappes and legges: you weare out a good wholesome Forenoone, in hearing a cause betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forsetseller, and then rejourne the Controversie of three-pence to a second day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chaunce to bee pinch'd with the Collicke, you make faces like Mummers, set up the bloodie Flagge against all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, dismisse the Controversie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cause, is calling both the parties Knaves. You are a payre of strange ones. 81

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to bee a perfecter gyber for the Table, then a necessary Bencher in the Capitoll.

58. *can:* can't—THEOBALD.

65. *beesome:* bisson—THEOBALD.

72. *Forset:* fosset—2 ROWE.

Men. Our very Priests must become Mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous Subjects as you are, when you speake best unto the purpose. It is not woorth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stiffe a Botchers Cushion, or to be intomb'd in an Asses Packe-saddle; yet you must bee saying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheape estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since *Deucalion*, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditarie hangmen. Godden to your Worships, more of your conversation would infect my Braine, being the Heardsmen of the Beastly Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Bru. and Sic.

Aside.

Enter Volumina, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moone were shée Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes so fast? 102

Volum. Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approaches: for the love of *Juno* let's goe.

Menen. Ha? *Martius* comming home?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe *Jupiter*, and I thanke thee: hoo, *Martius* comming home?

2. Ladies. [Vol., Vir.] Nay, 'tis true. 110

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very house reele to night: A Letter for me?

86-7. *are, when .. purpose. It: are. When .. purpose, it-Rown.*
99. *Volumina: Volumnia-2-4F.*

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it gives me an Estate of seven yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Physician: The most soveraigne Prescription in *Galen*, is but Emperick quiture; and to this Preservative, of no better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded? 122

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Browes: *Menenius*, hee comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he disciplin'd *Auffidius* soundly?

Volum. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Auffidius* got off. 131

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that: and he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fiddious'd, for all the Chests in Carioles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate possest of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes: The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee gives my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly. 139

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous: I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Mene. True? Ile be sworne they are true: where is hee wounded, [To the Tribunes] God save your good Worships? *Martius* | is comming home: hee ha's

133. and: an'-CAPELL. 144. pow waw: pow, wow-CAPELL.

more cause to be proud: | where is he wounded? 148
Volum. Ith' Shoulder, and ith' left Arme: there will be
 large Cicatrices to shew the People, when hee shall stand
 for his place: he received in the repulse of *Tarquin* seven
 hurts ith' Body.

Mene. One ith' Neck, and two ith' Thigh, there's nine
 that I know.

Volum. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie
 five Wounds upon him.

Mene. Now it's twentie seven; every gash was an
 Enemies Grave. Hearke, the Trumpets.

A shewt, and flourish.

Volum. These are the Ushers of *Martius*: 160
 Before him, hee carryes Noyse;
 And behinde him, hee leaves Teares:
 Death, that darke Spirit, in's nervie Arme doth lye,
 Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sennet. *Trumpets sound.*

*Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Latius: be-
 tweene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken
 Garland, with Captaines and Soul-
 diers, and a Herald.*

Herald. Know Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight
 Within Corioles Gates: where he hath wonne, 171
 With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius*:
 These in honor followes *Martius Caius Coriolanus*.
 Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Sound. Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

OF CORIOLANUS

[II. i. 185-206]

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you have, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my prosperitie. Kneels. 181

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, up: My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*, And by deed-achieving Honor newly nam'd, What is it (*Coriolanus*) must I call thee? But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious silence, hayle: Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home, That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah my deare, Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were, 190 And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.

Mene. Now the Gods Crowne thee.

Com. And live you yet? [*To Valeria*] Oh my sweet Lady, pardon. |

Volum. I know not where to turne. Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall, And y're welcome all.

Mene. A hundred thousand Welcomes: I could weepe, and I could laugh, I am light, and heavie; welcome: A Curse begin at very root on's heart, 200 That is not glad to see thee. Yon are three, that Rome should dote on: Yet by the faith of men, we have Some old Crab-trees here at home, That will not be grafted to your Rallish. Yet welcome Warriors:

194-6. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE. 197-209. 9 ll. verse ending weep, Welcome, heart, three, men, not, warriors, and, right—POPE. 202. Yon: You—2-4F. 205. Rallish: relish—4F.

Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fooles, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Herauld. Give way there, and goe on.

Cor. [To Volumnia and Virgilia] Your Hand,
and yours? |

Ere in our owne house I doe shade my Head,
The good Patricians must be visited,
From whom I have receiv'd not onely greetings,
But with them, change of Honors.

Volum. I have lived,
To see inherited my very Wishes,
And the Buildings of my Fancie:
Onely there's one thing wanting,

Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Then sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitall. *Flourisb. Cornets.*
Exeunt in State, as before.

Enter Brutus and Scicinius.

Bru. All tongues speake of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your pratling Nurse 230
Into a rapture lets her Baby crie,
While she chats him: the Kitchin *Malkin* pinnes
Her richest Lockram 'bout her reechie necke,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are smother'd up,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd

219-23. 3 ll. verse ending only, but, mother—MALONE.
235-6. 2 ll. verse ending windows, horsed—POPE.

With variable Complexions; all agreeing
 In earnestnesse to see him: seld-showne Flamins
 Doe presse among the popular Throngs, and puffe
 To winne a vulgar station: our veyl'd Dames 240
 Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
 In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth' wanton spoyle
 Of *Phæbus* burning Kisses: such a poother,
 As if that whatsoeuer God, who leades him,
 Were slyly crept into his humane powers,
 And gave him gracefull posture.

Scicin. On the suddaine, I warrant him Consull.

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe
 sleepe.

Scicin. He cannot temp'rately transport his Honors,
 From where he should begin, and end, but will 251
 Lose those he hath wonne.

Brutus. In that there's comfort.

Scici. Doubt not,
 The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they
 Upon their ancient mallice, will forget
 With the least cause, these his new Honors,
 Which that he will give them, make I as little question,
 As he is proud to doo't.

Brutus. I heard him swaere, 260
 Were he to stand for Consull, never would he
 Appeare i'th' Market place, nor on him put
 The Naples Vesture of Humilitie,
 Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
 Toth' People, begge their stinking Breaths.

Scicin. 'Tis right.

241-2. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE.

246-9. 3 ll. verse ending sudden, may, sleep—POPE.

257-8. 2 five-accent ll.; new l. at That—POPE.

263. *Naples:* napless—ROWE.

Brutus. It was his word:
 Oh he would misse it, rather then carry it,
 But by the suite of the Gentry to him,
 And the desire of the Nobles. 270

Scicin. I wish no better, then have him hold that purpose, and to put it in execution.

Brutus. 'Tis most like he will.

Scicin. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; a sure destruction.

Brutus. So it must fall out
 To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
 We must suggest the People, in what hatred
 He still hath held them: that to's power he would
 Have made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleaders, 280
 And dispropertied their Freedomes; holding them,
 In humane Action, and Capacitie,
 Of no more Soule, nor fitnesse for the World,
 Then Cammels in their Warre, who have their Provand¹
 Onely for bearing Burthens, and sore blowes
 For sinking under them. 1^{food}

Scicin. This (as you say) suggested,
 At some time, when his soaring Insolence
 Shall teach the People, which time shall not want,
 If he be put upon't, and that's as easie, 290
 As to set Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire
 To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
 Shall darken him for ever.

267-70. 3 ll. ending rather, him, nobles—STEEVENS (1778).
 271-2. 3 ll. ending better, put it, execution—POPE.

274-5. new l. at A sure—ROWE.

277. Authorities, for an end: authorities. For an end—POPE.
 280-1. 2 five-accent ll.; new l. at Dispropertied—POPE.

284. in their: in the—HANMER. 289. teach: touch—HANMER

Enter a Messenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitoll:
'Tis thought, that *Martius* shall be Consull:
I have seene the dumbe men throng to see him,
And the blind to heare him speake: Matrons flong Gloves,
Ladies and Maids their Scarfes, and Handkerchers,
Upon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended 301
As to *Jovis* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:
I never saw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with us Eares and Eyes for th'time,
But Hearts for the event.

Scicin. Have with you.

Exeunt.

[Scene ii. *The same. The Capitol.*]

*Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions, as it were,
in the Capitoll.*

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: how many stand for Consulships?

2. *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a brave fellow: but hee's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people. 8

2. *Off.* 'Faith, there hath beene many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne're loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon

296-9. 4 ll. ending thought, consul, and, gloves—Dyce.

299. *flong:* flung—Popk. 9. *batb:* have—4F.

no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neyther to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he ha's in their disposition, and out of his Noble carelesnesse lets them plainly see't. 16

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, hee waved indifferently, 'twixt doing them neyther good, nor harme: but hee seekes their hate with greater devotion, then they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seeme to affect the mallice and displeasure of the People, is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love. 24

2. *Off.* Hee hath deserved worthily of his Countrey, and his assent is not by such easie degrees as those, who having beene supple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted, without any further deed, to have them at all into their estimation, and report: but hee hath so planted his Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be silent, and not confesse so much, were a kinde of ingratefull Injurie: to report otherwise, were a Mallice, that giving it selfe the Lye, would plucke reprove and rebuke from every Eare that heard it. 34

1. *Off.* No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make way, they are comming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them: Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves: Coriolanus stands. 40

Menen. Having determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for *Titus Lartius*: it remaines,

26. *assent: ascent-2-4F.*
42-3. 2.five-accent ll.; new l. at *To-POPE.*

As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,
 To gratifie his Noble service, that hath
 Thus stood for his Countrey. Therefore please you,
 Most reverend and grave Elders, to desire
 The present Consull, and last Generall,
 In our well-found Successes, to report
 A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd 50
 By *Martius Caius Coriolanus*: whom
 We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
 With Honors like himselfe.

1. Sen. Speake, good *Cominius*:
 Leave nothing out for length, and make us thinke
 Rather our states defective for requitall,
 Then we to stretch it out. Masters a'th'People,

[*To the Tribunes*]
 We doe request your kindest eares: and after
 Your loving motion toward the common Body,
 To yeed what passes here. 60

Scicin. We are convented upon a pleasing Treatie, and
 have hearts inclinable to honor and advance the Theame
 of our Assembly.

Brutus. Which the rather wee shall be blest to doe, if
 he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath
 hereto priz'd them at.

Menen. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had
 been silent: Please you to heare *Cominius* speake?

Brutus. Most willingly: but yet my Caution was
 more pertinent then the rebuke you give it. 70

Menen. He loves your People, but tye him not to be
 their Bed-fellow: Worthie *Cominius* speake.

45-6. new l. at Hath-Pope. 56. states: state's-4F.
 60-74. verse, 13 ll. ending convented, hearts, advance, rather,
 remember, than, that's off, you, willingly, pertinent, people,
 bedfellow, place-Pope.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to goe away.
Nay, keepe your place.

Senat. Sit *Coriolanus*: never shame to heare
 What you have Nobly done.

Coriol. Your Honors pardon:
 I had rather have my Wounds to heale againe,
 Then heare say how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?
Coriol. No Sir: yet oft, 81

When blowes have made me stay, I fled from words.
 You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
 I love them as they weigh —

Menen. Pray now sit downe.

Corio. I had rather have one scratch my Head i'th'Sun,
 When the Alarum were strucke, then idly sit
 To heare my Nothings monster'd. *Exit Coriolanus*

Menen. Masters of the People,
 Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter? 90
 That's thousand to one good one, when you now see
 He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,
 Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed *Cominius*.

Com. I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
 Should not be utter'd feebly: it is held,
 That Valour is the chiefest Vertue,
 And most dignifies the haver: if it be,
 The man I speake of, cannot in the World
 Be singly counter-poys'd. At sixteene yeeres,
 When *Tarquin* made a Head for Rome, he fought
 Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator, 101
 Whom with all prayse I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his Amazonian Shinne he drove
 The brizled Lippes before him: he bestrid
 An o're-prest Roman, and i'th'Consuls view

80. new l. at *My-Pope*. 93. *on ones*: one on's-3F.
 96-7. new l. at *Most-2-4F.* 103. *Sbinne*: chin-3-4F.

Slew three Opposers: *Tarquins* selfe he met,
 And strucke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates,
 When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
 He prov'd best man i'th'field, and for his meed
 Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age 110
 Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea,
 And in the brunt of seventeene Battailes since,
 He lurcht¹ all Swords of the Garland: for this last,
 Before, and in Corioles, let me say ^{1 won}
 I cannot speake him home: he stopt the flyers,
 And by his rare example made the Coward
 Turne terror into sport: as Weeds before
 A Vessell under sayle, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his Stem: his Sword, Deaths stampe,
 Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot: 120
 He was a thing of Blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred
 The mortall Gate of th'Citie, which he painted
 With shunlesse destinie: aydelesse came off,
 And with a sudden re-inforcement strucke
 Carioles like a Planet: now all's his,
 When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
 His readie sence: then straight his doubled spirit
 Requicned what in flesh was fatigate,² ^{2 fatigued}
 And to the Battaile came he, where he did 130
 Runne reeking o're the lives of men, as if 'twere
 A perpetuall spoyle: and till we call'd
 Both Field and Citie ours, he never stood
 To ease his Brest with panting.

Menen. Worthy man.

Senat. He cannot but with measure fit the Honors
 which we devise him.

Com. Our spoyles he kickt at,

131-2. new l. at 'Twere-2-4F.

136-7. verse, new l. at Which-Rowe.

And look'd upon things precious, as they were 139
 The common Muck of the World: he covets lesse
 Then Miserie¹ it selfe would give, rewards his deeds
 With doing them, and is content 1 miserliness
 To spend the time, to end it.

Menen. Hee's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Senat. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

Menen. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make
 thee Consull. 149

Corio. I doe owe them still my Life, and Services.

Menen. It then remaines, that you doe speake to the
 People.

Corio. I doe beseech you,
 Let me o're-leape that custome: for I cannot
 Put on the Gowne, stand naked, and entreat them
 For my Wounds sake, to give their sufferage:
 Please you that I may passe this doing.

Scicin. Sir, the People must have their Voyces,
 Neyther will they bate one jot of Ceremonie.

Menen. Put them not too't: 160
 Pray you goe fit you to the Custome,
 And take to you, as your Predecessors have,
 Your Honor with your forme.

Corio. It is a part that I shall blush in acting,
 And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Marke you that.

Corio. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus

141-2. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE.

144-5. new l. at Let—POPE.

148-53. 4 five-accent ll.—2Rowe.

156-62. verse, 6 ll. ending *you, people, bate, to't, and, have-*

CAPELL.

163-6. 3 five-accent ll.—POPE.

OF CORIOLANUS

[II. ii. 152-iii. 14]

Shew them th'unaking Skarres, which I should hide,
 As if I had receiv'd them for the hyre
 Of their breath onely. 170

Menen. Doe not stand upon't:
 We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
 Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Consull
 Wish we all Joy, and Honor.

Senat. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and Honor.

Flourish Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sicin. May they perceive's intent: he wil require them
 As if he did contemne what he requested, 180
 Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, wee'l informe them
 Of our proceedings heere on th'Market place,
 I know they do attend us. [Exeunt.]

[Scene iii. *The same. The Forum.*]

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought
 not to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may Sir if we will.

3. *Cit.* We have power in our selves to do it, but it is
 a power that we have no power to do: For, if hee shew us
 his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our
 tongues into those wounds, and speake for them: So if he tel
 us his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble ac-
 ceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the
 multitude to be ingratefull, were to make a Monster of
 the multitude; of the which, we being members, should
 bring our selves to be monstrous members. 13

183. *beere on:* here: on—THEOBALD.

1. *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of a little
helpe will serve: for once we stood up about the Corne,
he himselfe stucks not to call us the many-headed Multi-
tude.

3. *Cit.* We have beene call'd so of many, not that our
heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some
bald; but that our wits are so diversly Coulord; and true-
ly I thinke, if all our wittes were to issue out of one Scull,
they would flye East, West, North, South, and their con-
sent of one direct way, should be at once to all the points
a'th Compasse. 24

2. *Cit.* Thinke you so? Which way do you judge my
wit would flye.

3. *Cit.* Nay your wit will not so soone out as another
mans will, 'tis strongly wadg'd up in a blocke-head: but
if it were at liberty, 'twould sure Southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way? 30

3 *Cit.* To loose it selfe in a Fogge, where being three
parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would
returne for Conscience sake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your trickes, you may,
you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voyces? But
that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If hee
would incline to the people, there was never a worthier
man.

*Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with
Menenius.* 41

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke
his behaviour: we are not to stay altogether, but to come
by him where he stands, by ones, by twoes, & by threes.
He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein everie

19. *Abram:* auburn-4F.

28. *wadg'd:* wedged-2-4F.

OF CORIOLANUS

[II. iii. 48-74]

one of us ha's a single Honor, in giving him our own voices with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and Ile direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, youare not right: have you not knowne
The worthiest men have done't? 51

Corio. What must I say, I pray Sir?
Plague upon't, I cannot bring
My tougne to such a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Service, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne
From th'noise of our owne Drummes.

Menen. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that,
You must desire them to thinke upon you.

Coriol. Thinke upon me? Hang 'em, 60
I would they would forget me, like the Vertues
Which our Divines lose by em.

Men. You'l marre all,
Ile leave you: Pray you speake to em, I pray you
In wholsome manner. Exit

Enter tbree of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them wash their Faces,
And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace,
You know the cause (Sir) of my standing heere.

3 Cit. We do Sir, tell us what hath brought you too't.

Corio. Mine owne desert. 71

2 Cit. Your owne desert.

Corio. I, but mine owne desire.

3 Cit. How not your owne desire?

52-3. 2 ll., new l. at I pray-POPE. 54. *tougne: tongue*-2-4F.
57-60. 3 ll., new ll. at You must not, To think-CAPELL.
73. *but mine: but not mine*-CAMBRIDGE.

Corio. No Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3 Cit. You must thinke if we give you any thing, we hope to gaine by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th' Consulship.

1 Cit. The price is, to aske it kindly. 80

Corio. Kindly sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you, which shall bee yours in private: your good voice Sir, what say you?

2 Cit. You shall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces begg'd: I have your Almes, Adieu.

3 Cit. But this is something odde.

7 Cit. And 'twere to give againe: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other *Citizens.*

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tunc of your voices, that I may bee Consull, I have heere the Customarie Gowne. 92

1. You have deserved Nobly of your Countrey, and you have not deserved Nobly.

Coriol. Your *Ænigma.*

1. You have bin a scourge to her enemies, you have bin a Rod to her Friends, you have not indeede loved the Common people. 98

Coriol. You should account mee the more Virtuous, that I have not bin common in my Love, I will sir flatter my sworne Brother the people to earne a deerer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & since the wisedome of their choice, is rather to have my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfetly, that is sir, I will counter-

88. *And: An-Pore.*

fet the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it
bountifull to the desirers: Therefore beseech you, I may
be Consull.

2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore
give you our voices heartily. 110

1. You have receyved many wounds for your Coun-
try.

Coriol. I wil not Seale your knowledge with shewing
them. I will make much of your voyces, and so trouble
you no farther.

Botb. The Gods give you joy Sir heartily. [*Exeunt.*]

Coriol. Most sweet Voyces:

Better it is to dye, better to sterue,
Then crave the higher, which first we do deserve.
Why in this Woolvish tongue should I stand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeere 121
Their needlesse Vouches: Custome calls me too't.
What Custome wills in all things, should we doo't?
The Dust on antique Time would lye unswept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it so,
Let the high Office and the Honor go
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
The one part suffered, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

130

Here come moe Voyces.
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I have fought,
Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beare
Of Wounds, two dozen odde: Battailles thrice six
I have seene, and heard of: for your Voyces,
Have done many things, some lesse, some more:

120. *tongue: toge*—MALONE.

121. *does: do*—4F.

135-7. 3 ll. verse; new ll. at Done, Indeed—POPE.

Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Consull.

1. *Cit.* Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without
any honest mans Voyce. 139

2. *Cit.* Therefore let him be Consull: the Gods give
him joy, and make him good friend to the People.

All. Amen, Amen. God save thee, Noble Consull.
Corio. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Scicinius.

Mene. You have stood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,
Remaines, that in th'Officiall Markes invested,
You anon doe meet the Senate.

Corio. Is this done? 149

Scicin. The Custome of Request you have discharg'd:
The People doe admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Corio. Where? at the Senate-house?

Scicin. There, *Coriolanus.*

Corio. May I change these Garments?

Scicin. You may, Sir.

Cori. That Ile straight do: and knowing my selfe again,
Repayre toth'Senate-house.

Mene. Ile keepe you company. Will you along?

Brut. We stay here for the People. 160

Scicin. Fare you well. *Exeunt Coriol. and Mene.*
He ha's it now: and by his Looke, me thinkes,
'Tis warme at's heart.

Brut. With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you dismisse the People? .

145-9. 4 ll. verse; new ll. at *Endue, That, Anon-Pope.*
164-5. 2 ll. verse; new l. at *His-Pope.*

Enter the Plebeians.

Scicci. How now, my Masters, have you chose this man?

1. *Cit.* He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deserve your loves.

2. *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poore unworthy notice,

He mock'd us, when he begg'd our Voyces. 171

3. *Cit.* Certainly, he flowted us downe-right.

1. *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2. *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save your selfe, but sayes

He us'd us scornefully: he should have shew'd us

His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Countrey.

Scicci. Why so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no: no man saw 'em.

3. *Cit.* Hee said hee had Wounds,

Which he could shew in private: 180

And with his Hat, thus waving it in scorne,

I would be Consull, sayes he: aged Custome,

But by your Voyces, will not so permit me.

Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,

Here was, I thanke you for your Voyces, thanke you

Your most sweet Voyces: now you have left your Voyces,

I have no further with you. Was not this mockerie?

Scicci. Why eyther were you ignorant to see't?

Or seeing it, of such Childish friendlinesse,

To yeeld your Voyces? 190

Brut. Could you not have told him,

As you were lesson'd: When he had no Power,

But was a pettie servant to the State,

He was your Enemie, ever spake against

Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare

I'th'Body of the Weale: and now arriving

A place of Potencie, and sway o' th' State,
 If he should still malignantly remaine
 Fast Foe to th' *Plebeis*, your Voyces might
 Be Curses to your selves. You should have said, 200
 That as his worthy deeds did clayme no lesse
 Then what he stood for: so his gracious nature
 Would thinke upon you, for your Voyces,
 And translate his Mallice towards you, into Love,
 Standing your friendly Lord.

Scicin. Thus to have said,
 As you were fore-advis'd, had toucht his Spirit,
 And try'd his Inclination: from him plunkt
 Etyher his gracious Promise, which you might
 As cause had call'd you up, have held him to; 210
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
 Which easily endures not Article,
 Tying him to ought, so putting him to Rage,
 You should have ta'n the th'advantage of his Choller,
 And pass'd him unelected.

Brut. Did you perceive,
 He did sollicite you in free Contempt,
 When he did need your Loves: and doe you thinke,
 That his Contempt shall not be brusing to you, 219
 When he hath power to crush? Why, had your Bodys
 No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
 Against the Rectorship of Judgement?

Scicin. Have you, ere now, deny'd the asker:
 And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock,
 Bestow your su'd-for Tongues?

3. Cit. Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2. Cit. And will deny him:

Ile have five hundred Voyces of that sound.

203-4. new l. at Translate-2-4F.

222-5. 3 ll. ending Have you, again, bestow-Pope.

1. *Cit.* I twice five hundred, & their friends, to piece
'em. | 229

Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a Consull, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce
Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to doe so.

Scici. Let them assemble: and on a safer Judgement,
All revoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his Suit he scorn'd you: but your Loves, 240
Thinking upon his Services, tooke from you
Th'apprehension of his present portance,¹ 1 bearing
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate Hate he beares you.

Brut. Lay a fault on us, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)
But that you must cast your Election on him.

Scici. Say you chose him, moreafter our commandment,
Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that
Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Then what you should, made you against the graine
To Voyce him Consull. Lay the fault on us. 251

Brut. I, spare us not: Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his Countrey,
How long continuued, and what stock he springs of,
The Noble House, o'th' *Martians*: from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numaes* Daughters Sonne:
Who after great *Hostilius* here was King,
Of the same House *Publius* and *Quintus* were,

234-6. 3 ll. ending assemble, revoke, pride—THEOBALD.
243-9. 7 ll. ending Lay, labour'd, must, chose him, guided,
minds, do—CAPELL.

That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor, 260
Was his great Ancestor.

Scicin. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place, we did command
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Skaling¹ his present bearing with his past, ¹ *weigbing*
That hee's your fixed enemie; and revoke
Your suddaine approbation.

Brut. Say you ne're had don't,
(Harpe on that still) but by our putting on: 270
And presently, when you have drawne your number,
Repaire toth' Capitoll.

All. We will so: almost all repent in their election.
Exeunt Plebeians.

Brut. Let them goe on:
This Mutinie were better put in hazard,
Then stay past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusall, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger. 280

Scicin. Toth' Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the streeame o'th' People:
And this shall seeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,
Which we have goaded on-ward. *Exeunt.*

260. *And .. Censor: And [Censorinus] nobly named so*
Twice being [by the people chosen] censor.
—GLOBE.

273. new l. at Repent-HANMER.

Actus Tertius.[Scene i. *Rome. A street.*]

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Latius, and other Senators.

Corio. Tullus Auffidius then had made new head.

Latius. He had, my Lord, and that it was which caus'd | Our swifter Composition.

Corio. So then the Volces stand but as at first, Readie when time shall prompt them, to make roade Upon's againe.

Com. They are worne (Lord Consull) so, 10 That we shall hardly in our ages see Their Banners wave againe.

Corio. Saw you *Auffidius*?

Latius. On safegard he came to me, and did curse Against the Volces, for they had so vildly Yeelded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.

Corio. Spoke he of me?

Latius. He did, my Lord.

Corio. How? what?

Latius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword: 19 That of all things upon the Earth, he hated Your person most: That he would payne his fortunes To hopelesse restitution, so he might Be call'd your Vanquisher.

Corio. At Antium lives he?

Latius. At Antium.

Corio. I wish I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Scicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People, 30
 The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do despise them:
 For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
 Against all Noble sufferance.

Scicin. Passe no further.

Cor. Hah? what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on — No further.

Corio. What makes this change?

Mene. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Noble, and the Common?

Brut. *Cominius*, no. 40

Corio. Have I had Childrens Voyces?

Senat. Tribunes give way, he shall toth' Market place.

Brut. The People are incens'd against him.

Scicin. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Corio. Are these your Heard?

Must these have Voyces, that can yeeld them now,
 And straight disclaim their tounghs? what are your Offices?
 You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?
 Have you not set them on?

Mene. Be calme, be calme.

50

Corio. It is a purpos'd thing, and growes by Plot,
 To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:
 Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
 Nor ever will be ruled.

Brut. Call't not a Plot:

The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
 When Corne was given them *gratis*, you repin'd,
 Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
 Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Noblenesse.

43-4. 2 ll. verse; new l. at Or-POPE. 45. *Heard:* herd-3-4F.
 58. *Suppliants:* for: colon out-4F.

Corio. Why this was knowne before. 60

Brut. Not to them all.

Corio. Have you inform'd them sithence? ¹ ¹ since

Brut. How? I informe them?

Com. You are like to doe such businesse.

Brut. Not unlike each way to better yours.

Corio. Why then should I be Consull? by yond Clouds
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow Tribune.

Scicin. You shew too much of that,
For which the People stirre: if you will passe 70
To where you are bound, you must enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or never be so Noble as a Consull,
Nor yoake with him for Tribune.

Mene. Let's be calme.

Com. The People are abus'd: set on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's *Coriolanus*
Deserv'd this so dishonor'd Rub, layd falsely
I' th' plaine Way of his Merit.

Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my speech, 80
And I will speak't againe.

Mene. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Corio. Now as I live, I will.
My Nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-sented Meynie,
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themselves: I say againe,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Insolence, Sedition, 90

65. new l. at EACH-JOHNSON. 80-1. new l. at THIS-POPE.

85-8. 5 ll. ending friends, pardons, them, and, again-CAPELL.

86. *Meynie:* many-4F.

Which we our selves have plowed for, sow'd, & scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they have given to Beggers.

Mene. Well, no more.

Senat. No more words, we beseech you.

Corio. How? no more?

As for my Country, I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs
Coine words till their decay, against those Meazels 100
Which we disdaine should Tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speake a'th'people, as if you were a God,
To punish; Not a man, of their Infirmity.

Sicin. 'Twere well we let the people know't.

Mene. What, what? His Choller?

Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my minde.

Sicin. It is a minde that shall remain a poison
Where it is: not poyon any further. 110

Corio. Shall remaine?

Hear ye this Triton of the *Minnoues*? Marke you
His absolute Shall?

Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.

Cor. Shall? O God! but most unwise Patricians: why
You grave, but wreaklesse Senators, have you thus
Given Hidra heere to choose an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The horne, and noise o'th' Monsters, wants not spirit
To say, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch, 120

102-6. 4 ll.; new ll. at *As, A man, We*—CAPELL.

107-8. *Choller*: separate l.; new l. at *Were*—CAPELL.

109-10. new ll. at *That, Not*—POPE. 115. new l. at *O-Pope*.

115. *God*: good—POPE. 116. *wreaklesse*: reckless—HANMER.

And make your Channell his? If he have power,
 Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake
 Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,
 Be not as common Fooles; if you are not,
 Let them have Cushions by you. You are Plebeians,
 If they be Senators: and they are no lesse,
 When both your voices blended, the great'st taste
 Most pallates theirs. They choose their Magistrate,
 And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,
 His popular Shall, against a graver Bench 130
 Then ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himselfe,
 It makes the Consuls base; and my Soule akes
 To know, when two Authorities are up,
 Neither Supreame; How soone Confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
 The one by th'other.

Com. Well, on to'th' Market place.

Corio. Who ever gave that Counsell, to give forth
 The Corne a'th'Store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
 Sometime in Greece. 140

Mene. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Thogh there the people had more absolute powre
 I say they norish disobedience: fed, the ruin of the State.

Bru. Why shall the people give
 One that speakes thus, their voyce?

Corio. Ile give my Reasons,
 More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne
 Was not our recompence, resting well assur'd
 They ne're did service for't; being prest to'th'Warre,
 Even when the Navell of the State was touch'd, 150
 They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Service
 Did not deserve Corne gratis. Being i'th'Warre,
 There Mutinies and Revolts, wherein they shew'd

Most Valour, spoke not for them. Th' Accusation
 Which they have often made against the Senate,
 All cause unborne, could never be the Native
 Of our so franke Donation. Well, what then?
 How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest
 The Senates Courtesie? Let deeds expresse
 What's like to be their words, We did request it, 160
 We are the greater pole, and in true feare
 They gave us our demands. Thus we debase
 The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
 Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
 Breake ope the Lockes a'th'Senate, and bring in
 The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.

Mene. Come enough.

Bru. Enough, with over measure.

Corio. No, take more.

What may be sworne by, both Divine and Humane, 170
 Seale what I end withall. This double worship,
 Whereon part do's disdaine with cause, the other
 Insult without all reason: where Gentry, Title, wisedom
 Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
 Of generall Ignorance, it must omit
 Reall Necessities, and give way the while
 To unstable Slightnesse. Purpose so barr'd, it followes,
 Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beseech you,
 You that will be lesse fearefull, then discreet,
 That love the Fundamentall part of State 180
 More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre
 A Noble life, before a Long, and Wish,
 To jumpe¹ a Body with a dangerous Physicke, ^{1 risk}
 That's sure of death without it: at once plucke out

158. *Bosome-multiplied:* bisson multitude—Dyce.

161. *pole:* poll—Rowe. 172. *Whereon:* Where one—Rowe.

The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not licke
 The sweet which is their poysen. Your dishonor
 Mangles true judgement, and bereaves the State
 Of that Integrity which should becom't:
 Not having the power to do the good it would
 For th'ill which doth control't. 190

Bru. Has said enough.

Sicin. Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer
 As Traitors do.

Corio. Thou wretch, despight ore-whelme thee:
 What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
 On whom depending, their obedience failes
 To'th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law,
 Then were they chosen: in a better houre,
 Let what is meet, be saide it must be meet, 200
 And throw their power i'th'dust.

Bru. Manifest Treason.

Sicin. This a Consull? No.

Enter an Ædile.

Bru. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended:

Sicin. Go call the people, [*Exit Ædile.*] in whose
 name my Selfe |

Attach thee as a Traitorous Innovator:
 A Foe to'th'publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,
 And follow to thine answer.

Corio. Hence old Goat. 210

All. Wee'l Surety him.

Com. Ag'd sir, hands off.

Corio. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
 Out of thy Garments.

Sicin, Helpe ye Citizens.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.

Mene. On both sides more respect.

Sicin. Heere'shee, that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him Ædiles.

220

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons:

*T*hey all bustle about *Coriolanus* [*crying*].

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho:

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.

Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath, Confusions neere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes To'th' people: *Coriolanus*, patience: Speak good *Sicinius*.

Scici. Hearre me, People peace.

230

All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, speake, speake, speake.

Scici. You are at point to lose your Liberties: *Martius* would have all from you; *Martius*, Whom late you have nam'd for Consull.

Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sena. To unbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.

Scici. What is the Citie, but the People?

All. True, the People are the Citie.

240

Brut. By the consent of all, we were establish'd the Peoples Magistrates.

All. You so remaine.

221, etc. *All:* Citizens—CAPELL.

222. *2 Sen.:* Senators, etc.—CAMBRIDGE.

229. new l. at Speak—CAPELL.

236. new l. at This—POPE. 238. *&na.:* First Sen.—CAPELL.

241-2. new l. at The people's—POPE.

Mene. And so are like to doe.

Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat,
To bring the Roofe to the Foundation,
And burie all, which yet distinctly raunges
In heapes, and piles of Ruine.

Scici. This deserves Death.

Brut. Or let us stand to our Authoritie, 250
Or let us lose it: we doe here pronounce,
Upon the part o'th' People, in whose power
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
Of present Death.

Scici. Therefore lay hold of him:
Beare him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Brut. *Aediles* seize him.

All Ple. Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.

Mene. Heare me one word, 'beseech you Tribunes,
heare me but a word. 261

Aediles. Peace, peace.

Mene. [To *Brutus*] Be that you seeme, truly your
Countries friend, |
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redresse.

Brut. Sir, those cold wayes,
That seeme like prudent helps, are very poysonus,
Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And beare him to the Rock. *Corio. drawes his Sword.*

Corio. No, Ile die here: 270
There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Come trie upon your selves, what you have seene me.

Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw
a while.

Brut. Lay hands upon him.

Mene. Helpe *Martius*, helpe: you that be noble, helpe him young and old.

All. Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt.*

In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the AEdiles, and the People are beat in. 280

Mene. Goe, get you to our House: be gone, away, All will be naught else.

2. Sena. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast, we have as many friends as enemies.

Mene. Shall it be put to that?

Sena. The Gods forbid:

I prynthee noble friend, home to thy House,
Leave us to cure this Cause.

Mene. For 'tis a Sore upon us, 289
You cannot Tent¹ your selfe: be gone, 'beseech you.

Corio. Come Sir, along with us. ¹probe

Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,
Though calved i'th' Porch o'th' Capitoll:
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another.

Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.

Mene. I could my selfe take up a Brace o'th'best of them, yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick, 300
And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands
Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend

276-7. verse; new l. at You-HANMER. 281. our: your-Row.

286. *Sena.*: First Sen.-CAPELL. 291. *Corio*: Com.-2-4^F.

292. *Mene.*: Cor.-STEEVENS (1773).

295. new l. at Put-CAPELL.

295-6. given to Menenius-STEEVENS (1773).

297-9. verse; new ll. at I could beat, Take up-CAPELL.

Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare
What they are us'd to beare.

Mene. Pray you be gone:
Ile trie whether my old Wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patcht
With Cloth of any Colour.

Com. Nay, come away. *Exeunt Coriolanus and 310
Cominius [and others].*

Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.

Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
Or *Jove*, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth:
What his Brest forges, that his Tongue must vent,
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the Name of Death. *A Noise within.*
Here's goodly worke.

Patri. I would they were a bed. 320

Mene. I would they were in Tyber.
What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.

Sicin. Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the city, & be every man himself

Mene. You worthy Tribunes.

Sicin. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted Law,
And therefore Law shall scorne him further Triall
Then the severity of the publike Power, 330
Which he so sets at naught.

Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

322. verse; new l. at Could-Pope.

325. verse; new l. at Be-Pope.

332-3. verse; new ll. at The noble, And we-JOHNSON.

All. He shall sure ont.

Mene. Sir, sir.

Sicin. Peace.

Me. Do not cry havocke, where you shold but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sicin. Sir, how com'st that you have holpe
To make this rescue?

Mene. Heere me speake? As I do know 340
The Consuls worthinesse, so can I name his Faults.

Sicin. Consull? what Consull?

Mene. The Consull *Coriolanus.*

Bru. He Consull.

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Mene. If by the Tribunes leave,
And yours good people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,
The which shall turne you to no further harme,
Then so much losse of time.

350

Sic. Speake breefely then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This Viporous Traitor: to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere
Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed,
He dyes to night.

Menen. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitudo
Towards her deserved Children, is enroll'd
In Joves owne Booke, like an unnaturall Dam 360
Should now eate up her owne.

Sicin. He's a Disease that must be cut away.

Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease
Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, easie.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?

335. *Sicin. Peace:* separate l.-3-4F.

338-41. new ll. at *Have, As I, So-Pope.* 346-7. 1 l.-Pop.

OF CORIOLANUS

III. i. 299-325

Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost
(Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to loose it by his Country,
Were to us all that doo't, and suffer it
A brand to th'end a'th World. 370

Sicin. This is cleane kamme.¹ ¹*crookedness*

Brut. Meereley awry:
When he did love his Country, it honour'd him.

Menen. The service of the foote
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. Wee'l heare no more:
Pursue him to his house, and plucke him thence,
Least his infection being of catching nature,
Spred further. 380

Menen. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find
The harme of unskan'd swiftnesse, will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Processe,
Least parties (as he is belov'd) breake out,
And sacke great Rome with Romanes.

Brut. If it were so?

Sicin. What do ye talke?

Have we not had a taste of his Obedience? 390
Our Ediles smot: our selves resisted: come.

*Mene. Consider this: He ha's bin bred i'th'Warres
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd
In boulted Language: Meale and Bran together
He throwes without distinction. Give me leave,
Ile go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace,
Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forme*

373-4. *Merely .. Country:* 1 l.; new l. at It-Pope.

393. *a could*: *he could*—Rowe. 396. *in peace*: *out*—Pope.

(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1. *Sen.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course 400
Will prove to bloody: and the end of it,
Unknowne to the Beginning.

Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:
Masters, lay downe your Weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:
Where if you bring not *Martius*, wee'l proceede
In our first way.

Menen. Ile bring him to you. [To the *Senators*]
Let me desire your company: he must come, 410
Or what is worst will follow.

Sena. Pray you let's to him. *Exeunt Omnes.*

[Scene ii. *A room in Coriolanus's house.*]

Enter *Coriolanus* with *Nobles*.

Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, present me
Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horses heeles,
Or pile ten hillies on the Tarpeian Rocke,
That the precipitation might downe stretch
Below the beame of sight; yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter *Volumnia*.

Noble. You do the Nobler.

Corio. I muse my Mother 10
Do's not approve me further, who was wont
To call them Wollen Vassailes, things created
To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads

401. to bloody: too bloody—2-4F. 403. new l. at Be-Po^{PL}
12. *Wollen:* woollen—Rowe.

OF CORIOLANUS

[III. ii. 11-34]

In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder,
 When one but of my ordinance¹ stood up ¹rank
 To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,
 Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
 False to my Nature? Rather say, I play
 The man I am.

Volum. Oh sir, sir, sir, 20
 I would have had you put your power well on
 Before you had worne it out.

Corio. Let go.
Vol. You might have beene enough the man you are,
 With striving lesse to be so: Lesser had bin
 The things of your dispositions, if
 You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd
 Ere they lack'd power to crosse you.

Corio. Let them hang.
Volum. I, and burne too. 30

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have bin too rough, somthing
 too rough: you must returne, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
 Unlesse by not so doing, our good Citie
 Cleave in the midd'st, and perish.

Volum. Pray be counsail'd;
 I have a heart as little apt as yours,
 But yet a braine, that leades my use of Anger
 To better vantage. 40

Mene. Well said, Noble woman:
 Before he should thus stoope to th'heart, but that
 The violent fit a'th'time craves it as Physicke
 For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,

26. *things:* thwartings—THEOBALD.

33. *verse;* new l. at You—POPE. 42. *beart:* herd—THEOBALD.

Which I can scarcely beare.

Corio. What must I do?

Mene. Returne to th'Tribunes.

Corio. Well, what then? what then?

Mene. Repent, what you have spoke.

Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods, 50
Must I then doo't to them?

Volum. You are too absolute,
Though therein you can never be too Noble,
But when extremities speake. I have heard you say,
Honor and Policy, like unsever'd Friends,
I'th'Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th'other loose,
That they combine not there?

Corio. Tush, tush.

Mene. A good demand.

Volum. If it be Honor in your Warres, to seeme
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You adopt your policy: How is it lesse or worse
That it shall hold Companionship in Peace
With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both
It stands in like request.

Corio. Why force you this?

Volum. Because, that

Now it lyes you on to speake to th'people:
Not by your owne instruction, nor by'th'matter 70
Which your heart prompts you, but with such words
That are but roated in your Tongue;
Though but Bastards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosomes truth.
Now, this no more dishonors you at all, 1conquer
Then to take in¹ a Towne with gentle words,

68-73. 5 ll. ending speak, instruction, you, in, syllables-
MALONE.

OF CORIOLANUS

[III. ii. 60-89]

Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd 80
I should do so in Honor. I am in this
Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our generall Lowts,
How you can frowne, then spend a fawne upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruine.

Menen. Noble Lady,
Come goe with us, speake faire: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the losse
Of what is past. 90

Volum. I pry thee now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farre having stretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee bussing the stones: for in such businesse
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned then the eares, waving thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles, 100
Hast not the soft way, which thou do'st confesse
Were fit for thee to use, as they to clayme,
In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farre,
As thou hast power and person.

Menen. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why their hearts were yours:
For they have Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.

Volum. Prythee now, 110

Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
 Follow thine Enemie in a fierie Gulfe,
 Then flatter him in a Bower. *Enter Cominius.*
 Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I have beene i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit
 You make strong partie, or defend your selfe
 By calmenesse, or by absence: all's in anger.

Menen. Onely faire speech.

Com. I thinke 'twill serve, if he can thereto frame his
 spirit. 120

Volum. He must, and will: 1 bared bead
 Prythee now say you will, and goe about it.

Corio. Must I goe shew them my unbarb'd Sconce?¹
 Must I with my base Tongue give to my Noble Heart
 A Lye, that it must beare well? I will doo't:
 Yet were there but this single Plot, to loose
 This Mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grinde it,
 And throw't against the Winde. Toth' Market place:
 You have put me now to such a part, which never
 I shall discharge toth' Life. 130

Com. Come, come, wee'le prompt you.

Volum. I prynthee now sweet Son, as thou hast said
 My praises made thee first a Souldier; so
 To have my praise for this, performe a part
 Thou hast not done before.

Corio. Well, I must doo't:
 Away my disposition, and possesse me
 Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,
 Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
 Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce 140
 That Babies lull a-sleepe: The smiles of Knaves

113-14. i l.—CAPELL.

119-20. new l. at Can—2Rowe.

123-4. *Must I.. Must I:* i l.; new l. at With—CAPELL.

124. *to:* out—GLOBE.

125. *beare well?*: bear? Well—POPE.

141. *lull:* lulls—Rowe.

Tent¹ in my cheeke, and Schoole-boyes Teares take up
The Glasses of my sight: A Beggars Tongue ^{1dwell}
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an Almes. I will not doo't,
Least I surcease to honor mine owne truth,
And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A most inherent Basenesse.

Volum. At thy choice then: 150
To begge of thee, it is my more dis-honor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutnesse: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou suck'st it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy selfe.

Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place: 159
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loves,
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Consull,
Or never trust to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further.

Volum. Do your will. *Exit Volumnia*
Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your self
To answer mildely: for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I heare more strong
Then are upon you yet. 170

Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let us go,
Let them accuse me by invention: I
Will answer in mine Honor.

Menen. I, but mildely.
Corio. Well mildely be it then, Mildely. *Exeunt*
156. *suck'st:* *suck'dst-2Rowz.*

[Scene iii. *The same. The Forum.*]

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Brn. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power: If he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the *Antists*
Was ne're distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. Hee's comming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Edile. With old *Menenius*, and those Senators 10
That always favour'd him.

Sicin. Have you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we have procur'd, set downe by'th
Pole? |

Edile. I have: 'tis ready.

Sicin. Have you collected them by Tribes?

Edile. I have.

Sicin. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they heare me say, it shall be so,
I'th'right and strength a'th'Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them 20
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the olde prerogative
And power i'th Truth a'th Cause.

Edile. I shall informe them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the present Execution

2. *Brn.*: misprint 1F. 6. new l. at *What-CAPELL.*
13. new l. at *Set-POPE.* *Pole:* *poll-Rowe.*

OF CORIOLANUS

[III. iii. 22-41

Of what we chance to Sentence.

Edi. Very well.

29

Sicin. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giv't them.

Bru. Go about it, [Exit *Ædile.*]
Put him to Choller straite, he hath bene us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speakes
What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes
With us to breake his necke.

*Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Comi-
nius, with others.*

40

Sicin. Well, heere he comes.

Mene. Calmely, I do beseech you.

Corio. I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest pEECE
Will beare the Knave by't Volume:
Th'honor'd Goddes
Kepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Justice
Supplied with worthy men, plant love amongs
Through our large Temples with the shewes of peace
And not our streets with Warre.

1 Sen. Amen, Amen.

50

Mene. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sicin. Draw neere ye people.

Edile. List to your Tribunes. Audience:
Peace I say.

Corio. First heare me speake.

43. *fourtb:* for the-3-4F.

44-5. 1 l.-POPE.

47. *among:* among 'si-DYCK.

48. *Tbrough:* Throng-THEOBALD.

54-5. 1 l.-STEEVENS.

Both Tri. Well, say: Peace hoe.

Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?
Must all determine¹ heere? ^{1 be concluded}

Sicin. I do demand, 60
If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you.

Corio. I am Content.

Mene. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.
The warlike Service he ha's done, consider: Thinke
Upon the wounds his body beares, which shew
Like Graves i'th holy Church-yard.

Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarres to move 70
Laughter onely.

Mene. Consider further:
That when he speakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious sounds:
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Consull with full voyce: 80
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off againe.

Sicin. Answer to us.

Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so

Sicin. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

70-1. new l. at Scars—CAPELL. 75. *Actions: accents—2POPE.*

Corio. How? Traitor?

Mene. Nay temperately: your promise. 90

Corio. The fires i' th' lowest hell. Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou injurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou lyest unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sicin. Marke you this people?

All. To' th' Rocke, to' th' Rocke with him.

Sicin. Peace: 100
We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seene him do, and heard him speake:
Beating your Officers, cursing your selves,
Opposing Lawes with stroakes, and heere defying
Those whose great power must try him.
Even this so criminall, and in such capitall kinde
Deserves th' extreamest death.

Bru. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome.

Corio. What do you prate of Service.

Brut. I talke of that, that know it. 110

Corio. You?

Mene. Is this the promise that you made your mother.

Com. Know, I pray you.

Corio. Ile know no further:
Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy

91. *bell.* Fould: hell fold—*Popk.*

94. *clutcht: as:* clutch'd as—3-4F.

98. *this people:* this, people—4F.

105-8. 3 ll. ending this, kind, hath—*Popk.*

116. *Fleaing:* flaying—4F.

Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, Good morrow.

120

Sicin. For that he ha's
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envi'd against the people; seeking meanes
To plucke away their power: as now at last,
Given Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded Justice, but on the Ministers
That doth distribute it. In the name a'th'people,
And in the power of us the Tribunes, wee
(Ev'n from this instant) banish him our Citie
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th'Peoples name,
I say it shall bee so.

130

All. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:
Hee's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.
Sicin. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.

Com. Let me speake:
I have bene Consull, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies markes upon me. I do love
My Countries good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wives estimate, her wombes encrease,
And treasure of my Loynes: then if I would
Speake that.

140

Sicin. We know your drift Speake what?
Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.

127. *doth:* do-2-4F.139. *from:* for-THEOBALD.141. *Countries:* country's-a-Rowe.

It shall bee so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so. 150

Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reeke a'th'rotten Fennes: whose Loves I prize,
As the dead Carkasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And heere remaine with your uncertaintie.
Let every feeble Rumor shake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into dispaire: Have the power still
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeles, 160
Making but reservation of your selves,
Still your owne Foes) deliver you
As most abated¹ Captives, to some Nation ¹downcast
That wonne you without blowes, despising
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cumalys.

They all shout, and throw up their Caps.

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone. 169

All. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo.

Sicin. Go see him out at Gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the City.

All. Come, come, lets see him out at gates, come:
The Gods preserve our Noble Tribunes, come. *Exeunt.*

162-3. Still .. most: 1 l.; new l. at Abated—CAPELL.

Actus Quartus.

[Scene i. *Rome. Before a gate of the city.*]

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, | with the yong Nobility of Rome.

Corio. Come leave your teares: a brief farwel: the beast |
 With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
 Where is your ancient Courage? You were us'd
 To say, Extreamities was the trier of spirits,
 That common chances. Common men could beare,
 That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike
 Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes, 10
 When most strooke home, being gentle wounded, craves
 A Noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
 With Precepts that would make invincible
 The heart that conn'd them.

Virg. Oh heavens! O heavens!

Corio. Nay, I prythee woman.

Vol. Now the Red Pestilence strike al Trades in
 Rome, |
 And Occupations perish.

Corio. What, what, what:
 I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother, 20
 Resume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
 If you had beene the Wife of *Hercules*,
 Six of his Labours you'd have done, and sav'd
 Your Husband so much swet. *Cominius*,
 Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
 Ile do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
 Thy teares are salter then a yonger mans,

8. *chances. Common: chances common-4F.*

And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) Generall,
 I have seene the Sterne, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women, 30
 'Tis fond¹ to waile inevitable strokes, ¹*foolish*
 As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well
 My hazards still have beene your solace, and
 Beleev't not lightly, though I go alone
 Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then seene: your Sonne
 Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
 With cautelous² baits and practice. ²*wary*

Volum. My first sonne,
 Whether will thou go? Take good *Cominius* ⁴⁰
 With thee awhile: Determine on some course
 More then a wilde exposture, to each chance
 That start's i'th'way before thee.

Corio. O the Gods!
Com. Ile follow thee a Moneth, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st heare of us,
 And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send
 O're the vast world, to seeke a single man,
 And loose advantage, which doth ever coole ⁵⁰
 Ith'absence of the needer.

Corio. Fare ye well:
 Thou hast yeares upon thee, and thou art too full
 Of the warres surfets, to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.
 Come my sweet wife, my deerest Mother, and
 My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come:
 While I remaine above the ground, you shall

29. *thee*-3-4F. 40. *Whither will:* Whither wilt-CAPELL.

Hear from me still, and never of me ought
But what is like me formerly. 60

• *Menen.* That's worthily
As any eare can heare. Come, let's not weepe,
If I could shake off but one seven yeeres
From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'ld with thee, every foot.

Corio. Give me thy hand, come. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *The same. A street near the gate.*]

*Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus,
with the Edile.*

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone: & wee'l no fur-
ther, |
The Nobility are vexed, whom we see have sided
In his behalf.

Brut. Now we have shewne our power,
Let us seeme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a dooing.

Sicin. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,
And they, stand in their ancient strength. 10

Brut. Dismiss them home. [Exit *Ædiles.*] Here comes his Mother. |

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why?

Sicin. They say she's mad.

Brut. They have tane note of us: keepe on your way.

Volum. Oh y'are well met:

67. new l. at Come-STEVENS (1793).

8-II. 3 ll. ending home, they, home-POPE.

17-18. *Ob .. Gods: 1 l.; new l. at Requite—CAPELL.*

OF CORIOLANUS

[IV. ii. 11-34]

Th'hoorded plague a'th' Gods requit your love.

Menen. Peace, peace, be not so loud. 19

Volum. If that I could for weeping, you should heare,
Nay, and you shall heare some. [*To Brutus*] Will you
be gone? |

Virg. [*To Sicinius*] You shall stay too: I would I
had the power |

To say so to my Husband.

Sicin. Are you mankinde?

Volum. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had'st thou Foxship
To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou hast spoken words.

Sicin. Oh blessed Heavens!

Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then ever thou wise
words. | 30

And for Romes good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Sicin. What then?

Virg. What then? Hee'l make an end of thy pos-
terity |

Volum. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!

Menen. Come, come, peace.

Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country 40
As he began, and not unknit himselfe
The Noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Volum. I would he had? 'Twas you incenst the rable.
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,

20, 55. *you:* you-2-4F.

36. new l. at He'l-d-HANMER.

As I can of those Mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Brut. Pray let's go.

Volum. Now pray sir get you gone. 49
You have done a brave deede: Ere you go, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne
This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, wee'l leave you.

Sicin. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her Wits. *Exit Tribunes.*

Volum. Take my Prayers with you.
I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirme my Curses. Could I meeete 'em 60
But once a day, it would unclogge my heart
Of what lyes heavy too't.

Mene. You have told them home,
And by my troth you have cause: you'l Sup with me.

Volum. Angers my Meate: I suppe upon my selfe,
And so shall sterue with Feeding: Come, let's go,
Leave this faint-puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, *Juno*-like: Come, come, come. *Exeunt*

Mene. Fie, fie, fie. *Exit.*

[Scene iii. *A highway between Rome and Antium.*]

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well sir, and you know mee: your
name I thinke is *Adrian*.

Volce. It is so sir, truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Services are as you are,
against 'em. Know you me yet.

48. *let's: let us*—*Popl.*

50. *You have: You've*—*Popl.*

OF CORIOLANUS

[IV. iii. 6-41

Volce. Nicanor: no.

Rom. The same sir. 8

Volce. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but your Favour¹ is well appear'd² by your Tongue. What's the Newes in Rome: I have a Note from the Volcean state to finde you out there. You have well saved mee a dayes journey. ¹ countenance ² testified to

Rom. There hath beene in Rome straunge Insurrections: The people, against the Senatours, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com upon them, in the heate of their division 19

Rom. The maine blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyve so to heart, the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al power from the people, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for ever. This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* Banisht?

Rom. Banish'd sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Nicanor.* 30

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard, it saide, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when shee's falne out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus Aufidius* well appeare well in these Warres, his great Opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his country.

Volce. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my Bu-

10. appear'd: approved-2COLIER.

34. well appeare: will appear-2-4F.

sinesse, and I will merrily accompany you home. 39

Rom. I shall betweene this and Supper, tell you most strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Adversaries. Have you an Army ready say you?

Vol. A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges distinctly billeted already in th'entertainment, and to be on foot at an hours warning.

Rom. I am joyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am the man I thinke, that shall set them in present Action. So sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your Company.

Voice. You take my part from me sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours. 50

Rom. Well, let us go together.

Exeunt.

[Scene iv. *Antium. Before Aufidius's house.*]

Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell, Disguised, and muffled.

Corio. A goodly City is this *Antium.* Citty,
'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre
Of these faire Edifices fore my Warres
Have I heard groane, and drop: Then know me not,
Least that thy Wives with Spits, and Boyes with stones
In puny Battell slay me. Save you sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius* lies: Is he in *Antium*? 10

Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his house this night.

Corio. Which is his house, beseech you?

11-14. new ll. at Where and At-CAPELL.

OF CORIOLANUS

[IV. iv. 11-v. 6]

Cit. This heere before you.

Corio. Thanke you sir, farewell. *Exit Citizen*
Oh World, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosomes seemes to weare one heart,
Whose Houres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise
Are still together: who Twin (as 'twere) in Love, 21
Unseparable, shall within this houre,
On a dissencion of a Doit, breake out
To bitterest Enmity: So fellest Foes,
Whose Passions, and whose Plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some tricke not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends
And inter-joyne their yssues. So with me,
My Birth-place have I, and my loves upon
This Enemie Towne: Ile enter, if he slay me 30
He does faire Justice: if he give me way,
Ile do his Country Service. *Exit.*

[Scene v. *The same. A ball in Aufidius's house.*]

Musicke playes. Enter a Servingman.

1 *Ser.* Wine, Wine, Wine: What service is heere? I
thinke our Fellowes are asleepe. *[Exit.]*

Enter another Servingman.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus*: my M.cals for him: *Cotus. Exit*

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly House:
The Feast smels well: but I appeare not like a Guest.

19. *seemes: seem*-4F.
7-8. *verse; new l. at Appear-Pope.*

29. *bave: hate*-CAPELL.

Enter the first Servingman.

1 *Ser.* What would you have Friend? whence are you?
Here's no place for you: Pray go to the doore? *Exit 11*

Corio. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus.* *Enter second Servant.*

2 *Ser.* Whence are you sir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such Companions?
Pray get you out.

Corio. Away.

2 *Ser.* Away? Get you away.

Corio. Now th'art troublesome.

2 *Ser.* Are you so brave: Ile have you talkt with anon

Enter 3 Servingman, the 1 meets him.

3 What Fellowes this?

1 A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th'house: Prythee call my Master to him.

[*Retires.*]

3 What have you to do here fellow? Pray you avoid the house.

Corio. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harth.

3 What are you?

Corio. A Gentleman.

3 A marv'lous poore one.

Corio. True, so I am.

3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take up some other station: Heere's no place for you, pray you avoid: Come.

Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on colde bits.

Pusbes him away from him.

3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maister what a strange Guest he ha's heere.

OF CORIOLANUS

[IV. v. 39-67]

2 And I shall. *Exit second Servingman.*

3 Where dwel'st thou?

Corio. Under the Canopy.

40

3 Under the Canopy?

Corio. I.

3 Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and Crowes.

3 I'th City of Kites and Crowes? What an Asse it is,
then thou dwel'st with Dawes too?

Corio. No, I serve not thy Master.

3 How sir? Do you meddle with my Master?

Corio. I, tis an honeste service, then to meddle with
thy Mistris: Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serve with thy tren-
cher: Hence. *Beats him away* 51*Enter Auffidius with the Servingman.*

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Here sir, I de have beaten him like a dogge, but for
disturbing the Lords within. [Retires.]Auf. Whence com'st thou? What woldst thou? Thy
name? |

Why speak'st not? Speake man: What's thy name?

Corio. If *Tullus* [*Unmuffling*] not yet thou know'st
me, and seeing | me, dost not thinke me for the man I
am, necessitie com- | mands me name my selfe. 60

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name unmusicall to the Volcians eares,
And harsh in sound to thine.Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a Grim appearance, and thy Face
Bears a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne,49-52. verse, 2 ll.; new l. at *Thou*-CAPELL.54. *I de*: I'd-CAMBRIDGE.58-60. verse; new ll. at *Not, Think, Commands*-STEVENS.

Thou shew'st a Noble Vessel: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne: knowst thou me yet? |

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name?

Corio. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done 70
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces
Great hurt and Mischief: thereto witnesse may
My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painfull Service,
The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood
Shed for my thanklesse Country, are requitted:
But with that Surname, a good memorie
And witnesse of the Malice and Displeasure
Which thou should'st beare me, only that name remains.
The Cruelty and Envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard Nobles, who 80
Have all forsooke me, hath devour'd the rest:
And suffer'd me by th'voynce of Slaves to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity,
Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope
(Mistake me not) to save my life: for if
I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th'World
I would have voided thee. But in meere spight
To be full quit of those my Banishers,
Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou hast
A heart of wreake¹ in thee, that wilt revenge 90
Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maimes
Of shame scene through thy Country, speed thee straight
And make my misery serve thy turne: So use it,
That my revengefull Services may prove ¹ *vengeance*
As Benefits to thee. For I will fight
Against my Cankred Countrey, with the Spleene
Of all the under Fiends. But if so be,
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more Fortunes
Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am

Longer to live most wearie: and present 100
 My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole,
 Since I have ever followed thee with hate,
 Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries brest,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unlesse
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh *Martius, Martius*;
 Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart
 A roote of Ancient Envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yond clowd speake divine things, 110
 And say 'tis true; I'de not beleeve them more
 Then thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine
 Mine armes about that body, where against
 My grained Ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scarr'd the Moone with splinters: heere I sleep
 The Anvile of my Sword, and do contest
 As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Love,
 As ever in Ambitious strength, I did
 Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the Maid I married: never man 120
 Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee heere
 Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
 Then when I first my wedded Mistris saw
 Bestride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
 We have a Power on foote: and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,
 Or loose mine Arme for't: Thou hast beate mee out
 Twelve severall times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me:
 We have beene downe together in my sleepe, 130
 Unbuckling Helmes, fisting each others Throat,

115. *sleep: clip-PoRk.*

And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*,
 Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve, to seventie: and powring Warre
 Into the bowels of ungratefull Rome,
 Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,
 And take our Friendly Senators by'th'hands
 Who now are heere, taking their leaves of mee,
 Who am prepar'd against your Territories, 140
 Though not for Rome it selfe.

Corio. You blesse me Gods.

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine owne Revenges, take
 Th'one halfe of my Commission, and set downe
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine own waies
 Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in, 150
 Let me commend thee first, to those that shall
 Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,
 And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie,
 Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand: most welcome.

Exeunt

Enter two of the Servingmen.

1 Heere's a strange alteration?

2 By my hand, I had thought to have stroken him with
 a Cudgell, and yet my minde gave me, his cloathes made
 a false report of him. 160

1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his
 finger and his thumbe, as one would set up a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing
 in him. He had sir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot
 tell how to tearme it.

1 He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang'd
but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.

2 So did I, Ile be sworne: He is simply the rarest man
i'th'world.

1 I thinke he is: but a greater soldier then he, 170
You wot one.

2 Who my Master?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth six on him.

1 Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater
Souldiour.

2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to say that:
for | the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

1 I, and for an assault too.

Enter the thrid Servingman. 180

3 Oh Slaves, I can tell you Newes, News you Rascals
Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as
live be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherfore? Wherfore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Ge-
nerall, *Caius Martius*.

1 Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was al-
ways good enough for him 190

2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was ever too
hard for him, I have heard him say so himselfe.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth
on't before *Corioles*, he scotcht him, and notcht him like a
Carbinado.

2 And hee had bin Cannibally given, hee might have
boyld and eaten him too.

196. *And: An-CAPELL.*

1 But more of thy Newes. 198

3 Why he is so made on heere within, as if hee were Son and Heire to Mars, set at upper end o'th' Table: No question askt him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mistris of him, Sanctifies himselfe with's hand, and turnes up the white o'th' eye to his Discourse. But the bottome of the Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th' middle, & but one halfe of what he was yesterday. For the other ha's halfe, by the intreayt and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'l go he sayes, and sole¹ the Porter of Rome Gates by th'cares. He will mowe all downe before him, and leave his passage poul'd.² ¹drag ²bare 210

2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you sir, he has as ma- | ny Friends as Enemies: which Friends sir as it were, durst | not (ooke you sir) shew themselves (as we terme it) his | Friends, whilst he's in Directitude.

1 Directitude? What's that?

3 But when they shall see sir, his Crest up againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and revell all with him.

1 But when goes this forward: 220

3 To morrow, to day, presently, you shall have the Drum strooke up this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then wee shall have a stirring World againe: This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, encrease Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1 Let me have Warre say I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: It's sprightly walking, audible, and full | of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie,

OF CORIOLANUS

[IV. v. 239–vi. 15

mulld', | deafe, sleepe, insensible, a getter of more bas-
tard Chil- | dren, then warres a destroyer of men. 231

2 'Tis so, and as warres in some sort may be saide to
be a Ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great
maker of Cuckolds.

1 I, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Reason, because they then lesse neede one another:
The Warres for my money. I hope to see Romanes as
cheape as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in.

Exeunt

[Scene vi. *Rome. A public place.*]

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him,
His remedies are tame, the present peace,
And quietnesse of the people, which before
Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestring streets, then see
Our Tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their Functions friendly. 10

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood too't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late:
Haile Sir. *Mene.* Haile to you both.

Sicin. Your *Coriolanus* is not much mist, but with his
Friends: the Commonwealth doth stand, and so would
do, were he more angry at it.

231. warres: war's-2Rowe. 232. warres: war-2Rowe.
3. tame, the: tame i'the-Theobald. 14. new l. at *Men.*-4F.
15-17. verse; new ll. at *Is.*, The, Were-Globe.

Mene. All's well, and might have bene much better,
if he could have temporiz'd.

Sicin. Where is he, heare you? 20

Mene. Nay I heare nothing:
His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preserve you both.

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours.

Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

1 Our selves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sicin. Live, and thrive.

Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours: 30
We wisht *Coriolanus* had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keepe you.

Bobt Tri. Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt Citizens*

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time,
Then when these Fellowes ran about the streets,
Crying Confusion.

Bru. *Caius Martius* was
A worthy Officer i'th'Warre, but Insolent,
O'recome with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking
Selfe-loving. 40

Sicin. And affecting one sole Throne, without assist-
ance |

Mene. I thinke not so.

Sicin. We should by this, to all our Lamention,

19-20. verse; new l. at *He-CAPELL.*

21-2. verse, 2 ll.; new l. at *Hear-CAPELL.*

25, 26. *Gooden;* God-den-DYCE.

30-1. verse, 2 ll.; new l. at *Had-HANMER.*

41. new l. at *Without-THROBALD.*

43. *Lamention:* lamentation-2-4F.

If he had gone forth Consull, found it so.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still, without him.

Enter an AEdile.

AEdile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a Slave whom we have put in prison,
Reports the Volces with two severall Powers 50
Are entred in the Roman Territories,
And with the deepest malice of the Warre,
Destroy, what lies before 'em.

Mene. 'Tis *Auffidius*,
Who hearing of our *Martius* Banishment,
Thrusts forth his hornes againe into the world
Which were In-shell'd, when *Martius* stood for Rome,
And durst not once peepe out.

Sicin. Come, what talke you of *Martius*.
Bru. Go see this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be, 60
The Volces dare breake with us.

Mene. Cannot be?
We have Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Least you shall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be. 70
Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Nobles in great earnestnesse are going

59. new l. at Of-Steevens (1793).

64. *bath:* have-4F.

70. new l. at I-Pope.

All to the Senate-house: some newes is comming
That turns their Countenances.

Sicin. 'Tis this Slave:
Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raising,
Nothing but his report.

Mes. Yes worthy Sir, 80
The Slaves report is seconded, and more
More fearfull is deliver'd.

Sicin. What more fearefull?
Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Joynd with *Auffidius*, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vowes Revenge as spacious, as betweene
The yong'st and oldest thing.

Sicin. This is most likely.
Bru. Rais'd onely, that the weaker sort may wish
Good *Martius* home againe. 90
Sicin. The very tricke on't.
Mene. This is unlikely,
He, and *Auffidius* can no more attone¹ ^{1 agree}
Then violent'st Contrariety.

Enter [a second] Messenger.

[*Set.*] *Mes.* You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearefull Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Associated with *Auffidius*, Rages
Upon our Territories, and have already 99
O're-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh you have made good worke.
Mene. What newes? What newes?

74. *comming: come-Rowe.*

OF CORIOLANUS

[IV. vi. 81-107]

Com. You have holp to ravish your owne daughters, &
To melt the City Leades upon your pates,
To see your Wives dishonour'd to your Noses.

Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes?

Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd 110
Into an Augors boare.

Mene. Pray now, your Newes:
You have made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If *Martius* should be joyn'd with Volceans.

Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity then Nature,
That shapes man Better: and they follow him
Against us Brats, with no lesse Confidence,
Then Boyes pursuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flyes. 120

Mene. You have made good worke,
You and your Apron men: you, that stood so much
Upon the voyce of occupation, and
The breath of Garlick-eaters.

Com. Hee'l shake your Rome about your eares.
Mene. As *Hercules* did shake downe Mellow Fruite:
You have made faire worke.

Brut. But is this true sir?
Com. I, and you'l looke pale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions 130
Do smilingly Revolt, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And perish constant Fooles: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.

Mene. We are all undone, unlesse

115. new l. at *He is*—CAPELL.

125. *Hee'l*: *He will*; new l. at *Your*—STEEVENS.

126-7. new l. at *Did ending work*—CAPELL.

The Noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The Tribunes cannot doo't for shame; the people
Deserve such pitty of him, as the Wolfe 139
Doe's of the Shepheards: For his best Friends, if they
Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, even
As those should do that had desperv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like Enemies.

Me. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, beseech you cease. You have made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you have crafted faire.

Com. You have brought
A Trembling upon Rome, such as was never
S'incapable of helpe. 150

[Both] *Tri.* Say not, we brought it.

Mene. How? Was't we? We lov'd him,
But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gave way unto your Clusters, who did hoothe
Him out o'th' Cityt.

Com. But I feare
They'l roare him in againe. *Tullus Auffidius*,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his Officer: Desperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence 160
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Mene. Heere come the Clusters.
And is *Auffidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayre unwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasie Caps, in hooting

144. new l. at If-POPE.

152-6. verse, 3 ll. ending beasts, clusters, fear-POPE.

At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's comming,
 And not a haire upon a Souldiers head
 Which will not prove a whip: As many Coxcombes
 As you threw Caps up, will he tumble downe, 170
 And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
 If he could burne us all into oue coale,
 We have deservd it.

Omnes. Faith, we heare fearfull Newes.

1 *Cit.* For mine owne part,
 When I said banish him, I said 'twas pitty.

2 And so did I.

3 And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very many of us, that we did we did for the best, and though wee willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against our will. 181

Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.

Mene. You have made good worke
 You and your cry.¹ Shal's to the Capitoll?

Com. Oh I, what else? *Exeunt both.*

Sicin. Go Masters get you home, be not dismайд,
 These are a Side, that would be glad to have
 This true, which they so seeme to feare. Go home,
 And shew no signe of Fear. ¹ pack of bounds

1 *Cit.* The Gods bee good to us: Come Masters let's home, I ever said we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd him. 192

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home. *Exit Cit.*

Bru. I do not like this Newes.

Sicin. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth Would buy this for a lye.

Sicin. Pray let's go. *Exeunt Tribunes.*

166-7. *Your .. At:* 1 l.; new l. at *Coriolanus*-POPE.

172. *oue:* one-misprint 1F.

183-4. 2ll. ending *made, Capitol*-CAPELL. 198. *let's:let us*-POPE.

[Scene vii. *A camp, at a small distance from Rome.*]

Enter Auffidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fyfe to'th' Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but
Your Soldiers use him as the Grace 'fore meate,
Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end,
And you are darkned in this action Sir,
Even by your owne.

Auf. I cannot helpe it now,
Unlesse by using meanes I lame the foote
Of our designe. He beares himselfe more proudlie, 10
Even to my person, then I thought he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature
In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish Sir,
(I meane for your particular) you had not
Joyn'd in Commission with him: but either have borne
The action of your selfe, or else to him, had left it soley.

Auf. I understand thee well, and be thou sure
When he shall come to his account, he knowes not 20
What I can urge against him, although it seemes
And so he thinkes, and is no lese apparent
To th'vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely:
And shewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State,
Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheeve as soone
As draw his Sword: yet he hath left undone
That which shall breake his necke, or hazard mine,
When ere we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'l carry Rome?

Auf. All places yeelds to him ere he sits downe, 30

17. *bave:* had—POPE. 17-18. new ll. at Had and To—MALONE.

30. *yeelds:* yield—2-4F.

And the Nobility of Rome are his:
 The Senators and Patricians love him too:
 The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people
 Will be as rash in the repeale, as hasty
 To expell him thence. I think hee'l be to Rome
 As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it
 By Soveraignty of Nature. First, he was
 A Noble servant to them, but he could not
 Carry his Honors eeven: whether 'was Pride
 Which out of dayly Fortune ever taints 40
 The happy man; whether detect of judgement,
 To faile in the disposing of those chances
 Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature,
 Not to be other then one thing, not mooving
 From th'Caske to th'Cushion: but commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garbe,
 As he controll'd the warre. But one of these
 (As he hath spices of them all) not all,
 For I dare so farre free him, made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd: but he ha's a Merit 50
 To choake it in the utt'rance: So our Vertue,
 Lie in th'interpretation of the time,
 And power unto it selfe most commendable,
 Hath not a Tombe so evident as a Chaire
 T'extoll what it hath done.
 One fire drives out one fire; one Naile, one Naile;
 Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do faile.
 Come let's away: when *Caius* Rome is thine,
 Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine. *exeunt*

36. *Aspray*: Osprey—THEOBALD.41. *detect*: defect—2-4F.45. *Caske*: casque—STEEVENS.51. *Vertue*: virtues—2-4F.57. *fouler*: falter—DYCE.

Actus Quintus.

[Scene i. *Rome. A public place.*]

*Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus,
the two Tribunes, with others.*

Menen. No, Ile not go: you heare what he hath said
Which was sometime his Generall: who loved him
In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father:
But what o'that? Go you that banish'd him
A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To heare *Cominius* speake, Ile keepe at home. 10

Com. He would not seeme to know me.

Menen. Do you heare?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not answer too: Forbad all Names,
He was a kinde of Nothing, Titlelesse,
Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a'th'fire
Of burning Rome.

Menen. Why so: you have made good worke: 20
A paire of Tribunes, that have wrack'd¹ for Rome,
To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon
When it was lesse expected. He replied ¹*labora*
It was a bare petition of a State
To one whom they had punish'd.

Menen. Very well, could he say lesse.

Com. I offered to awaken his regard
For's private Friends. His answer to me was

21. *wrack'd:* rack'd—POPE. 27. new l. at Could—JOHNSON.

OF CORIOLANUS

[V. i. 25-52]

He could not stay to picke them, in a pile 30
Of noysome musty Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly
For one poore graine or two, to leave unburnt
And still to nose th'offence.

Menen. For one poore graine or two?
I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Childe,
And this brave Fellow too: we are the Graines,
You are the musty Chaffe, and you are smelt
Above the Moone. We must be burnt for you.

Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde
In this so never-needed helpe, yet do not 40
Upbraid's with our distresse. But sure if you
Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue
More then the instant Armie we can make
Might stop our Countryman.

Mene. No: Ile not meddle.

Sicin. Pray you go to him.

Mene. What should I do?

Bru. Onlyne make triall what your Love can do,
For Rome, towards *Martius*.

Mene. Well, and say that *Martius* returne mee, 50
As *Cominius* is return'd, unheard: what then?
But as a discontented Friend, greefe-shot
With his unkindnesse. Say't be so?

Sicin. Yet your good will
Must have that thankes from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Mene. Ile undertak't:
I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip,
And humme at good *Cominius*, much unhearts mee.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd, 60
The Veines unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the Morning, are unapt

50-1. new ll. at Return, Unheard-PoP.

To give or to forgive; but when we have stuft
 These Pipes, and these Conveyances of our blood
 With Wine and Feeding, we have suppler Soules
 Then in our Priest-like Fasts: therefore Ile watch him
 Till he be dieted to my request,
 And then Ile set upon him.

Bra. You know the very rode into his kindnesse,
 And cannot lose your way. 70

Mene. Good faith Ile prove him,
 Speed how it will. I shall ere long, have knowledge
 Of my successe. Exit.

Com. Hee'l never heare him.

Sicin. Not.

Com. I tell you, he doe's sit in Gold, his eye
 Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Injury
 The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him,
 'Twas very faintly he said Rise: dismiss me
 Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do 80
 He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
 Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:
 So that all hope is vaine, unlesse his Noble Mother,
 And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to solicite him
 For mercy to his Countrey: therefore let's hence,
 And with our faire intreaties hast them on. Exeunt

[Scene ii. *Entrance of the Volscian camp before Rome.*
Two sentinels on guard.]

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1. *Wat.* Stay: whence are you.

2. *Wat.* Stand, and go backe.

Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave,
 I am an Officer of State, & come to speak with *Coriolanus*

83-4. & .. vaine: 1 l.; new ll. at Unless, Who-JOHNSON.
 5. new l. at To-POPE.

OF CORIOLANUS

[V. ii. 4-37]

1 From whence? *Mene.* From Rome.1 You may not passe, you must returne: our Generall
will no more heare from thence.2 You'l see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'l speake with *Coriolanus.* 10*Mene.* Good my Friends,
If you have heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your eares: it is *Menenius.*1 Be it so, go backe: the vertue of your name,
Is not heere passable.*Mene.* I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Lover: I have beene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men have read
His Fame unparalell'd, happily amplified: 20
For I have ever verified my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: Nay, sometimes,
Like to a Bowle upon a subtle ground
I have tumbled past the throw: and in his praise
Have (almost) stamp't the Leasing. Therefore Fellow,
I must have leave to passe.1 Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe,
as you have uttered words in your owne, you should not
passe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to
live chastly. Therefore go backe. 31*Men.* Prythee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*,
alwayes factionary on the party of your Generall.2 Howsoeuer you have bin his Lier, as you say you
have, I am one that telling true under him, must say you
cannot passe. Therefore go backe.*Mene.* Ha's he din'd can'st thou tell? For I would not
speake with him, till after dinner.6. new l. at *Men.*—4.F.7-8. verse; new l. at *Will-Pope.*

1 You are a Roman, are you?

Mene. I am as thy Generall is.

40

1 Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, when you have pusht out your gates, the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, thinke to front his revenges with the easie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd Dotant as you seeme to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with such weake breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd, therfore backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our Generall has sworne you out of repreeve and pardon.

52

Mene. Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere,
He would use me with estimation.

1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Mene. I meane thy Generall.

1 My Generall cares not for you. Backe I say, go: least I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the utmost of your having, backe.

Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

60

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Mene. Now you Companion: Ile say an arrant for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation: you shall perceive, that a Jacke gardant cannot office me from my Son *Coriolanus*, guesse but my entertainment with him: if thou stand'st not i'th state of hanging, or of some death more long in Spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, behold now presently, and swoond for what's to come upon

53-4. *prose-PoRk.*

69, 102. *swoond:* swoon-4F.

63. *arrant:* errand-PoRk.

thee. [To Cor.] The glorious Gods sit in hourly Synod about thy | particular prosperity, and love thee no worse then thy old | Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art pre- | paring fire for us: looke thee, heere's water to quench it. | I was hardly moved to come to thee: but beeing assured | none but my selfe could move thee, I have bene blowne | out of your Gates with sighes: and conjure thee to par- | don Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good | Gods asswage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, upon | this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denied | my accesse to thee. 80

Corio. Away.

Mene. How? Away?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires Are Servanted to others: Though I owe My Revenge properly, my remission lies In Volcean breasts. That we have beene familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone. Mine eares against your suites, are stronger then Your gates against my force. Yet for I loved thee, 90 Take this along, I writ it for thy sake, [Gives a letter.] And would have sent it. Another word *Menenius*, I will not heare thee speake. This man *Auffidius* Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

Auffid. You keepe a constant temper. *Exeunt*

[*Cor.* & *Auf.*]

Manet the Guard and Menenius.

1 Now sir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 'Tis a spell you see of much power:
You know the way home againe.

1 Do you heare how wee are shent ¹ for keeping your
greatnesse backe? ^{1 rebuked 101}

2 What cause do you thinke I have to swoond?

Menen. I neither care for th'world, nor your General:
for such things as you, I can scarce thinke ther's any y'are
so slight. He that hath a will to die by himselfe, feares it
not from another: Let your Generall do his worst. For
you, bee that you are, long; and your misery encrease
with yourage. I say to you, as I was said to, Away. *Exit*

1 A Noble Fellow I warrant him.

2 The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock,
The Oake not to be winde shaken. *Exit Watch.* 111

[Scene iii. *The tent of Coriolanus.*]

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow
Set downe our Hoast. My partner in this Action,
You must report to th'Volcian Lords, how plainly
I have borne this Businesse.

Auf. Onely their ends you have respected,
Stopt your eares against the generall suite of Rome:
Never admitted a privat whisper, no not with such frends
That thought them sure of you.

Corio. This last old man, ¹⁰
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me, above the measure of a Father,
Nay godded me indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old Love I have
(Though I shew'd sowrely to him) once more offer'd
The first Conditions which they did refuse,

110-11. prose-4F.

5-8. 4 five-accent ll. ending ends, against, admitted, friends-
CAPELL.

OF CORIOLANUS

[V. iii. 15-43]

And cannot now accept, to grace him onely,
 That thought he could do more: A very little
 I have yeeded too. Fresh Embasses, and Suites,
 Nor from the State, nor private friends heereafter 20
 Will I lend eare to. Ha? what shout is this? *Shout within*
 Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
 In the same time'tis made? I will not.

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, yong Martius,
with Attendants.

My wife comes formost, then the honour'd mould
 Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand
 The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection,
 All bond and priviledge of Nature breake;
 Let it be Vertuous to be Obstinate. 30
 What is that Curt'sie worth? Or those Doves eyes,
 Which can make Gods forsworne? I melt, and am not
 Of stronger earth then others: my Mother bowes,
 As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should
 In supplication Nod: and my yong Boy
 Hath an Aspect of intercession, which
 Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, He never
 Be such a Gosling to obey instinct; but stand
 As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin
Virgil. My Lord and Husband. 41

Corio. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
 Makes you thinke so.

Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I have forgot my part,
 And I am out, even to a full Disgrace. Best of my Flesh,
 Forgive my Tyranny: but do not say,

19. *too:* to-2-4F.

40. new l. at And knew-2Rowz.

44-6. 3 five-accent ll. ending now, out, flesh-Porz.

For that forgive our Romanes. O a kisse
 Long as my Exile, sweet as my Revenge!
 Now by the jealous Queene of Heaven, that kisse 50
 I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe
 Hath Virgin'd it ere since. You Gods, I pray,
 And the most noble Mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted: Sinke my knee i'th'earth, *Kneels*
 Of thy deepe duty, more impression shew
 Then that of common Sonnes.

Volum. Oh stand up blest!
 Whil'st with no softer Cushion then the Flint
 I kneele before thee, and unproperly
 Shew duty as mistaken, all this while, 60
 Betweene the Childe, and Parent. *[Kneels.]*

Corio. What's this? your knees to me?
 To your Corrected Sonne?
 Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach
 Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous windes
 Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun:
 Murd'ring Impossibility, to make
 What cannot be, slight worke.

Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee
 Do you know this Lady? 70

Corio. The Noble Sister of *Publicola*;
 The Moone of Rome: Chaste as the Isicle
 That's curdied by the Frost, from purest Snow,
 And hangs on *Dians* Temple: Deere *Valeria*.

Volum. This is a poore Epitome of yours,
 Which by th'interpretation of full time,
 May shew like all your selfe.

52. *pray*: prate—2 Pope.

61-3. 2 five-accent ll. ending this, Son—Pope.

62. *Whai's*: What is—Pope.

68-70. 2 ll. ending warrior, lady—Rowe. 69. *bope*: help—Pope.

OF CORIOLANUS

[V. iii. 70-98]

Corio. The God of Souldiers:
With the consent of supreame Jove, informe
Thy thoughts with Noblenesse, that thou mayst prove
To shame unvulnerable, and sticke i'th Warres 81
Like a great Sea-marke standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee.

Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my brave Boy.

Volum. Even he, your wife, this Ladie, and my selfe,
Are Sutors to you.

Corio. I beseech you peace:
Or if you'l aske, remember this before;
The thing I have forsworne to graunt, may never 90
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my Soldiers, or capitulate
Againe, with Romes Mechanickes. Tell me not
Wherein I seeme unnatural: Desire not t'allay
My Rages and Revenges, with your colder reasons.

Volum. Oh no more, no more:
You have said you will not grant us any thing:
For we have nothing else to aske, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will aske,
That if you fail in our request, the blame 100
May hang upon your hardnesse, therefore heare us.

Corio. *Auffidius*, and you Volces marke, for wee'l
Hearre nought from Rome in private. Your request?

Volum. Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment
And state of Bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy Exile. Thinke with thy selfe,
How more unfortunate then all living women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
Make our eies flow with joy, harts dance with comforts,

Constraines them weepe, and shake with feare & sorow,
 Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to see, 111
 The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing
 His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we
 Thine enmities most capitall: Thou barr'st us
 Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy. For how can we?
 Alas! how can we, for our Country pray?
 Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory:
 Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we must loose
 The Countrie our deere Nurse, or else thy person 120
 Our comfort in the Country. We must finde
 An evident Calamity, though we had
 Our wish, which side should win. For either thou
 Must as a Forraine Recreant be led
 With Manacles through our streets, or else
 Triumphanty treade on thy Countries ruine,
 And beare the Palme, for having bravely shed
 Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my selfe, Sonne,
 I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
 These warres determine: If I cannot perswade thee,
 Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts, 131
 Then seeke the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy Country, then to treade
 (Trust too't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
 That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
 To keepe your name living to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me: Ile run away
 Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womans tendernes to be, 140
 Requires nor Childe, nor womans face to see:
 I have sate too long. [*Rising.*]

113. *Countries:* country's-4F. 114. *enmities:* enmity's-4F.
 135-9. 4 ll. ending mine, name, me, fight—POPE.

Volum. Nay, go not from us thus:
 If it were so, that our request did tend
 To save the Romanes, thereby to destroy
 The Volces whom you serve, you might condemne us
 As poysous of your Honour. No, our suite
 Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
 May say, this mercy we have shew'd: the Romanes,
 This we receiv'd, and each in either side 150
 Give the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest
 For making up this peace. Thou know'st (great Sonne)
 The end of Warres uncertaine: but this certaine,
 That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:
 Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
 But with his last Attempt, he wip'd it out:
 Destroy'd his Country, and his name remaines
 To th'insuing Age, abhor'r'd. Speake to me Son: 160
 Thou hast affected the fwe straines of Honor,
 To imitate the graces of the Gods.
 To teare with Thunder the wide Cheeke a'th'Ayre,
 And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boult
 That should but rive an Oake. Why do'st not speake?
 Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
 Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speake you:
 He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou Boy,
 Perhaps thy childishnesse will move him more 169
 Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
 More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate
 Like one i'th'Stockes. Thou hast never in thy life,
 Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie,
 When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood,

153. *Warres*: war's-4F. 161. *fwe*: (five-2-4F.) fine-JOHNSON.164. *change*: charge-THEOBALD.166. *Nobleman*: Noble man-2-4F.

Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and safelie home
 Loden with Honor. Say my Request's unjust,
 And spurne me backe: But, if it be not so
 Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
 That thou restrain'st from me the Duty, which
 To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away: 180
 Down Ladies: let us shame him with him with our knees
 To his sur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
 Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
 This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
 And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
 This Boy that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneeles, and holds up hands for fellowship,
 Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
 Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:
 This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother: 190
 His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe
 Like him by chance: yet give us our dispatch:
 I am husht untill our City be afire, & then Ile speake a litle
Holds ber by the band silent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
 What have you done? Behold, the Heavens do ope,
 The Gods looke downe, and this unnaturall Scene
 They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
 You have wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
 But for your Sonne, beleeve it: Oh beleeve it, 200
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortall to him. But let it come:
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
 Ile frame convenient peace. Now good *Auffidius*,
 Were you in my steed, would you have heard
 A Mother lesse? or granted lesse *Auffidius*?

175. *clock'd*: cluck'd-2-4F.193. new l. at *And-Pore*.181. *with bim*: out-2-4F.

OF CORIOLANUS

[V. iii. 194-iv. 8

Auf. I was mov'd withall.*Corio.* I dare be sworne you were:
And sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But (good sir) 210
What peace you'l make, advise me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. Oh Mother! Wife!*Auf.* [Aside] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy, &
thy Honor |
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke
My selfe a former Fortune.[*The Ladies make signs to Cor.*]*Corio.* I by and by; [To Vol., Vir., &c.] But we
will drinke together: |
And you shall beare
A better witnesse backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will have Counter-seal'd. 220
Come enter with us: Ladies you deserve
To have a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes
Could not have made this peace. *Exeunt.*[Scene iv. *Rome. A public place.*]*Enter Menenius and Sicinius.**Mene.* See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner
stone? |*Sicin.* Why what of that?*Mene.* If it be possible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, espe-
cially his Mother, may prevale with him. But I say, there
is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd, and stay uppon
execution.2. *Coin: coign-CAPELL.*

Sicin. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man. 10

Mene. There is differency between a Grub & a Butterfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this *Martius*, is growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more then a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lov'd his Mother deereley.

Mene. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his Mother now, then an eight yeare old horse. The tartnesse of his face, sowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moves like an Engine, and the ground shrinkes before his Treading. He is able to pierce a Corslet with his eye: Talkes like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He sits in his State, as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids bee done, is finisht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but Eternity, and a Heaven to Throne in. 24

Sicin. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy his Mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that I shall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you. |

Sicin. The Gods be good unto us. 30

Mene. No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and he returning to breake our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'l save your life, flye to your House, The Plebeians have got your Fellow Tribune, And hale him up and downe; all swearing, if The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home, They'l give him death by Inches.

OF CORIOLANUS

[V. iv. 42-65]

Enter another Messenger.

40

Sicin. What's the Newes?

[Sec.] *Mess.* Good Newes, good newes, the Ladies
have prevayl'd, |
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not th'expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Sicin. Friend, art thou certaine this is true?
Is't most certaine.

Mes. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:
Ne're through an Arch so hurried the blowne Tide, 50
As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you:

Trumpets, Hoboies, Drums beate, altogether.
The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Psalteries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the showting Romans;
Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you. *A shout within*

Mene. This is good Newes:
I will go mee the Ladies. This *Volumnia*,
Is worth of Consuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes such as you,
A Sea and Land full: you have pray'd well to day: 60
This Morning, for ten thousand of your throates,
I'de not have given a doit. Harke, how they joy.

Sound still with the Shouts.

Sicin. First, the Gods blesse you for your tydings:
Next, accept my thankefulnessse.

Mess. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.*Sicin.* They are neere the City.*Mes.* Almost at point to enter.*Sicin.* Wee'l meet them, and helpe the joy. *Exeunt.*45-7. 2 ll. ending friend, certain—POPE. 47. *Is't: is it*—POPE.62. *I'de: I'd*—CAMBRIDGE. 64-6. 2 ll. ending next, all—POPE.

69. new l. at And—CAPELL.

[Scene v. *The same. A street near the gate.*]

Enter two Senators, with Ladies [Vol., Vir., Val., &c.], passing over | the Stage, with other Lords.

Sena. Behold our Patronnesse, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praise the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, strew Flowers before them:
Unshoot the noise that Banish'd *Martius*;
Repeale¹ him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome. ^{1 recall}

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flourish with Drummes & Trumpets. 10

[Scene vi. *Antium. A public place.*]

Enter Tullus Auffidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th' City, I am heere:
Deliver them this Paper: having read it,
Bid them repaire to th' Market place, where I
Even in theirs, and in the Commons eares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse:
The City Ports² by this hath enter'd, and ^{2 portals}
Intends t'appeare before the People, hoping
To purge himselfe with words. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter 3 or 4 Conspirators of Auffidius Faction. 10
Most Welcome.

1. *Con.* How is it with our Generall?

Auf. Even so, as with a man by his owne Almes im-
poyson'd, and with his Charity slaine.

v. 6. *Unshoot: Unshoot-Rowe.*

9. new l. at *Welcome-Steevens* (1793).

vi. 13-18. *as .. tell:* verse, 5 ll. ending imposson'd, sir, wherein,
deliver you, tell-Pope.

2. *Con.* Most Noble Sir, If you do hold the same intent
Wherein you wisht us parties: 'Wee'l deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,
We must proceed as we do finde the People. ¹⁹

3. *Con.* The People will remaine uncertaine, whil'st
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Survivor heyre of all.

Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to strike at him, admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery,
Seducing so my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, never knowne before,
But to be rough, unswayable, and free. ³⁰

3. *Consp.* Sir, his stoutnesse
When he did stand for Consull, which he lost
By lacke of stooping.

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my Harth,
Presented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,
Made him joyn't-servant with me: Gave him way
In all his owne desires: Nay, let him choose
Out of my Files, his projects, to accomplish
My best and freshest men, serv'd his designements ⁴⁰
In mine owne person: holpe to reapre the Fame
Which he did end all his; and tooke some pride
To do my selfe this wrong: Till at the last
I seem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had bin Mercenary.

1. *Con.* So he did my Lord:
45. *wadg'd: waged-ROWE.*

The Army marveyl'd at it, and in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no lesse Spoile, then Glory.

50

Auf. There was it:
For which my sinewes shall be stretcht upon him,
At a few drops of Womens rhewme, which are
As cheape as Lies; he sold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore shall he dye,
And Ile renew me in his fall. But hearke.

*Drummes and Trumpets sounds, with great
showts of the people.*

1. *Con.* Your Native Towne you enter'd like a Poste,
And had no welcomes home, but he returnes 60
Splitting the Ayre with noyse.

2. *Con.* And patient Fooles,
Whose children he hath slaine, their base throats teare
With giving him glory.

3. *Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expresse himselfe, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feele your Sword:
Which we will second, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His Reasons, with his Body. 70

Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords,

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auff. I have not deserv'd it.

But worthy Lords, have you with heede perused
What I have written to you?

All. We have.

1. *Lord.* And greeve to heare't:
What faults he made before the last, I think
69. *way.* His: way his-THEOBALD. 71. new l. at Here-Pope.

OF CORIOLANUS

[V. vi. 65-91]

Might have found easie Fines: But there to end 80
 Where he was to begin, and give away
 The benefit of our Levies, answering us
 With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
 There was a yeelding; this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall heare him.

Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours.
The | Commoners being with him.

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier:
 No more infected with my Countries love
 Then when I parted hence: but still subsisting 90
 Under your great Command. You are to know,
 That prosperously I have attempted, and
 With bloody passage led your Warres, even to
 The gates of Rome: Our spoiles we have brought home
 Doth more then counterpoize a full third part
 The charges of the Action. We have made peace
 With no lesse Honor to the *Antiates*
 Then shame to th' Romaines. And we heere deliver
 Subscrib'd by th' Consuls, and Patricians,
 Together with the Seale a'th Senat, what 100
 We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not Noble Lords,
 But tell the Traitor in the highest degree
 He hath abus'd your Powers.

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Auf. I Traitor, *Martius*.

Corio. *Martius*?

Auf. I *Martius*, *Caius Martius*: Do'st thou thinke
 Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy stolne name
Coriolanus in *Corioles*? 110
 You Lords and Heads a'th State, perfidiously

95. *Doth: Do-Pope.*

He ha's betray'd your businesse, and given up
 For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:
 I say your City to his Wife and Mother,
 Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like
 A twist of rotten Silke, never admitting
 Counsaile a'th'warre: But at his Nurses teares
 He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
 That Pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
 Look'd wond'ring each at others.

120

Corio. Hear'st thou Mars?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Corio. Ha?

Aufid. No more.

Corio. Measurelesse Lyar, thou hast made my heart
 Too great for what containes it. Boy? Oh Slave,
 Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that ever
 I was forc'd to scoul'd. Your judgments my grave Lords
 Must give this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion,
 Who weares my stripes imprest upon him, that 130
 Must beare my beating to his Grave, shall joyne
 To thrust the Lye unto him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and heare me speake.

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,
 Staine all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound:
 If you have writ your Annales true, 'tis there,
 That like an Eagle in a Dove-coat, I
 Flatter'd your Volcians in *Corioles*.
 Alone I did it, Boy.

Auf. Why Noble Lords,

Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
 Which was your shame, by this unholy Braggart?
 'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

All Cons. Let him dye for't.

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it presently:

140

OF CORIOLANUS

[V. vi. 122-146]

He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cosine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 *Lord*. Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:
 The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
 This Orbe o'th'earth: His last offences to us 150
 Shall have Judicious hearing. Stand *Auffidius*,
 And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O that I had him, with six *Auffidusses*, or more:
 His Tribe, to use my lawfull Sword.

Auf. Insolent Villaine.
All Consp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.
Draw both the Conspirators, and kils Martius, who
fallas, Auffidius stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.
Auf. My Noble Masters, heare me speake. 160

1. *Lord*. O *Tullus*.
 2. *Lord*. Thou hast done a deed, whereat
 Valour will weepe.

3. *Lord*. Tread not upon him Masters, all be quiet,
 Put up your Swords.

Auf. My Lords,
 When you shall know (as in this Rage
 Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
 Which this mans life did owe you, you'l rejoice
 That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours 170
 To call me to your Senate, Ile deliver
 My selfe your loyall Servant, or endure
 Your heaviest Censure.

1. *Lord*. Bear from hence his body,
 And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
 As the most Noble Coarse, that ever Herald
 Did follow to his Urne.

153-4. verse; new ll. at With, To-POPE.

162-3. 1 l.-STEEVENS (1793).

166-7. 1 l.-POPE.

2. *Lord.* His owne impatience,
Takes from *Auffidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the Best of it.

180

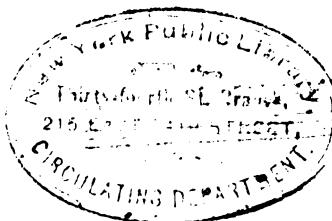
Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am strucke with sorrow. Take him up:
Help three a'th'cheefest Souldiers, Ile be one.
Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully:
Traile your steele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and unchilled many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Injury,
Yet he shall have a Noble Memory. Assist.

*Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March
Sounded.*

190

188. Assist separate l.—CAPELL.

FINIS.

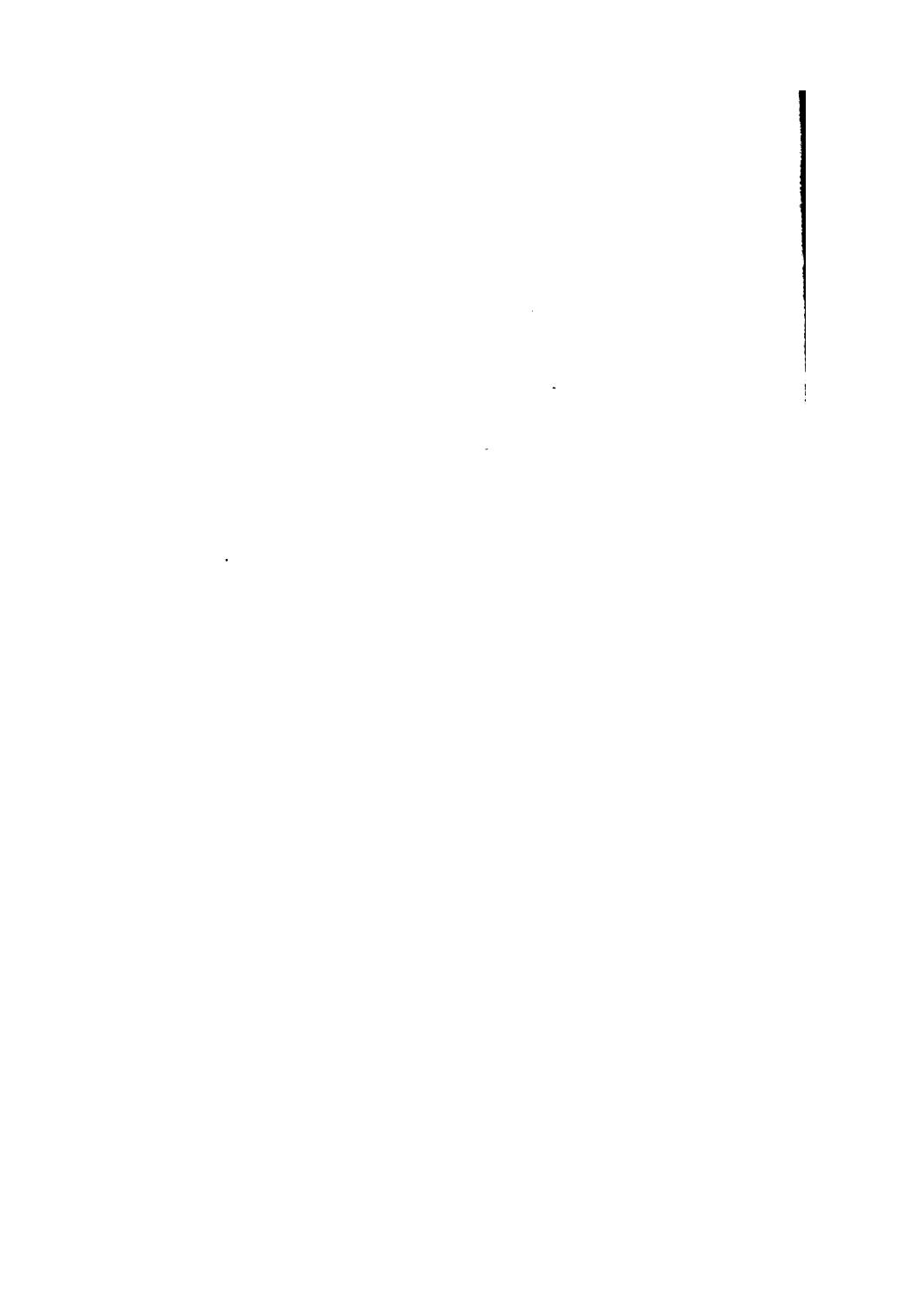


130

R.
K.







AUG 10 1943